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M E M O I R

OF THE

LIFE OF HENRY WARE, JR.



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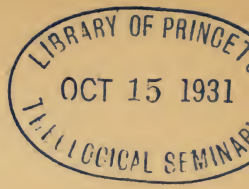
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PAINTED BY J. H. WARD

ENGRAVED BY J. H. WARD

H. Ward.



✓
M E M O I R

OF THE

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L I F E O F H E N R Y W A R E, J R.

BY HIS BROTHER,

✓
J O H N W A R E, M. D.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

—
N E W E D I T I O N.
—

B O S T O N :
J A M E S M U N R O E A N D C O M P A N Y.

L O N D O N :
C H A P M A N, B R O T H E R S.

1846.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF THE FATHER,

WHOSE EXAMPLE AND INSTRUCTIONS GUIDED THE LIFE AND FORMED
THE CHARACTER

OF THE SON,

THIS BOOK

IS REVERENTLY INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E .

THIS work was undertaken at the suggestion of some of the friends of my late brother, who were of opinion that it would be acceptable to the public and useful. They thought, also, that I was a suitable person to prepare it. In some respects, so far, especially, as a knowledge of, and ready access to, the requisite materials, and an intimate personal knowledge, are concerned, I perceived that this was so. As I proceeded, however, I was sensible, on the other hand, of some disadvantages arising from the same circumstances. Moreover I have found, that the exclusive character of my own occupations, for many years, has kept me from possessing that familiar knowledge of his external, which I have had of his personal history. On some subjects, therefore, there is reason to fear, that the book will be found often deficient and sometimes inaccurate. For such faults, I have only to plead in palliation the constant pressure of other duties, which

has made it impossible to command the leisure for so deliberate an inquiry into these subjects as such a work demands.

The purpose had in view, and the plan followed, in this Memoir, will be obvious on its perusal; but the reader will enter upon it to greater advantage, if they are suggested to him in advance. The *purpose* has been to exhibit its subject, at all times of his life, in all the varieties of his character;—not merely as a minister, a professor, a man of the public; but also as a son, a brother, a husband, a father, and a friend;—not merely as a man of serious thoughts, of solemn occupations, of weighty purposes; but in all his other moods, cheerful, lively, gay, jocose, and, if it so seem to any, even trivial. The *plan* has been to tell the story of his life, and illustrate the formation and developement of his character, by the introduction of materials which will do it indirectly. I have endeavored to say nothing in my own words, which could be said in those of another, or which could be inferred from any thing said by himself. A very free use has therefore been made of the letters and papers of himself and others, though the amount selected bears but a small proportion to the whole mass from which the selection has been made.

I am aware, that there have been, of late, several

strong expressions of opinion, from sources entitled to consideration, against such a use of materials of this description. The feeling, which dictated these expressions, does not seem to be founded in justice. As the lives and characters of the dead furnish us some of the most efficient means for the instruction of the living, mankind have a sort of right to the use of whatever will contribute to so important an end,—so far, at least, as it can be without violating the feelings or rights of the living. A due regard for this consideration has, it is hoped, been had in the preparation of the present work.

J. W.

Boston, *December 14th*, 1845.

The first edition of this work seemed to many persons to be printed on too small a type for comfortable reading. In the present, a larger type has, for this reason, been adopted. There is no other change except the correction of a few verbal inaccuracies, and the addition of two or three letters or other papers.

March, 1846

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

His descent—Birth—Early Religious Impressions, and Predilection for his Profession—Early Habit of Composition—Anecdote—Removal of the Family to Cambridge—Death of his Mother—Her Character. 1

CHAPTER II.

His Early Education, at Duxbury, Cambridge, and Andover—Entrance into College and College Life—Winter at Beverly in Keeping School. 26

CHAPTER III.

Becomes Assistant in the Academy at Exeter, N. H.—His Choice of a Profession—Correspondence with his Father—Journal. . . 39

CHAPTER IV.

Second Year at Exeter—Continuation of Correspondence with his Father—Proposes to relinquish his Office—First Appearance in the Pulpit. 60

CHAPTER V.

Studies Divinity at Cambridge—State of Education there—He is Approbated—Results of Self-Examination—First Preaching—Ordained Pastor over the Second Church in Boston. . . . 91

CHAPTER VI

His Views of Pastoral Duty—Various Labors—His Marriage and Place of Residence—Death of Mr. Thomas Prentiss—Sickness and Death of Mr. John E. Abbot. 109

CHAPTER VII.

State of the Religious World at the Commencement of Mr. Ware's Ministry—Visit to the South—Origin of "The Christian Disciple"

and "The Christian Examiner"—He becomes its Editor—Formation of a Congregational Church in New York—Letter of Dr. Channing—Letters to Dr. McLeod—Failure of his Health—Convention of 1820—His impressions of Mr. Webster's Oratory. 124

CHAPTER VIII.

His Occupations—Sickness in his Family—Preaches at Amherst, N. H., and under what Circumstances—Formation of the Association for Mutual Religious Improvement—Establishment of Sunday Evening Services for the Poor. 146

CHAPTER IX.

Religious Revival in Boston—Letters—Sickness and Death of his Child and Wife—Disposal of his Family. 156

CHAPTER X.

State of his Church and Parish—Poem on the Visit of Lafayette—Extemporaneous Preaching—Various Publications—Commentary on the Bible—American Unitarian Association formed—Bunker-Hill Monument Celebration. 177

CHAPTER XI.

Failure of His Health, and a Journey for its Restoration—Visits the Interior of New York—His Account of an Extraordinary Religious Excitement there—Letters—Visit to Niagara—Returns with improved Health. 193

CHAPTER XII.

Formation of a New Society in New York—Sermon at the Dedication of its Church by Dr. Channing—Mr. Ware invited to become its Pastor—He declines—His Reasons—His Second Marriage—Plan for a New Theological School—Its Failure—Lectures on Palestine—Their Object and Success. 218

CHAPTER XIII.

Severe Illness in the Village of Ware—Removal to Worcester and gradual Recovery—Establishment of the Professorship of Pulpit Eloquence at Cambridge—Journey on Horseback through Vermont, Canada, and New Hampshire. 233

LIFE OF HENRY WARE, JR.

CHAPTER I.

HIS DESCENT—BIRTH—EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS, AND PREDICTION FOR HIS PROFESSION—EARLY HABIT OF COMPOSITION—ANECDOTE—REMOVAL OF THE FAMILY TO CAMBRIDGE—DEATH OF HIS MOTHER—HER CHARACTER.

1794—1805. *ÆT.* 1—11.

HENRY WARE, Jr., was born at Hingham, in Massachusetts, April 21st, 1794. He was a descendant, in the fifth generation, of Robert Ware, who came over from England among the earlier settlers of the colony, and fixed himself at Dedham, about the year 1644. Near the beginning of the next century, Joseph Ware, a grandson of Robert, removed to the neighboring town of Sherburne, and there became the father of a large family, many of whose descendants are still among the inhabitants of the place. One of his sons, John Ware, married into a family at Cambridge of the name of Prentiss, and Henry, the father of the subject of this memoir, was the youngest but one of his ten children. John Ware was a plain country farmer, probably not of the highest class, of small means, whose elder sons were all brought up to his own or some other laborious occupation. Three of them served in the Revolutionary war. Two were in the battle of Bunker's Hill, one of them a lad only fourteen years of age. A third, Joseph, the oldest of the number, lost an arm at the battle of White Plains.

He was father of the Hon. Ashur Ware, District Judge of the United States for the State of Maine. He lived always on the old family place at Sherburne, and, notwithstanding his mutilation, continued to lead the active life of a farmer. He was highly respected in the community in which he resided, for his strict integrity, strong good sense, and excellent judgment.

Henry was born April 1st, 1764. It happened that an eclipse of the sun took place on the day of his birth. The believers in signs among his friends prognosticated, from this coincidence and from his being born on All-Fools day, that he would be deficient in intellect. Notwithstanding this prophecy, however, he became fond of books very early; and, as he was of too slender a constitution when young to labor much on the farm with the other boys, this propensity was indulged. His proficiency was such as to excite the notice of the minister of the town, the Rev. Mr. Brown, who suggested, or at least encouraged, the idea of sending him to college. His father died in middle life, leaving behind him but slender means for the education or even maintenance of his family; but Henry, having a strong desire to procure a public education, persevered in his purpose, and under the direction of his pastor and friend, for whose kindness he always felt the deepest gratitude, he prepared himself for college in a very short time, and was entered at Cambridge in 1781, in his eighteenth year. His elder brothers, who were settled in life, contributed something to his support, and his very narrow means were eked out by the emoluments derived from keeping school during the winter months. He graduated with the first honors of his class in 1785. He was immediately engaged in teaching the Public Grammar

School of the town of Cambridge, at the same time occupying himself in the study of Divinity; and in October, 1787, he was ordained at Hingham, as successor to the Rev. Dr. Gay, one of the distinguished clergymen of his time.

He married, in 1789, Mary, daughter of the Rev. Jonas Clarke, minister of Lexington, whose wife was the granddaughter of the Rev. Thomas Hancock, her husband's predecessor in the parish. Mr. Hancock was undoubtedly quite a remarkable man, and was long and extensively remembered. He was distinguished for shrewdness and good sense; and, being withal a person of a very imposing presence, acquired great ascendancy, and exercised much influence, over his brethren of the clergy. He was resorted to, from the confidence reposed in his judgment, for counsel on important occasions in the church, and his opinion always had great weight. He was commonly known by the title of *Bishop Hancock*; and this appellation is, even at the present day, familiar to some of the survivors of the last generation, who can recollect its use in their early years among those who were contemporaries with the old patriarch. One son of the Bishop, Ebenezer, a young man of great excellence and promise, was ordained as his colleague in the ministry, but died soon after, at the early age of twenty-eight, in 1740; another, John, was the minister of Braintree, and the father of John Hancock, President of Congress during the Revolution, and Governor of Massachusetts; a third, Thomas, was an eminent and wealthy Boston merchant, and a liberal benefactor of Harvard College, who, dying a bachelor, left the bulk of his great fortune to his nephew, John, whom he had adopted during his lifetime. A daughter, Lucy, was

married to the Rev. Nicholas Bowes, of Bedford; and her daughter, Lucy Bowes, became the wife of Mr. Clarke, her grandfather's successor in his parish. The elder Hancock died in 1752, aged eighty-two, after a ministry of more than fifty years.

Mr. Clarke was a man of popular manners, of a kind and sociable disposition, and much beloved. His house was the seat of a very extensive hospitality, and was especially a place of resort for young clergymen. Four of his daughters married clergymen, but none of his sons were educated at college, or adopted their father's profession. Mr. Clarke was an earnest Whig, and took, as far as his calling would permit, an active part in the politics of the day. When the inhabitants of Boston were suffering so many hardships from the operation of the Boston Port Bill, and contributions for their relief were sent in from the neighboring country, he directed that his annual allowance of twenty cords of wood should be sent as his donation. Gov. Hancock, being a cousin of his wife, was a frequent visitor at the parsonage, and was on intimate terms with the family. There he spent the night before the battle of Lexington, in company with his partner in proscription, Samuel Adams, the house being guarded by a small party of militia. At three o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth of April, an alarm was given, and information received that the British troops were on their march from Boston. Mr. Clarke immediately took precautions for the safety of his guests, and had them conveyed in Mr. Hancock's carriage, under the charge of his second son, Jonas, (afterwards Judge Clarke, of Kennebunk,) to the house of the Rev. Mr. Jones, the minister of a settlement then called Woburn Precinct, now the

town of Burlington. They went with great reluctance. When the troops approached the meeting-house, which was but a short distance from Mr. Clarke's, he sent his wife, and all his children but one, to a remote part of the town, where they remained through the day. But just as they were going from the yard, the firing of that morning—by which the first blood of the war of the Revolution was shed—took place; and they were startled by the whistling of a bullet somewhere near them, passing, as was supposed, between Mrs. Clarke and her daughter Mary, afterward Mrs. Ware, then a girl of thirteen. One of them had in her arms an infant child. Mr. Clarke, with his daughter Eliza, of between eleven and twelve years of age, remained at the house, which was thronged through the day with the American soldiers, whom they served with cider, bacon, and brown bread, many of them having left their homes before breakfast and travelled several miles without refreshment. For want of sufficient accommodations for so many, their guests were seated on the floor, and helped themselves with their fingers. About four o'clock in the afternoon, having exhausted his supply of provisions, Mr. Clarke left his house and joined his family. He died in 1805, aged seventy-five years, having brought up to adult age six sons and six daughters, on a salary of eighty pounds in money and twenty cords of wood. His ministry, like that of his predecessor, had extended over more than half a century.

Of ten children who were born of the marriage of Henry Ware, senior, and Mary Clarke, four daughters died in infancy; three sons and three daughters surviving to the middle period of life. HENRY WARE, JR., was

the fifth child, and the oldest son. In beginning an account of his life, we may observe, that the interest which attaches to the early years of the subject of a biography does not depend upon the events and incidents of those years themselves, but upon the comparison which we may be enabled to institute between the circumstances under which the boy grows up, and the character which the man afterwards exhibits. The events of childhood and youth are in themselves comparatively unimportant; they may, indeed, vary but little in different persons. But the impressions left by them on the mind may be of the most opposite sort, according to the nature of the influences under which this period of life has been passed. Nor can we venture to predict with anything like certainty, from a knowledge of the boy, what the man is likely to be. A marvellous change often takes place in the transition from youth to manhood, which could never have been anticipated from any of the obvious indications of early life. Still this change may have been, and, perhaps, very generally is, the consequence of impressions, which were then made, but which at the time appeared to be entirely unheeded and unfelt. The seed was then sown, as it seemed, in vain; but, though it did not germinate, it did not die; and at some future period it quickens and comes into life and activity under new influences. There are some men, in whom the character of the child passes gradually into, and blends with, that of the man; the same tendencies are followed out, the same qualities are ripened,—the man is a continuation of the boy. There are others, in whom a great alteration takes place; the character undergoes a great apparent change, and one for which it seems difficult to account; new qualities

spring up, and it almost appears as if new faculties had been developed ;—the boy and the man are opposite. Yet, in both cases, it may be equally true, that the influences and impressions of early life have decided the ultimate features of the character, though their result has been brought about so slowly, and shown itself after so long an interval, that it is extremely difficult to trace the connexion. The man may be like the boy or unlike the boy ; but, in either case, it is the influences acting on the boy, that have made the man what he is.

But, in the subject of this memoir, there was no such want of correspondence between the promises of childhood and youth, and the actual character of mature life. The seed did not lie dormant, but quickened as it fell ; the summer and autumn only fulfilled, or more than fulfilled, the promise of the spring. It is seldom that we see so distinctly, in the man, the fruits of the influences which have acted on the boy. His character seems to have been in a regular course of formation from the very first ; and we trace in him, in his earliest years, the same general traits which distinguished him in his after life. Hence the history of these years constitutes, perhaps, the most important part of his biography. Then impressions were made, a tendency was given, and habits of thought, feeling, study, and action were formed, which appear to have decided his whole future course. Above all, at this period he seems to have had steadily in contemplation a distinct purpose in life ; a circumstance, which not only contributed to give a certain direction to the cultivation of his mind at the time, but had an important agency in the formation of those essential qualities, to which the success of his subsequent course is to be attributed. I shall endeavor,

therefore, as far as my own recollection, or the materials which I have been able to collect, give me the means, to enter into a somewhat minute account of his early years, the circumstances under which he was educated, and under which his character was formed.

As a boy, he presented very much the same aspect as that which belonged to him when a man. He was then, as he was always afterwards, very pale, though not of an unhealthy look. He was tender, and suffered from several attacks of severe illness; but generally his health was good, and he was not regarded as a sickly child. He was sober and thoughtful both in countenance and disposition; peaceable and quiet in his amusements, but not withdrawing himself from the plays or the companions proper to his age. Yet there was then, as there was through life, something of bodily inactivity, an indolence of disposition, a want of physical vigor and sprightliness. He was docile and obedient, faithful in his studies and other duties, but still not forward, nor of rapid progress, as a student.

It is impossible to designate the period at which religious impressions were first made upon his mind. It would be difficult, indeed, to look back upon any moment at which he was destitute of them. He had the happiness to be brought up under the guidance of parents, with whom religion was not so much a thing of times and seasons, as it was an element of their daily life and conversation. It was, therefore, presented to his mind in its most attractive form, constantly kept in view, held up as the most important concern in life, but divested of that air of formality and sadness, which so often makes it repulsive to children. Instruction on this topic was constant, but not burdensome. Family wor-

ship and the reading of the Scriptures were made an indispensable part of the duty of the day, but not protracted so as to be tedious to the young ; whilst private devotion was so inculcated, as to make its omission felt as an act of ingratitude to the Creator. Every occasion of trial, sickness, or death, afforded an opportunity for gentle, but distinct admonitions, intended to impress on the young mind the uncertainty and dangers of life, the certainty of death, and the reality of eternity and judgment. The Sabbath was to be regarded as holy time, a day by itself, essentially different from the other days of the week in its object and employments ; not as a day on which man was to be more religious than on other days, but on which religion was to become more peculiarly the subject of meditation and study. Still it was not made gloomy by tasks or restraints so severe, as to associate it with the idea of privation and austerity. It was suffered to be a day of cheerfulness, but yet of moderate restraint upon the buoyancy and playfulness of childhood.

When still very young, Henry manifested a predilection for the profession which he afterwards chose. This became the permanent bias of his mind at a much earlier period than is usual among children. It is, indeed, not at all remarkable, that the son of a clergyman should entertain a fancy for the calling of his father. The same thing happens with regard to every occupation. It existed in other members of the family, as well as in him. With all of them it was a favorite amusement to imitate the services of the Sabbath, even to their father's gestures, tone, and manner ; and the different children officiated in turn, as each could collect an audience. There was nothing peculiar in this, for probably the

children of most preachers do the same thing. But with Henry there was something more than this. What with others is a transient amusement, in him indicated, or at least contributed to give, a permanent tendency to his mind. The office of a clergyman became that on which his eyes were turned from boyhood. It might have been, at first, a childish fancy, but it grew into a settled purpose. The play was forgotten, but the preference with which it was connected, or which it had produced, grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. From that time forward he kept it before his mind as a distinct object of pursuit, far more constantly than any serious purpose is commonly entertained in childhood. Whenever the subject of their future employment was matter of discussion in the family circle of which he formed one, as it usually is in such little communities, he was always of the same mind ; his purpose always was to be a minister ; and, as far as children are capable of entertaining distinct views concerning anything of which they know so little, his sisters and brothers also regarded this as his peculiar and appropriate destination. I doubt, indeed, whether the idea of a different one ever presented itself seriously or for any length of time, from the days when he preached a juvenile sermon of his own composition from a cradle turned on end as a pulpit, to that in which he actually assumed the office of a minister of the Gospel, and made his appearance in the sacred desk.

There is another circumstance in his childhood which is worthy of being recorded, as having probably had much influence in training his mind, and qualifying him for the place which he afterward filled. By some accident he was led very early to attempt, and gradually

to form, the habit of composition. Many children make trials of this sort, but there are few who persevere so as to render it easy to them, or who continue it after the first impulse is over and it ceases to have the charm of novelty. But with him it was not so; he continued to derive pleasure from the exercise; he became more and more engaged in it, till it grew at length to be a fixed habit. He began as early as the year 1802, when he wrote some reflections on the death of a sister, expressive of the feelings excited in his mind by that event. This was followed at intervals by other efforts, and, after the age of nine or ten, these became more and more frequent. They were of various kinds. Sermons, history, biography, epics, and other poems, were all projected or begun, though seldom finished; but the predominating tendency undoubtedly was to the writing of verses; and, with the exception of a few pieces, those which remain of his earlier compositions are poetical.

To this early practice of expressing his thoughts on paper, and especially to the habit thus acquired of overcoming the difficulties of metrical composition, may be attributed very much that readiness in the use of the pen, both in prose and verse, for which he was certainly remarkable. Few persons write with so great facility. Writing, which to most men is a task, and to some even a painful one, was to him a positive pleasure. In the same way, also, he acquired a power of arranging and methodizing his thoughts on any subject with great quickness, as well as of clothing them rapidly with words. The influence which early efforts at versification may have in enabling a writer to acquire ease and readiness of expression, and perhaps still more in imparting something of attractiveness and beauty to his style,

does not seem to be always sufficiently appreciated. It is not difficult to see how the discipline, which is necessary in order to make the language which carries our thoughts move gracefully to the music of poetical measure, will so cultivate the ear and the powers of expression, as to give ease, beauty, and harmony to the style of the same writer, when freed from the regular movement of verse. Neither can it be of less advantage to clearness of thinking, and consequently to perspicuity in expressing thoughts, that a writer should have been accustomed to commit them to paper. The surest preventive of a habit of vague and indefinite thinking, is the practice in early life of writing out our thoughts as soon as we begin to have them. We thus learn to think methodically and clearly from the beginning.

This habit continued with him through life. He thought, read, and almost lived with the pen in his hand, ready to fix and give form and feature to the ideas which arose in his mind, or were suggested by the books he read; or to note such passages in his reading as might serve him afterward for contemplation or other use. The amount which he thus committed to paper was very great. It is to be lamented that most of it was done in that desultory, irregular manner in which he was apt to indulge, on loose pieces of paper, on the backs of notes, etc., and not in regular volumes. Hence this practice was of far less value to him, except as an exercise and a discipline, than it might otherwise have been; and what he thus reduced to writing is of comparatively little value to others.

His early compositions cannot be considered as remarkable for anything except as giving evidence of the strong feelings which he entertained on religious

subjects; though there may be somewhat more command of language than is usual at his age. The motive for inserting from time to time some of these juvenile exercises is sufficiently obvious. They are not presented as specimens of a precocious or even a particularly promising youth; they are mere elements of the history of his progress. If it be worth while to trace the formation of his mind and character at all, it is worth while to examine it in its earliest developments, whatever they may have been. I have alluded to the following production, as the first which he is known to have written. It still exists in his own boyish handwriting, as it was copied by him a few years afterward. It was composed when he was eight years and a half old.

“HENRY WARE ON THE DEATH OF MARTHA.

“Oh Martha! you have gone through your short pilgrimage, your life of troubles and afflictions. You have got to the tomb before us. You have gone through what we upon earth have got to go through. Your life was precious, and your character was pleasing. We all mourn for you, but we need not mourn, for you are going to a better world.

“Oh Martha! thou lovely child! you are now gone from this world, never to return.”

There remain also, carefully copied into a little book, birth-day reflections for the years 1805-6-7, when he was respectively eleven, twelve, and thirteen years of age. They exhibit the strong and continued religious feelings which had been excited in him.

“BIRTH-DAY REFLECTIONS FOR THE YEARS 1805, 1806, 1807.

“APRIL 21, 1805.

“As it has pleased the Lord God Almighty to spare my life another year, I would now make some observation upon it.

“May I the following year be impressed with serious thoughts and resolutions. Remembering my Creator in the days of my youth,—considering the goodness of the Lord in preserving me the past year from danger, and preserving me to the present time. It is owing to the goodness of the Lord that I am not consumed; blessed be his name for all his goodness toward me.

“By the late melancholy event* that has happened in the family, may I be led to make serious reflections considering that *Life is short!* That I must shortly (the Lord only knows when) quit this world of trouble and affliction, for a world where there is no weeping, where saints live together in peace, and enjoy everlasting life, and that if I wish to live in heaven above, I must live a righteous and holy life here below; but that if I live in sin, not believing in the word of God, I shall be cast into hell where none but devils dwell.

“May I obey my father and mother, according to the fifth commandment: ‘Honor thy Father and Mother,’ &c.; may I be kind to my brothers and sisters, and obliging to my play-mates; and increase in all useful knowledge.

“And may the Lord God Almighty strengthen me in all my resolutions.”

“APRIL 21, 1806.

“Blessed be the name of the Lord God Almighty for all his goodness towards me; he has brought me in perfect health and safety to the twelfth anniversary of my birth; has carried me through all the dangers to which I have been exposed; has kept me in the land of the living, while multitudes are numbered with the dead; and has preserved me in perfect

* Death of my sister Martha Ann.

health, when some of my friends and companions have been languishing on beds of sickness. I have had sufficient meat and drink while others have had none.

“ ‘ While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.’ ”

“ How shall I repay this kindness of the Lord? What shall I render to the Lord for all his goodness toward me? ‘ Words are too feeble to express the feelings which ought to take possession of my heart.’ ‘ Bless God! O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.’ ”

“ While I am thus thankful for myself, I should not be unmindful of my friends. My father has been continued to see my twelfth birth-day, and his forty-third year. God grant that he may live to see my next. My mother—alas! she has been snatched away by the relentless jaws of death! But why should I lament her loss? She is doubtless happier than she could be in this world. A year ago to-day she pronounced a blessing on me for the last time! My brothers and sisters have all been continued alive another year, and I humbly pray God to spare them another year.”

“ This was left unfinished.”

“ APRIL 21, 1807.

“ The all-protecting power of God has been exercised towards me the past year. I have been preserved in life and health, and from all dangers to which I have been exposed. I am now brought to the thirteenth anniversary of my birth. I am still continued in the land of the living, while multitudes have been dying around me.

“ ‘ Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.’ ”

“How can I express my gratitude to the Lord for all his goodnesses towards me? How shall I reward them? They are more in number than I can count. I should thank the Lord that I was born and educated in a Christian land; that I have the holy Scriptures in a language that I can understand, ‘which are able to make me wise unto salvation.’

“ ‘ Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.’

“ ‘ The praises of my tongue,
I’ll offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy word.’ ”

There would seem to have been something in his character, even when very young, which inspired confidence and gave ground for reliance both on his discretion and on his courage. When not yet six years old, as his father recollected, he was entrusted with the important office of riding a horse to mill. The distance was about half a mile; the corn was thrown over the horse’s back in a long bag, upon which the boy sat; and, after he had waited till it was ground, the meal was brought home in the same way. On these errands he never met with any accident; but on another occasion he was less fortunate. Being sent with several commissions to a considerable distance in the town, the horse which he rode became frightened and unmanageable, and finally ran away with him. His race home through the streets was not unlike that of John Gilpin; for, being burdened with several parcels, he distributed them one by one along the road, being obliged to part company with them in order to keep his seat, and at length lost

his hat. The horse and his rider finally reached home together, at full speed, and in safety; but just before turning into the yard, they passed underneath a ladder which rested against a tree, and Henry, in order to avoid striking his head against it, slipped off to the ground unhurt. This adventure, I am quite confident, he attempted to commemorate in verse after the manner of Cowper. No remains of such a composition, however, exist, and it is probable he found the subject somewhat too difficult to grapple with.

When he was eleven years old, a change occurred in the situation of the family, which had a most important influence upon his prospects in life. In the winter of 1805, his father was chosen to succeed Dr. Tappan as Professor of Divinity in Harvard College; and, having accepted the office, he removed to Cambridge in the spring of the same year. This election very much divided the community, and was sharply contested in the board of Overseers, on account of the theological opinions of the candidate. It was, however, at last confirmed by them. This was a prominent event in the religious history of the day; and it was, if I am not mistaken, one of the earliest occasions, if not the earliest, on which the disposition was manifested to draw a line of division between those portions of the religious community, which have since become so widely separated from each other.

My father had been settled at Hingham originally on a salary of only four hundred and fifty dollars, which was gradually raised to seven hundred. But even this he had found to be far from adequate to the support of a very large family, and he had therefore increased his income by the common expedient of taking boys into his house to board and instruct. By his appointment at

Cambridge he was at once removed from very straitened circumstances to a condition of comparative comfort, and was enabled to provide for his children a much better education than they could otherwise have hoped to obtain.

This change in the condition of the family was followed speedily by one of those bereavements, which are so common that they leave but little impression beyond the immediate circle in which they take place, and which are yet there of so overwhelming an importance. Mrs. Ware, the mother of the subject of this memoir, had for many years suffered from very feeble health. She had been ill for some months, yet not so as to excite great apprehension; but soon after her removal to Cambridge she became rapidly worse, and died July 13th, 1805, in the forty-fourth year of her age. No human being could owe more to a parent, than Henry, as well as all the other children of his family, owed to that father who still survived. I trust that it will be made to appear in the course of these pages, imperfectly no doubt, how a part at least of this debt of gratitude was incurred. But of that other parent, upon whom so much of the early education of a family depends, her children, unhappily, can recollect nothing, except those kind and tender offices which maternal love knows so well how to perform during the helpless days of infancy and childhood. The influence which a mother is capable of having upon the character of children, is duly estimated. Many men, eminent for their piety and usefulness, have attributed their religious character and course of life to the impressions received from a mother's teachings or a mother's prayers, which were sooner or later effectual. But of the character of her who had the charge of

Henry's early years, and communicated the first impulses to religion and virtue, there are few who can now speak. Her contemporaries are all gone, and indeed none are left who knew her, except such as were of an age too immature to appreciate her character. The only remaining memorials are a few letters and other papers, chiefly written during sickness and affliction. They exhibit, above all things else, a well-regulated mind, feeling deeply, but enduring with cheerfulness and tranquillity; a pervading religious spirit, a constant reference to the love of God and to the kindness of his providence, and a high sense of the duty of submitting with patience and fortitude, and without repining, to the divine will. They exhibit precisely such a character as seems fitted to reproduce, by its direct and indirect maternal influence, the same qualities in a child of a docile and gentle nature; to sow the seeds which in *her* child actually grew and ripened into so abundant a harvest.

At the time when her sickness became alarming, Henry, with one of his brothers, was at school in Duxbury. A month before her death, she wrote to them as follows:

"MENOTOMY,* *Sunday, June 9, 1805.*

"MY DEAR BOYS,

"You will see by the date that I am at your uncle Fisk's, and it rains so hard I cannot have the pleasure of going to meeting with your sisters. I think I cannot now better employ my time than in saying a few words to my dear, my very dear, absent boys. You undoubtedly wish to know how I have been since we parted, and I have the comfort of telling you I am better. I hope you will have been writing to me to-day, as I desired when you left me, unless it should interfere with

* Now West Cambridge.

the employments Mr. Allyn assigns you for Sundays. I wish you to tell him that I wish each of you to write me a few lines every Sunday, if agreeable to him. I trust, dear Henry and John, that you will continue to behave well, and perform *all* your duties constantly and with pleasure, particularly your *religious duties*. As I hope you will recollect what I have often said to you on the subject, so I shall only now say, that you must not suffer this separation from your parents, your brother and sisters, to divert your thoughts from the greatest and first duty of your life,—your duty to God. Remember that he is everywhere present, and that his eye always beholds your steps, and keeps you from falling into dangers.”

A few days afterward, my father finished the sheet with the following words:

“Your mother is not so well since she wrote this letter, and is indeed much more unwell than when you left Cambridge. I beg you to keep this letter carefully, when you have read it, and not only read it, but attend most faithfully to the wishes and directions of a mother to whom you are more indebted than it is possible for you now to understand.”

This direction seems to have been dictated by apprehensions which were only too soon realized. We were shortly summoned home to receive her dying blessing. I add to this brief account an extract from another of her letters, written to one of her sisters in the spring preceding her death, on the loss of an infant, a few months old, the fourth child with which she had been called to part. I insert it simply because it indicates very strongly in her, a state of feeling with regard to the divine government, which was always a predominant one in the mind of her son,—a feeling of perfect and unquestioning reliance on the wisdom, justice, and

benevolence of God, and of submission without murmur, and even with cheerfulness, to the doings of his providence.

“I know these light afflictions do not produce in me those fruits, which we are told afflictions and trials are intended to produce on the hearts and lives of those visited with them. I think it is our undoubted duty to yield our souls to the stroke with perfect submission, and look up with the most reverential awe to the hand which inflicts it, yet with the most affectionate and perfect belief, that we are smitten in kindness and with the views and feelings of a parent who never fails to remember mercy, and that, in order to our being ready for a place assigned us hereafter, we must be trained and disciplined by methods best adapted to produce the effect. And who is to be the judge of the best means but He who holds all hearts in his hand, sees all their secret movements, and knows what will reform the heart and life, and bring us to a proper sense of his government and of our dependence on his sovereign disposal for every blessing we enjoy, and every evil (as we say) we suffer; though, so far from being *real* evils, they may be the truest blessings we receive from the hand of our Maker. If indulgence and kind and gentle treatment of *our* children do not form their manners and habits to what we mark out as suitable for them, we are obliged to adopt severity, we feel it necessary to inflict punishments and withhold rewards, and withdraw for a while those caresses and smiles, which constitute so great a part of the enjoyment and happiness of children. And never do we feel our affections so strong, or our anxiety for them so great, as whilst we see them suffering under this kind of correction, which we intend shall bring about a reformation, and make them more ready to submit themselves without obstinacy or reluctance to our authority,—knowing it to be the only means to establish that harmony between us, which is to produce their happiness and secure to ourselves proper regard and respect.”

This letter was left unfinished, and the train of reflection never carried out; but who can doubt how much a daily life and teaching in this spirit, in the mother, must have done towards laying the foundation for a similar temper of mind in the child?

On the day of her funeral, our father gathered his children together into the room where she lay, and, when they were by themselves, surrounding her coffin, himself calm and tranquil, spoke to them of the mother they had lost; of what she had done and suffered for them; of her example and her instructions; the influence this event should have upon their lives, and above all in making them feel the uncertainty of this life, and the duty of preparing for another. The impression made by this scene was of the most solemn and permanent kind; for, at the distance of forty years, it comes back to the mind with much of the distinctness of a recent event. We find in many of Henry's productions, at different periods of his life, passages evidently suggested by his recollections of his mother and of the circumstances of her death. He made it the subject of a distinct poem of considerable length, first written the same year, but enlarged and corrected afterwards; and he alludes to it also in a later one, in which many of the events of his own life are introduced. I subjoin a few of the passages here referred to, as illustrations of the state of his feelings and of the progress and formation of his character.

FROM "LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER," WRITTEN IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1805.

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"Yet many years I thought I should have trod
This stage with her, she pointing to my God,

Directing all my steps in virtue's ways,
 And tuning my young heart to sing his praise.
 She would have cheered my younger days of life,
 And led me harmless on from worldly strife.
 And when her years a numerous train had run,
 And she declined with life's declining sun,
 When trembling, furrowed age came tottering on,
 I should repay her kindness as a son,
 Support her arm, her sorrowing toils assuage,
 And lead her down the hill of feeble age.

“ O may I live like her, and like her die ;
Living, to God's commands my soul apply ;
 Blameless and virtuous be in all men's sight,
 And try to prove myself to God aright ;
Dying, to his just will my soul resign,
 And count the triumphs of the righteous mine.
 Mother, the last commands from thee received,
 (When almost at the goal of life arrived,)
 And all which when alive thou didst impart,
 Be ever written on my faithful heart.
 Those precepts ever be my guide, my friend,
 My comforter, till life's drear journey end.
 If ever from my heart those words be lost,
 As sand upon the foaming ocean tossed ;
 If e'er from virtue's path, the perfect way,
 In which thou taught'st me, I shall go astray,
 O ! may thy sainted shade my ways reprove,
 With all the kindness of thy former love.”

FROM “ MY DREAM OF LIFE,” AN UNFINISHED POEM.

“ How dear is every room beneath that roof !
 There we assembled at the cheerful meal,
 And asked Heaven's blessing on a band of love.
 There the gay circle on a winter's eve
 Gathered about the lavish blaze, and pressed
 Within the chimney's ample range, to hear
 The tales of wonder childhood loves to hear,

And age delights to tell. There stood my bed ;
There I lay waiting for a mother's kiss,
And soft good-night ; then breathless sought to catch
Her last faint footstep as she slow retired ;
Then drew the blanket on my face and slept.
Time in its lengthened flight has wrought such change,
That hardly could I recognize those walls ;
But that sweet evening kiss, I feel it now,
I hear that soft good-night, that parting step
Still faintly fall upon my waiting ear.
The past comes thick around me ; faded shapes,
But beautiful, of all that once have been,
And are no more. I sit beside the hearth,
And weep at scenes that once were only joy.

“ O ! what is tender like a mother's love,
And what can pay its loss ? To her I looked
To cheer and guide me in the fearful way
That leads through toil and peril into life ;
And trusted then, when strength and wealth were mine,
To rock the cradle of her fading age,
As she had soothed the infancy of mine.
But Heaven refused the boon. There is a grief
Severe with double anguish ; when the heart
Sinks burdened with a present woe, and waits
For darker evils hastening in its train ;—
Such grief was ours.” . . .

“ What darkness followed then !
It settled down upon the present scene
In thick dismay, and on the future cast
An ominous shade, involving earth and life
And hope. The sacred light of home was dimmed :
The tender smile, the voice of patient love,
The anxious counsel, the directing eye,
Cheered the sad pathway of my youth no more.
The shadow settled on my heart. The world
Had other lights, but none to fill that void ;
And friends, but none that wore a mother's heart.”

In "*Jotham Anderson*" are many passages relating to the early life of this imaginary personage, evidently suggested by his own recollections and experience. In this work he speaks of his mother thus :

"Were all mothers like mine, how greatly would the obedience of the young Christian's pilgrimage be facilitated and its peace ensured ! I love to dwell on the memory of that honored woman. My earliest recollection of her is in the act of teaching me to pray, when she every evening took me on her knees, and, clasping my little hands, made me repeat after her my childish petitions. Methinks I still see the beautiful expression of her maternal eye, and feel the kiss, full of affection and piety, with which she closed the service. At such times she would explain to me the purposes of prayer, and teach me to love the good Being, who gave me father and mother, and made me happy. It was her practice, also, to seize the moments when my young heart was overflowing with cheerfulness and good-will, to remind me of the Father above, and direct my gratitude to him."

CHAPTER II.

HIS EARLY EDUCATION, AT DUXBURY, CAMBRIDGE, AND ANDOVER—
ENTRANCE INTO COLLEGE AND COLLEGE LIFE—WINTER AT BEV-
ERLY IN KEEPING SCHOOL.

1805—1812. *ÆT.* 11—18.

OF his early education I recollect but little. He was taught partly at home, and partly in the private and public schools of his native town. In the course of the years 1804 and 1805, he spent considerable time in the family, and under the tuition, of the late Rev. Dr. Allyn, of Duxbury. Dr. Allyn was a classmate and intimate friend of his father, and was held by him in very high regard. He was a man remarkable, among the clergymen of the day, for his many eccentricities of manners and habits, but not less so for his strong good sense, a quaint and original humor, and unalloyed benevolence and kindness of heart. Here, it is believed, Henry began his preparation for college.

After the College Commencement of 1805, Henry, with his brothers, was placed under the tuition of their cousin, Mr. Ashur Ware, a graduate of the preceding year, who became at the same time a member of his father's family. He remained under his care till the spring of 1807, when, on the election of Mr. Ware to a Tutorship, Mr. Samuel Merrill, of the class of 1807, took his place. In September of the same year, he was

sent to Phillips Academy, in Andover, of which Mr. Mark Newman was then Preceptor; and here he continued till his admission into the Freshman class at Cambridge, in September, 1808.

At Andover, he boarded in the family of Mr. Isaac Chandler, a very respectable and pious farmer, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the Academy, in company with a number of other boys of the same age. This was his first initiation into promiscuous society of those of his own age, at a public school, away from the influences of parents and home; and here, probably, he was exposed for the first time to the temptations to impurity of thought, language, and conduct, from which so very few escape in those perilous days of our life. In him, happily, any such taint was slight and transient. It seemed barely to have tarnished for the moment the fair surface of his mind, and to have left no stain behind it. He was much aided in his escape from the dangers of his age and situation by the continuance, in some degree, of the same parental guidance which had already done so much to give him a right tendency. It was the custom of his father to keep up as frequent a communication with his children, when they were absent from home, as the pressure of other duties would permit; and his letters, though not consisting of labored and regular admonitions, seldom failed to contain some hints or short expositions with regard to modes and objects of study, the cultivation of good habits, or attention to moral and religious duties, which probably had the more effect from their incidental character, and this very absence of formality. The following are extracts from his letters to Henry while at Andover; those which called them forth, or which were written in reply to them, having been lost.

“SEPT. 26, 1807.

“I hope you are laying up knowledge now as fast as you can. Let me advise you, particularly, to make great use of your memory, and make great exertion to strengthen it. No faculty we have is more improvable; and no one is more apt to be neglected. It will be well to copy the choicest passages of the classics into your blank book; but it will be still better to imprint them indelibly in your memory.

“Your handwriting I wish you to improve in. I am glad you have the opportunity of instruction, and hope you will be most diligent in the hours assigned to it, to acquire at least a decent, if not an elegant use of the pen. You are now at the best age for attaining that accomplishment. I hope you will not undervalue it, and that you will give me specimens of your improvement in your letters.”

One of the subjects touched upon in this letter, the improvableness of the memory, with the great importance of attention to it as a part of education, was a point upon which his father frequently insisted in his letters and on other occasions. He was led to do this by what he regarded as a mistake which he had made in his own case, from an erroneous early impression, that this faculty is not to be improved by cultivation, but is a gift bestowed by nature on some, and denied to others.

“MARCH 8, 1808.

“I was gratified with your letter, as a mark of your attention, as an evidence of your improvement, as an assurance of your happiness, and as giving me a pleasant account of your progress the preceding week. I this moment hear of an opportunity of sending your Huntingford, and shall hope to receive as good an account of succeeding weeks, as you gave me of the first. . . . I am very glad to have you send

for Huntingford. I hope you will exercise yourself in it as much as you can, besides what you have occasion to do as an exercise in the Academy. Not that I wish to press your studies beyond your ability and health. You must allow yourself a proper proportion of exercise, but be careful to make some good use of all your fragments of time, which are not devoted to your exercises, nor necessary for relaxation. It is your use of *fragments of time* which are usually lost, that is to make you a scholar. I hope, by the end of the term, you will have a good account to give me of other gains, beside those of your Greek Testament on the Sabbath."

"JUNE 23, 1808.

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"Let not your plan of coming home distract your attention from the exercises of the Academy. Give your whole attention to your studies till the hour of relaxation, and then *relax entirely*. Habituate yourself to undivided attention when you do attend, and when you unbend, do it *entirely*. Never let the thought of amusement break in upon your studies, nor the thought of your studies mar your enjoyment."

The four years of Henry's college life were passed in his father's family, who then lived in the old Sewall house, lately taken down, which stood nearly opposite the head of Holyoke Street. Of this period, I find few memorials. Living at home, and having but little taste for promiscuous company, he did not mix much with college society, and probably made fewer college intimacies than most young men who receive their education within the walls of a University. He was scrupulously attentive to his duties and exercises; a faithful but not a very hard student, and maintained a respectable rank in his class. He did not appear to aim at a very high standing as a scholar, and this principally, as I appre-

hend, because he had no conception that his abilities were such as to place it within his reach. I doubt if it ever entered his mind, that, even if he were disposed, he could have contended successfully for the higher honors of his class; he did not dream that such success was in his power, even had it been an object of desire. Had he believed it to be so, he would probably have both desired and sought it, and thus have been a much harder student. But he acquired knowledge easily. A moderate amount of labor enabled him to appear as well in his recitations as he wished, as well as he supposed it possible that he could, and he consequently devoted much leisure time to reading and to studies of a general character.

At this period of life, indeed, eminence, high reputation, or great distinction in any way, does not seem to have entered into his anticipations. No one probably, who knew him at this time, would have supposed him capable of a career so successful as that which awaited him; no one would have been more surprised than himself, could it have been predicted. This it was strikingly characteristic of him through life; the success he attained was always greater than he expected, or even dared to hope; it came upon him by surprise. I do not mean that he was without ambition; that he did not seek and value reputation; that he did not enjoy applause. The love of praise, of popularity, was in him a strong natural feeling, as he was fully sensible, and one against whose undue influence he felt it his duty carefully to guard. But he did not very highly estimate his power of doing that which would enable him to gratify this feeling. His ambition was not up to his ability. He would have been perfectly satisfied and

contented with a much lower rank, both in College and in life, than that to which he attained.

His rank as a scholar will be indicated in some degree to those who are acquainted with the principles on which they were at that time distributed, by the College honors which he received. In his Junior year, he took part in a Latin Dialogue, at one of the usual public exhibitions. In his Senior year he gave a Latin Oration at exhibition, and at the Commencement in 1812, when he graduated, he delivered a poem, the subject of which was "The Pursuit of Fame." This was received with a good deal of applause. He was a member of all the College Societies, for admission into which scholarship was a necessary condition; and in their literary exercises, as he did also in his College themes, he frequently indulged himself in his propensity for writing in verse. He delivered a poem before one of these societies, and the annual discourse before an association which existed among the undergraduates for mutual religious improvement.

Beside thus stating my own recollections of my brother's College life and character, I have the satisfaction of being able to introduce the following extracts of letters to me from two of his classmates, Charles G. Loring and Peleg Sprague, relating to the same subject. Mr. Loring writes thus :

"We were not, properly speaking, intimate in College; for we were both diligent students, and he resided, as you know, at home, and very seldom mingled in our amusements, excepting as a member of societies devoted to mental improvement. I felt towards him, however, very early, a profound respect, and a constantly growing personal attachment. His excellent sense, perfect purity and benevolence, always shining clearly through his quiet, retiring, and somewhat exclusive, though

never unkind, manners, produced in me a gratifying consciousness of elevation in companionship with him, and led me to seek his society as a privilege.

“His recitations, though not brilliant, were always accurate and entirely unambitious. I do not remember ever being impressed with the thought that he aimed to excel others; while his industry and devotion to study, and punctual attendance upon all College exercises, showed forcibly his high sense of duty to himself, and the privileges with which we were favored; and, although they procured for him rank, never seemed directed to that end.

“I cannot recall any one whose career at Cambridge was so perfectly typical of his future life. The same gravity, gentleness, firmness, and kindness of demeanor; the same elevated sense of duty; the same earnest, unpretending piety; the same entire self-devotion, which so eminently distinguished him among the best and greatest of men in his mature years, were characteristic of him there.”

Judge Sprague says:

“While at College, as he was the son of a professor, and did not live within the walls, his classmates had not the gratification of seeing him so much as they wished. He rarely joined in their amusements, never in those of the gayer kind. His conduct and demeanor were always irreproachable, and such even then, as would have adorned the profession for which he was destined; and yet so free from austerity and reserve, so full of kindness and sympathy, that he was esteemed and beloved by all. I verily believe, that not one of his classmates, at any time during his whole college life, felt towards him other than emotions of friendship.”

In the winter of 1810—11, he availed himself of the permission, which was frequently given to undergrad-

uates, to teach a school in the country during the winter months. The vacation then extended to seven weeks, occupying the greater part of the cold season; and several weeks of the term were allowed by the Government, in order to make out the amount of time required for an engagement of this sort. This privilege was of great advantage to the poorer class of students, in enabling them to procure the means of education; but it was resorted to in my brother's case, as much for the benefit which might be derived from this kind of discipline. A school was engaged for him in the town of Beverly, and thither he went in the latter part of December. The following letter will convey the best idea of his experience in this new situation,—one certainly of no small responsibility, and of considerable trial to a lad of his age; for it is to be observed, that at this time he wanted four months of having completed his seventeenth year. This letter, besides its connexion with him, may serve to illustrate some of the customs and the state of the schools at that time.

TO HIS FATHER

“ BEVERLY, DEC. 28, 1810.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ I believe that I promised to write to you as soon as I arrived here, but I have been so engaged that I have not had time. Whether this letter will reach you before Tuesday or not, I cannot tell; but I hope you will receive it to-morrow. That I am very much engaged you can easily conceive, when I tell you that I have in my school sixty-five children, men and women together. There are four boys older and larger than myself, and, from what I can hear, there are yet to be more of the same *genus*. Girls there are many, as much as 15, 17,

or 18 years of age ; but it luckily happens that they are disposed to be peaceable and orderly. Only six study Arithmetic ;—three of these are just entering on *multiplication*,—two are in *reduction*,—and one in the *rule of three*. Almost all the girls (of whom are about one third of the whole) study English Grammar, and only one boy ; and one intends studying Latin next week. And now, having heard of my situation here, you will probably be glad to know how I came into it. And I assure you that I have a very amusing account to give you of my journey to this place. To begin, then :—I was so afraid of being left by the stage, that I left Uncle Clarke's with scarce half a dinner, and, to complete this grievous misfortune, I had to lounge about the market for half an hour before the *vehicle* was ready. This therefore I entered with eight more ; and a shabbier set than we, I believe, never entered stage-coach. Thus we travelled to a tavern about half way to Salem (but in what town I know not) ; and till we got into a bar-room there, where one man was pretty talkative about *flip*, and the stage-driver about his pay,—till then, I say, I heard not a word spoken, save and except that one sailor cursed the driver, and another asked what was the matter.

“ After this we had company a little more talkative, and so arrived at Salem just about candle-light. The driver refused to carry me to Beverly ; so I left my trunk at the tavern, to be carried over in the Newburyport baggage-wagon. I did not like the plan very well, but I did not see as I could do better ; but, when I got to Mr. Eliot's, I hired his horse and his neighbor's chaise, and so went and brought it home,—sixty-six cents, and twenty-five cents toll ! But to return from this digression ;—I went as far as Beverly Bridge in the stage, and walked from there. With much difficulty I found the house of Andrew Eliot, who was to board the school-master. There awaited my arrival two of the school committee, who gave me much sage advice, and administered many admirable admonitions, and instructions, and directions ; particularly with

regard to Mr. Pilsbury, who kept this school last year, whom they affirmed to be the very best master they ever knew. 'He had a most curious way of punishing his scholars; he used to talk to 'em, and fairly shame 'em out on't—and he used to pinch their ears, and everybody but *two* was very well satisfied with him,' &c. In such conversation, we passed about half an hour, and then I took leave, and went over to Salem, as aforesaid. But I must not forget that they inquired about my recommendations, whether I had any from my *minister*, &c., and said it would be best to get one, as it was usual. So the next morning, down went I to Mr. Abbot's, to be examined, and, after reading, ciphering, &c., I was permitted to become school-master. Indeed, *Mr. Abbot* said that Mr. Hedge's letter to him, and my College standing, were recommendations sufficient. But it was thought best that I should be examined, in order to satisfy the District. I drank tea at Mr. Abbot's, and thence went with him to his evening lecture, where he spoke extempore, for about an hour, on the excellence of the Christian religion.

"I keep seven hours a day;—from half-past eight to twelve, and from one to half-past five. I shall soon keep eight hours, as the committee say it is usual. There have been considerable objections made to my taking Saturdays, in order to make out the time; and I have agreed partly, till I hear from you, not to keep them.

"Tell Lucy and Mary, that they have taught me to be so *polite* to ladies, that I have got laughed at for it in my school; for when one of these young ladies, my pupils, the other day came to me with her pen, I gallantly rose from my chair, and made my very best bow,—at which the boys laughed. However, I have learned here to think a little better of girls than I used to; for, after they have been out, the boys never come till they are called, but the girls always return of their own accord before their time is out.

"I believe that I am very well situated here. My living,

as far as I can see, will be pretty much in the same style that it was at Andover, but vastly more clean. Mr. Eliot is a sociable, jolly, facetious fellow, and altogether very pleasant. I live about a mile from the meeting-house, and the post-office where I have got to carry this letter to-night (it is now half-past seven); and so, if this be not writing fit for a school-master, or a letter fit for one that has read Cowper, the time, circumstances, &c., of the case will plead in excuse. I wish that I had time and paper now to relate many conversations which I have heard here, but I must leave it for some future occasion. I am well, and hope the same is the case with all at home. Having nothing better to send, I send this hope, and my love to all,—and therewith subscribe myself

H. WARE, Jr.

“N. B. I feel myself more like a man, in company and in school, than I expected. I really believe that there is some magic in the mighty word *Sir*, which has a potent influence in these things. But, by the way, I must say a word in blame of my school-house. Such a little, dirty hole for seventy children, I never saw; we are as crowded as can be,—no comfort at all. Some of the boys have to stand out on the floor while the others write.”

During this residence in Beverly, he boarded in a family entertaining opinions of religious doctrine differing entirely from those in which he had been educated, and which were held by the friends with whom he had always been associated. He was consequently in the way of hearing a good deal of conversation and discussion on the subject of religion, of a different character from that to which he had been accustomed. His mind was thus freshly excited concerning it, and he became much interested and somewhat anxious and disturbed. He wrote a letter to his father, in the course of the win-

ter, exhibiting this state of mind, and asking his opinion and advice upon several points, with regard to which he felt doubts and difficulties. This letter, which would have been of interest in showing the progress of his mind on religious subjects, has unfortunately been lost; the answer to it, however, which I insert, serves very well to indicate what were the topics to which it related.

FROM HIS FATHER.

"JAN. 17, 1811.

"I received yours of Tuesday, this evening. I had begun to apprehend that you had neglected writing, because you were unable to give so good an account of yourself as you would wish. I am in some measure relieved from that apprehension, though I am sorry to have you think you shall not give satisfaction. Allow no such fear to discourage you from the very best exertions of which you are capable. Let the largeness of your school stimulate your ambition, and call forth energies adequate to the occasion. I shall be very glad to have you keep an evening school, if you find yourself adequate to the task. Any exertion, not beyond your strength, will be useful to you.

"In your account of the religious state of the place, and prevalent opinions, I think it possible you may not have acquired a perfectly accurate knowledge of it. The consequences, which we think irresistibly follow from men's opinions, are often such as they totally disavow. At any rate, the religious opinions of serious and conscientious persons are entitled to respect, even from him who believes them to be most absurd and contradictory. It may be very useful to you to hear conversation on religious subjects, and to converse yourself, even on controversial subjects. Two things you will learn by it, if you exercise that good sense, which I hope you

do;—one is, to bear contradiction with patience, and treat persons with deference who hold opinions to which you cannot subscribe; the other, not to think it necessary to give up an opinion, and immediately think it wrong, because you don't find yourself able to defend it. Many truths are liable to *insuperable objections*,—I mean objections, which no finite mind is capable of removing in a perfectly satisfactory manner. Such, I will venture to say, are the doctrines to which you allude in your letter, which side of the argument soever you take up. Yet one side or the other, notwithstanding such objections, must contain the truth.

“I hope you will learn to hear whatever is said with candor;—to treat all persons and opinions on religious subjects with great delicacy,—and be deliberate, cautious, and conscientious in forming your own.

“I know not how I shall send your flute; still I may possibly either send or bring it to you. I do not however see what use you will make of it. You say nothing of society—acquaintance—visiting. I trust therefore that your time is not much taken up in that way; and am not sorry that it is not.”

There is no doubt that the experience of this winter was of much value to him, partly by giving him confidence in himself, preparing him for a similar occupation after leaving college, and partly by renewing, and fixing more deeply in his mind, his interest in religion, as a system of doctrines, as well as a rule of life. His intercourse, it should be remarked, was not exclusively with those of different religious opinions, beyond the family in which he boarded; he attended, in part at least, the preaching of the Rev. Abiel Abbot, and formed some personal acquaintance with him.

CHAPTER III.

BECOMES ASSISTANT IN THE ACADEMY AT EXETER, N. H.—HIS CHOICE OF A PROFESSION—CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS FATHER—JOURNAL.

1812-13. *ÆT.* 18-19.

AT the time of his leaving College, in August, 1812, Henry was four months past his eighteenth year. He immediately engaged himself as an assistant in the Academy at Exeter. This institution, which has always held so high a rank among preparatory schools, was then under the care of that very distinguished instructor, Dr. Benjamin Abbot. It was with no little solicitude, that he undertook a task so responsible in itself, and to him quite formidable, when he considered his youth, his very youthful appearance, and the great reputation of the school and its head-master. The strong feeling of diffidence, which he very naturally experienced, with regard to his success, did not interfere with those exertions which were necessary to secure it; and there is reason to believe that he soon manifested a competency for the office, which secured the respect of the students, and the confidence of the Principal. In a letter to his wife, written since his death, Dr. Abbot says :

“It gave me great pleasure to receive a note with your signature attached to it. It revived the recollection of a past happy period of my life, when associated with your beloved

husband in the instruction of youth. I well remember my impressions, when he first made his appearance in Exeter, and my fears, from his youthful appearance and inexperience in teaching and government, that he might be found inadequate to his station. These fears, however, were soon dissipated. The sweetness of his disposition, his open frankness of manner, and acknowledged scholarship, soon gained him the love and confidence of his pupils, the respect and affection of his brother instructors. His two years' residence in this place left an impression on all who had the happiness to know him, and is still fondly cherished in the recollections of all who survive him."

Of the time spent in Exeter, he used always to speak with the most unalloyed satisfaction. He frequently reverted to it in after life, and seldom without some expression of pleasure. All his recollections of, and associations with, the place, the people, and his residence there, were of the most happy kind. He was then thrown for the first time, for any considerable period, on himself and his own resources. He found himself at once in the midst of an agreeable and cultivated society; among persons, to whom he could give, and from whom he could receive pleasure. Before this he had mixed but little, and always with some reluctance, in general company. He was, constitutionally and hereditarily, shy and bashful. The effort to go among people, especially those older than himself, was almost painful. He had consequently associated but little with persons out of the circle of his immediate relatives; for even at College, as has been already said, he was far from mingling in the society of his classmates. On first going to Exeter, therefore, he felt but little confidence in his power of rendering himself acceptable, and hardly sup-

posed it possible that he should be expected to meet, on terms of equality, the kind of society into which he found himself immediately and most cordially invited. "I well recollect," says Dr. Abbot, in the letter just quoted, "the extreme diffidence, or rather, I should say, humble opinion of himself, so uncommon in young men fresh from the University, which made it difficult to persuade him to accept invitations to dine, or mix with the more elderly and learned of our society." This reluctance, however, was not of long duration. The very familiar and unceremonious habits of the place; the kindness with which he was welcomed; the pleasure which he received and which he presently found himself capable of imparting, speedily removed all constraint, and he was soon established as one of a delightful circle, with whom his intercourse was constant, and of a very improving character. In no part of his life, probably, did he ever enjoy society so much, for its own sake, as at Exeter. Some of his warmest personal attachments were formed there, and he made many friends, including the venerable Principal, by whom he was always held in strong regard, and whom he never ceased to love to the end of his life.

But his residence there was not merely a fortunate and happy one as it afforded him an opportunity for the gratification and the improvement to be derived from intercourse with cultivated society; it contributed in various ways to fit him for his subsequent duties and responsibilities. It afforded a kind of discipline, which his previous retired habits and home education, as well as his temperament, rendered absolutely necessary in order to prepare him for his entrance into the world. In other respects, the years spent at Exeter were a

very important portion of his life, in their bearing on those which followed. It was while here, that he finally fixed on his profession, and began the study of it. We find also, that here he chiefly formed those habits and modes of study, matured in his mind those views of the nature, objects, and duties of the ministry, and began that collection and preparation of materials for future use, which aided him so much in his subsequent progress, and contributed so largely to his ultimate success. I doubt if there were any equal portion of his life, in which so distinct a progress and development of character were to be noticed. This would have been true to some extent, perhaps, of the same years, wherever spent; but much of their favorable influence seems to have been connected with the circumstances in which he was placed.

His first letter, giving an account of his arrival, introduction to his duties, and first acquaintance with the society of the place, is wanting. The following is a part of the answer to it.

FROM HIS FATHER.

“CAMBRIDGE, SEPT. 14, 1812.

. “The first thing that strikes me in your letter, is your handwriting. I advise you to adopt a larger letter, and to persevere in the use of it, at least as large as that in which I am now writing. You will hereafter enjoy the benefit of it.

“I am glad to find you are so well pleased with your lodgings; you can hardly be too solicitous to make yourself agreeable in return, by habits of sociability, civil attentions, and a constant regard to those personal and domestic habits which form so considerable a part of the character of a young man.

But you are in no small danger, on the other hand, of being drawn away too much by the love of pleasant society. I hope you will be on your guard, and early prescribe to yourself such rules and limits, as will consist with your duty, your improvement, and the expectations of the place.

“Your first care must be to secure the character of competent ability and unfailing fidelity, as an instructor in the Academy; your next, to gain all that you can, consistently with this, for your own improvement. Though I feel an entire confidence in your present correctness of mind, it is impossible for me not to feel some solicitude upon your first going into the world to act for yourself at so early a period. It is for you to show whether my confidence or my solicitude have the best foundation.

“I wish you would write to me soon, and largely, respecting every circumstance in your situation. I wish you to tell me whether you have fixed on a profession; if you are still not fully resolved, let me know the state of your mind, its balancings, and what, and in what degree, are its preponderances.”

TO HIS FATHER.

“EXETER, SEPT. 23, 1812.

“I received your letter last evening; had I seen it sooner, I should have written very differently by Folsom. I said nothing then which I intended, and shall be able to say but little now; for I have been engaged all to-day and this evening, and must send early to-morrow. You wish to know of my situation. I can hardly describe it by writing, and must leave it for my return. I am, however, perfectly contented and pleased, am treated like one of the family, and consider myself as entirely at home, and a pleasant home it is. I have formed but a few acquaintances; but I foresee that I shall have a good deal of visiting to do. If I may judge from what I have seen, it will be very agreeable. I hope, however, that there will be no reason

to complain that I neglect my duty for company, or that I am not faithful to the extent of my abilities, though they should be found not competent to the task. The expression of your confidence in my present intentions gave me great pleasure, and it shall be my constant study to prove it well-grounded, and to dispel all solicitude with respect to my adherence to the habits in which I have been educated. I hope my connexion with Dr. Abbot and the other gentlemen in this place, will keep me right. Though he is a very pleasant and easy man, my respect for him is so *awful* that I cannot learn to consider him as a companion. I believe there is no boy in school feels worse to be detected by him in a fault than I do, when I think he is listening to my recitations. The duties of the Academy are less arduous than I expected. The language department is not so full now as usual; the difficulties of the times occasion that more should study English.

“I know nothing of what is going on in the world; I should be glad if in your letters you would let me know what the great and the good are doing.”

FROM HIS FATHER.

“SEPT. 25, 1812.

“You wish to know what the wise and the good are doing. If I were disposed to be gloomy and cynical, I should say they were sitting still, and waiting to see how the foolish and bad will come out. It is not, however, exactly so, but it is too nearly. Folly and wickedness are more active, and wisdom and virtue less so, than would be for the peace, improvement, and happiness of the world. In the two great interests that engage the chief attention of men, and produce most of the excitement that we either rejoice or mourn to see,—religion and politics,—the greatest zeal, activity and influence are not always to be considered as certain marks of the greatest wisdom, or the purest sincerity; it is well if they happen not in company

with both intellectual and moral qualities of an opposite character."

TO HIS FATHER.

"OCT. 3, 1812.

. "With respect to a profession, &c., it is a long business, and one which I cannot enter upon at present. Such thoughts as shall at any time occur to me, I shall transmit to you, hoping to receive your advice and direction. The first thing I believe to be done, is to consider which will make me the best and the happiest man, and in which I can do most good. This is as far as I have got yet; and, though I have always been of opinion that a clergyman's life is the most respectable and happy, and most useful, or at least capable of being the most useful to society; yet a thousand difficulties and dangers present themselves at the very outset, which have deterred me from choosing it. Until these are in some degree removed, as I hope they may be by your assistance, I shall be totally undecided; and at present I see but little prospect of my beginning any study so early as next year, and perhaps it is best I should not. The more I think on the subject, the more unsettled I become. However, there is no knowing what a day will bring forth, and I believe that present anxiety will do but little good."

The following passage is extracted from a letter written at this time to a brother who had just entered college. A young man of eighteen will not often be allowed to assume the office of a Mentor, nor be listened to with respect; in this case, however, the undeviating propriety of his own conduct and his strict adherence to duty, as it gave him some right to advise, established also a claim to the confidence of those whom he addressed.

TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

" OCT. 24, 1812.

" But I wish to speak seriously with you, for you are entering on four years, that may be happy or miserable, that will bring you good or evil, as you choose. And, as I have lately passed over the ground before you, and know its dangerous places, and how it should be travelled, I am particularly anxious that you should start right, so as to get through well. For, though I know you will scarcely believe it, a great deal, indeed almost all, depends upon the first setting out. Only begin rightly. Of a bad beginning it is hard to correct the evils, and the greatest danger of commencing ill lies in the company you keep. I wished to have written to you earlier, to urge you earnestly to form no intimacies, till you have found out who are your likeliest fellows. For if you make acquaintances early, you do it without a knowledge of their characters, and it may be a permanent injury to you; for you are more likely to fall into the company of the bad than of the good, because the latter are cautious and reserved, while the former drag into their train all they can seize. Late as this warning comes to you, I hope it will not be too late for you to profit by it. The path of your duty is plain, and I know you are inclined to pursue it. Let your resolution not flag, but walk straight forwards, and justify the hopes of your father and friends. There will be more pleasure in hearing them say 'Well done,' when you have finished, than in all the scenes of irregular pleasure which college affords."

The following extract relates to "The General Repository and Review," a quarterly periodical publication, projected and edited by Professor Norton. This was a work of high character, and took the lead in the theological discussions of the day. There were too few at that period, who could suitably appreciate such a work, and it continued in existence but a few years.

TO HIS FATHER.

" Nov. 23, 1812.

"I received your subscription-paper on Saturday. I have showed it to Dr. Abbot, but he gives me slight hopes of obtaining subscribers here. For, though there are a number of literary men here, their thoughts and business are very distant from anything of this kind. Show them a political magazine, and they might patronize it; or a light work of polite literature, which might serve for recreation after the bustle of a busy day; but they feel no interest in theological controversy, or literary discussions, which must be studied in order to be relished. Of the work itself, he spoke in high terms, and said, very clearly, such a thing ought to be supported, but its tone is a grade too high for our country yet; it ought to have more entertainment and less abstruseness; and, till this is the case, till its plan is very essentially altered, it cannot flourish. Mr. Hildreth said, it was too heretical; make a 'Panoplist' of it; give long, and wondrous, and dolorous accounts of conversions, revivals, &c., and it would do well enough. I cannot determine with certainty as yet, but from what I know of the place, and from Dr. A.'s conversation, little or no increase of subscription can be expected from this quarter. I am very sorry to find this is the case; for, the more I see of the book, the more I admire it."

It will be seen from the following letter of his father, written in March, 1813, that notwithstanding the expressions of doubt as to his choice of a profession, contained in the letter of October 3d, the prevailing bent of his mind was to the study of divinity. Indeed, I do not imagine, that he had really so considerable a hesitancy upon the subject as he himself supposed. What his predominant inclination had always been, I am confident from my own recollection; still, when it became abso-

lutely necessary to decide the point, he felt doubts and misgivings which he had never experienced when looking at the subject from a distance. The office of a minister he had always regarded with a species of awe, as one of peculiar sacredness, and as requiring a special sanctity in those who assumed it. It was natural, therefore, that he should hesitate for a moment, when called on to determine, and should distrust somewhat his own fitness for the task. No one, indeed, who enters this profession without something of these feelings, can be regarded as fit to enter it. In his case, whatever may have been the state of his mind while he had the subject under consideration, no one who had known him could have entertained the least doubt how the deliberation would end. The letter itself sufficiently indicates the topics of that which suggested it. It was written soon after he had spent one of his vacations at home.

FROM HIS FATHER.

“MARCH 4, 1813.

“I expected to have received one or two letters from you before this time; but I presume your reason for not having written is that which prevented Father Wibird from getting up before sunrise,—mere respect, a sense of decorum,—you had too much respect for your father to write before him. That restraint will be taken off now, and you need no longer be prevented by any scruples of delicacy, and I hope you will not by want of leisure or want of inclination.

“Your letter to Lucy was calculated to give me some alarm. I consider there is always danger that persons naturally bashful and taciturn, when they once break through the restraints of nature and constitution, will also break over those of decorum and modesty, and go into the opposite extreme of impu-

dence. The very effort it costs to overcome the reluctance of nature has a tendency to hurry you to an extreme; as the violent push required to open a sticking door endangers your tumbling on your nose when it opens. I trust, however, you will have care enough to keep your centre of gravity, and good sense enough to apply to moral and practical purposes that law in physics, by which a body is disposed to move with an irregular and dangerous force, which has had a resisting power suddenly removed.

“I am sorry you find so little time for study. I should exceedingly regret your own improvement being retarded by your business, and the time greatly protracted of your qualifying yourself for your profession. From your observations the evening before you left Cambridge, I inferred that your tendency was prevalently toward the study of divinity. If that be the case, you will of course bend your reading in that direction. As you teach the Testament, you will give it a more critical view than you would otherwise do. I would advise you also to write constantly on subjects connected with your studies, and on which you are reading. Remember Lord Bacon on reading, writing, conversation,—‘the *full, exact, and ready* man.’ I should think, that, in the intervals of school, books connected with biblical and ecclesiastical history, being lighter than strictly theological books, might be preferable. And there is, perhaps, no better introduction to the study of divinity, than a thorough acquaintance with the history of the Jewish and Christian churches.”

I may add, that a journal which he kept, though somewhat irregularly, at this period of his residence in Exeter, bears marks of the prevailing tendency of his mind. His thoughts, his mode of viewing every subject of which he speaks, and of remarking on the books which he is reading, all show clearly where his heart

was. In this journal are several analyses of sermons, which he heard, and remarks upon the style and manner of the preachers; especially a full account of the preaching of Dr. Parker of Portsmouth, showing a very just appreciation of the peculiar excellences of that eminent divine, and corresponding in a remarkable manner with the estimate he formed of him at a more mature period of life, when he became his biographer. I quote from this journal, as an evidence of this tendency of his thoughts, and also as an example of his mode of thinking at this period, the following passage, which forms the conclusion of some remarks suggested by the reading of "Solomon's Song."

"I cannot bear to hear that same language held to the incomprehensible Jehovah, which is used in expressing a worldly passion to the beauty of a day; it is shocking to me. A person of an ardent disposition may thus imagine to be the expressions of a fervent piety, what are only the overflowings of the natural temperament. Indeed, I object altogether to the publishing of very ardent and fervent devotional exercises. They come into the hands of simple people, whose mind is naturally less warm and enthusiastic, but who intend and endeavor to live a Christian life; but, when they see this extravagance of feeling in others and compare it with their own more quiet and placid state, they begin to think that all is not right in themselves, and they are afflicted and in despair at what is perhaps no more than the result of the natural constitution of their minds. Or it may lead others, who are quite as warm, and do not regulate their minds by reason, to create in themselves a factitious spirit of devotion, and to construe enthusiasm of feeling into real piety. Such, too, will be the natural effect of flaming accounts of conversions and revivals upon weak but warm spirits; they will readily fancy in themselves what

they admire in others and wish to experience ; and thus we shall have a sickly, high-wrought state of feeling supplant the milder but more steady flame of pure and rational religion ;—rational, not in the sense of those who would exalt reason as infallible, and set up its decisions in opposition to those of revelation, but only so far as it guides and directs our faith and practice, going hand in hand with the heart, the faithful servant of God.”

The following is Henry’s answer to the letter from his father last quoted. It should be stated in explanation of the concluding remark in it, that he was at this time teaching the Greek Testament in the course of his duty as an instructor, and took the opportunity to give to it a more critical attention than was required in the mere preparation for his exercises, using the Cambridge reprint of Griesbach’s text.

TO HIS FATHER.

“MARCH 14, 1813.

“How far the course I desire would be practicable, I know not ; as far as it would, I am determined to pursue it. At present, my chief concern is to become a religious man ; to regulate my conduct, and form my habits, so that I may conscientiously exercise the office of a minister. And I find it no easy matter to become what I wish ; the more I look into myself, the more evil propensities and secret faults I find which need correction ; and then, if I make a virtuous resolution in the morning, it is ten to one that I break it before night. Till I can make myself the character I think I ought to be, I shall not think of coming forward to teach others. I believe I might learn to my satisfaction the speculative and theoretical parts of religion. I might learn to criticize and comment, and give good advice, &c., very well ; but unless I felt and lived according to what I taught, constantly and directly, it is plain I should only be enhancing my own guilt and danger. I find I have

been very prolix, and I am afraid tedious; but I wish to write to you as I feel and think, for I wish your remarks and advice.

I have found two small errors in Griesbach, which perhaps you have not;—2 Peter i. 3, and in James ii. 14, *ἐργα* is written with an aspirate *ἐργα*; which last, however, is rather of *curious* than *real* importance. With respect to *γενήματα*, I doubted whether it were not a various reading, and therefore did not note it in my margin.

Whilst at home, during his next vacation in May, the question of his profession was definitively settled; he commenced his studies in earnest and with more system. His correspondence with his father now assumed more distinctly a professional character, and the remainder of his residence at Exeter will require little more than extracts from this correspondence and from his journal, to convey a pretty just idea of the gradual manner in which his character was forming, and of the earnestness with which he was preparing himself for the great work of life.

TO HIS FATHER.

“MAY 30, 1813.

“I have been reading a few sermons, but none, indeed none that I ever read, struck me so much as Mr. Channing’s at the ordination of Mr. Codman. It seems to me powerful and impressive beyond example. It must be a treasure to young ministers, and ought to stop effectually the cold sermonizing of your rationalists, who maintain the strange contradiction, of religion without feeling. If such a thing were possible, it would be scarcely worth having, I think. It seems to me Mr. Channing has exactly drawn his own character, as far as I know it. There are the same traits of unaffectedness, earnestness, and solemnity in himself and in the portrait he has

drawn. Is it not strange that I should have heard no more of this sermon?

“I find myself greatly perplexed and doubtful in respect to many of the controverted points of doctrine, i. e. of some of them I think scarcely at all, but concerning some I am anxious; they haunt me perpetually, and, while many think them of such vast moment, I am sometimes afraid it is wrong to keep myself wavering. But yet, is it best to dabble in controversy at present, or let light come in by degrees as I pursue the study of the Scriptures? With respect to one thing, however, the Lord’s Supper, I think I ought to be immediately determined. I had by some means, perhaps naturally enough, been led to look on this institution with a superstitious awe, bordering on horror. I thought it was a mystery which it would be criminal to look at familiarly, and to partake of the bread and wine required a degree of sanctity and an indescribable, mysterious something, which only a few favored spirits, not ‘touched but rapt,’ could attain to. These notions, with a long train of appendages, I got at Beverly, I believe. But, from my own study of the Bible, I have been led to think them erroneous, and that nothing should prevent me, but that I am in duty bound to become a partaker. Will you write me your opinion, and advise me what treatises to read, that will give me most correct views of the subject, its nature, design, and history, and the obligations of those who partake it? Are Clarke’s Sermons on this subject to be trusted?

“In this letter I have talked very freely, probably like a novice; but I have two objects in view, (a little distinct from absolute want of information,) which I am unwilling to give up. First, to draw from you all the assistance I can; for what I obtain in this way, I shall prize more than if I obtained it otherwise. Second, to habituate myself to writing seriously, that you may see my manner, and tell me wherein it is faulty and how I may correct it. Not that you are to consider my letters as elaborate essays, for I never

write more than one copy ; but yet the general character of my style will be visible, and may perhaps afford fair subject of criticism. I know that I am asking what will give you much trouble ; but I have been so accustomed to apply to you, and have found you so ready always to assist me, that I have learned to believe you consider it rather a pleasure than a task."

FROM HIS FATHER.

"JUNE 5, 1813.

"I will take up your letter by paragraphs ; so that, if you complain of it as desultory, I may be able to throw back the charge of it upon yourself.

"I am glad, then, that you have read Mr. Channing's Sermon. Its impression is such as I should have expected, for I think it one of the happiest efforts of pulpit eloquence. But I do not know exactly what you mean by the cold rationalists, who maintain religion without feeling. Never, perhaps, was a charge more unjustly applied than that usually is. In no sermonizers will you find higher degrees of true warmth, more glowing zeal for truth and virtue, or more ardent piety and benevolence breathed forth, (free, to be sure, from the wildfire of fanaticism, and the consuming flames of bigotry and sectarianism,) than in those whom modern cant stigmatizes as rationalists. The gentleman with whose sermon you are so justly enraptured, is a striking example. The thing itself which you mean to censure, I most heartily join with you in censuring ; but you will find that coldness is not exclusively the attribute of the rational. You will find that the irrational may also be cold and heartless.

"With respect to points of controversy with which you are haunted, it is very natural and very proper that you should wish, and seek, to have your doubts and perplexities removed. But you have very properly expressed the precise course which you now ought to take ; 'let light come in by degrees,

as you pursue the study of the Scriptures.' A sudden flash may give you what you think to be a distinct view of objects for the moment, but the darkness will be the deeper and more perceptible as soon as it is over. The only light that will be a safe guide to you, will be the slow, gradual, but sure opening of the day.

"I am very glad you have turned your thoughts to the Lord's Supper. I have been hoping, that both you and your sisters would propose the subject to me before this time. I wish you would write to them upon it. I am gratified, too, that by recurring to the best guide on the subject,—the Bible,—the mystery in which you saw the ordinance enveloped, is dissipated. Nothing surely can be more astonishing, or humiliating, than that an institution so perfectly plain and simple, should have been susceptible of such corruption and perversion.

"The best treatises you can read on the subject, are the simple account of its institution by the Evangelists, and Paul's account of it in his Epistle to the Corinthians.

"Dr. Clarke's (I suppose you mean Dr. John, of Boston.) 'History' and 'Design of the Lord's Supper,' I think are perfectly correct, and ought to be highly satisfactory to the inquirer.

"It is a subject on which I think very little light is needed, and long treatises are tedious and useless; what is wanted, is, not more true, but less false light.

"If, when we go to the Bible, we leave behind us our prejudices, false views, the 'mystery we got at Beverly,'—and take our notions from the simple account we there find, we shall be terrified with no spectres, and need no light on the subject. Nor will the ordinance lose any of its interest by becoming more intelligible, and less mysterious and awful.

"You are right in feeling a confidence in my readiness to give you any aid in my power, and in believing that I shall be very far from thinking it a trouble. I am glad to have you

write to me on serious subjects, and it gives me pleasure that you treat them seriously. Except the affectation of unnatural and disproportioned seriousness in trifles, nothing can be more offensive than levity on subjects really serious and important. I trust you will carefully avoid, alike from feeling and from principle, both the one and the other.

TO HIS FATHER.

“JUNE 13, 1813.

“In speaking of rationalists, I did not mean to say there were any to whom the censure would apply in its full extent, much less to give all the name, to whom I suppose many would apply it. But I think there is a tendency to that extreme, especially in persons just entering the ministry. They are so afraid of the opposite enthusiasm and superstition, that, in their attempts to avoid it, they fall into an error equally great. While they assert the rights of reason, is there not danger that they will urge them too far, and refuse altogether the exercise of feeling? that they will regard religion too much as a study, something to be thought upon and reasoned about, and in which all feeling should be repressed as leading to deception and error? From trying revelation at the bar of reason, is there not danger of coming at last to make it sole arbiter, and exalting it above the former? And may not a man become at length so completely rational, as to hesitate upon any emotion of gratitude and love, and to inquire, ‘Do I not feel too much?’ and instead of asking himself, ‘Have I sufficient humility and penitence?’ to ask, ‘Have I not more than I need? Would not less answer the purpose?’ I would not have men give up their reason and become fanatics; but neither do I wish them, on the other hand, to give up feeling. I would let both have their influence, and each act as a check on the other; for I think it is in the proper mixture and regulation of these that the perfection and beauty of religion consists. I

do not think our opinions here at all different; but I fancy I can see a danger where you see none. And the reason is, I am at a greater distance from the centre, and hear many observations which never reach you.

“ Since writing to you last, I have read Campbell’s ‘ Lectures on Systematic Theology and Pulpit Eloquence.’ I do not remember ever to have heard of the book before. I was delighted with it; it has perfectly removed all haste to be satisfied on controversial points, and has completely convinced me in regard to the right way of study, though in truth I had few doubts before. Indeed, it would require all the sound judgment and discretion of Campbell himself to follow his plan perfectly, so as to reap all the advantages of which it is capable; but let every one do it in his measure, and there can be no question of its benefits.

“ I have dipped a little into ecclesiastical history, and find it exactly like all others, but a melancholy account of the weakness, folly and contentions of mankind, whose blessings seem only to be exceeded by the abuse of them, and who make themselves miserable in proportion to their means of happiness. Christianity never was purer than at present, since the days of its first professors. I have been taught to believe that the pride of human reason was opposed to its progress, and could not receive its doctrines without corrupting them. But ignorance is as proud as learning, quite as unyielding in support of its opinions, and as great a corrupter of the truth.”

In his journal, he enters into the following more extended course of remark, suggested by the perusal of the work of Campbell alluded to in the last letter. It indicates the existence of a state of opinion and feeling on the subject of religion, which was strongly characteristic of him through life.

“ Campbell’s ‘ Lectures on Systematic Theology, and Pul-

pit eloquence,' I have accidentally met with ; and though I do not recollect having heard of them before, I have borrowed them, trusting I should find nothing of this author but what is valuable. Nor have I been disappointed. I have been highly interested and instructed by their perusal, particularly those in which he speaks of the manner in which young men should study, and the course they ought to pursue. Upon which points I was not before perfectly satisfied, but am now. He seems to have marked out with great precision the province of reason, and to have defined with much accuracy its limitations ; he neither allows it too much scope, nor too little ; he does not exalt it above revelation, but asserts its freedom to declare for itself what revelation is ; he sets it above the control of men, but still requires its submission to God. Upon this point I have been not a little jealous. I have been afraid lest men were urging the point unwarrantably far, freeing reason from all restraint and maintaining its all-sufficiency. Now it would require all the sound judgment and discrimination of Campbell himself, to follow with exactness the path he has recommended, and therefore only few can arrive at the degree of excellence it seems to promise. Still it is apparent that if all would follow it to the utmost of their abilities, with proper seriousness, humility, discretion and perseverance, they might attain much nearer the correct standard than in any other way. But the misfortune is, few have discretion to know and stop at the right point ; the ardor of youth urges everything to extremes ; and, if freed from all restraint of man, they are apt to become conceited and cold rationalists. Such, I am afraid, is the tendency of our Cambridge students ; they study religion too much as a science, too much as a business of mere grammar and lexicon ; they seem to regard it as a subject to be reasoned upon, to exercise their ingenuity ; and appear almost to forget that it is something to be felt ; while they sharpen the wits and inform the head, they are not careful to polish the heart, and rectify the affections. I hope that I say too much, that I

express myself too strongly, and charity obliges me to think I do. Yet, I have such a jealousy and dread of this thing, I feel so strongly the danger of this tendency, and believe I have seen so plain indications of what I have mentioned, that I cannot persuade myself I am altogether wrong."

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND YEAR AT EXETER—CONTINUATION OF CORRESPONDENCE
WITH HIS FATHER—PROPOSES TO RELINQUISH HIS OFFICE—FIRST
APPEARANCE IN THE PULPIT.

1813-14. *ÆT.* 19-20.

A LONG and severe illness in the family at Cambridge put a stop at this period to all correspondence, except that which related to it; and the following extracts from letters to one of his brothers contain the only accounts of his occupation in the interval.

“ JULY 29, 1813.

“ I believe I have read and studied a good deal this summer ; but, I don't know how it is, I do not feel so much more learned, as I thought I should. What a misfortune it is that the knowledge which appears so vast at a distance, should so dwindle away as you approach it, and shrink to so small a thing as you make it your own. You think, if you could stand on *that* pinnacle of the mountain, you should feel vastly above your present height, and be almost contented with your elevation ; but, alas ! when you get there, you do not perceive that you are raised, so much still remains above and so little below you.”

“ OCT. 9, 1813.

“ And now allow me to speak of myself. I am studying pretty diligently, but with very little satisfaction ; for I find my memory grows weaker every day, and I cannot call to mind, at the end of the week, the contents of the book I read at the

beginning. This, however, may be partly fancy ; I hope it is, though it is certainly partly true. Let me say at least, (though I suppose I have said it before,) the more I read, the more I discover my own ignorance. The letting knowledge into the mind is like carrying a candle into some vast unexplored cavern ; while you stand at the entrance, you do not imagine its depths to be very great, but, as you go forward, it opens, and expands on every side, seeming to increase its dimensions as you proceed, and you are astonished at every step to find yourself still far from the end. And the resemblance holds in yet another respect ; as the candle leaves not light in the spots it has passed over, but darkness closes upon them, so the traces of knowledge are erased, and leave no monuments to show that they have been, except, as it were, a few dim candles, stuck here and there upon the sides of the cave."

His original engagement at Exeter expired with the close of the academic year in August, but the mutual satisfaction which existed between him and the government of the institution, rendered his continuance in his office desirable to both parties ; and he accordingly decided to remain in it for another year. This year, like the last, furnishes little matter of record, and our account of it must be confined chiefly to selections from his correspondence.

TO HIS FATHER.

" OCT. 16, 1813.

" But a truce with trifling, which perhaps is not very intelligible. I have read the third volume of Michaelis,—not being able to get the first, and not being willing to read the second. I opened the book with great expectations, and was disappointed. I was interested in what he has written concerning a Harmony ; but, for the rest, I expected something of more importance and interest than the discussion of dates, and the

balancing of probabilities. I was disappointed with Lardner in the same way ; and I must freely confess, that I find the reading of this kind of investigation a perfect task. It has already occasioned me several evenings of labor, from which I have only learnt how ingeniously trifling great men may sometimes be ; how diligently and artfully they will toil to maintain the certainty of a point, which, common sense at once shows, must always remain doubtful ; how they will twist and turn, and even run counter to their own rules, for the sake of establishing one out of fifty suppositions, no one of which can bring more than probability in its support. Beausobre and L'Enfant delighted me ; there seems to be nothing unimportant, nothing superfluous or unnecessary, either in matter or words ; and everything is so neat, that it engages the attention closely, and may be read without weariness. I have read besides Taylor's ' Scheme,' and Allix, from both which I believe I have learned considerable. Dr. Prideaux is too diffuse, and tells his story most tediously. I have spent some time in composition, and have had one or two fits, more or less severe, of the poetic mania,—from which, however, I have since recovered, and am now perfectly well."

FROM HIS FATHER.

" Oct. 20, 1813.

" You will find the first volume of Michaelis more interesting ; but you must not expect entertainment, in the common sense of the word, in dry criticism. The second volume, it seems, was too forbidding for you to look into ;—well, it is not a book to be read, but consulted, and at the proper time you will look even into that volume with no small interest.

" Taylor and Allix were well worth your reading. Taylor must also be *studied* ; but, if you have learnt *much* from Allix, you have probably something to unlearn. He has some pleasant whims,—but they are whims. Some of his opinions, had

he lived at the present day, he would not have held. It may be said of him, as Robinson said of Calvin ; ‘ He knew not all things, and had he lived later, would have been as ready to receive further improvements, as he was to adopt those of the day in which he did live.’ Prideaux is diffuse,—‘ tedious,’ if you please,—but I hardly know where you find more rare and useful information within the same compass, than in his volumes.

“ I am glad you have got well of the poetic mania ; and that you have exercised yourself some in sober prose. By all means practise yourself in writing. If you reluct, bring yourself down to it by resolute self-command.

“ You seem not to have heard of *the book* * which engages all the attention here at present ;—Mr. English’s apology for leaving his profession. You will have heard of it, however, before you receive this,—for it will pass like wildfire through the country ; and like that too it will flash, and crackle, and sparkle, and dazzle, and amaze for a moment, and then go out, or be put out, and all will be as quiet as before ; and, as soon as the first météoric effect is over, our eyes will recover themselves, and we shall see things as clearly, and in the same light, as if nothing had taken place.

“ I shall be anxious to hear how the book strikes you and others, before its *natural history* is made known. *This* will occasion you as much surprise at least as the book itself.”

* The *book* here alluded to was, “ The Grounds of Christianity examined by comparing the New Testament with the Old ; by George B. English.” Mr. English had studied divinity at Cambridge, and had been for a short time a preacher. The materials, and much of the detail of his work, were drawn from English deistical writers of the last century. It excited much attention for a time, but was speedily forgotten. It was answered briefly by Mr. Cary, colleague pastor with Dr. Freeman, of the Stone Chapel, and more fully by Mr. Everett, at that time minister of the Church in Brattle Square.

TO HIS FATHER.

"OCT. 26, 1813.

"I see you are not altogether pleased with the remarks I made on my reading. They were too short to be perfectly correct, and written in too much haste to give exactly the impression I intended. They conveyed the idea that I am squeamish, difficult in my reading, and so fond of what is light and entertaining, as to be disgusted with whatever is not of this character. You did not say so much, but I fancied I could see it implied. I hope it is not exactly true; certainly I am not such a simpleton as to expect entertainment merely in the study I am pursuing; I know that much diligent and painful application must be my lot. When I say that Michaelis is dry, and Prideaux diffuse, I do not subtract one particle from the excellency of either, nor do I refuse to benefit myself by the information they contain. I only mention one of the most obvious qualities of each; and, though I characterize them by their faults rather than by their merits, it is so common a fault with young critics, that I hope it may be forgiven.

"I saw that Allix was whimsical, but I should not have supposed that his book contained any very great errors to be guarded against. I thought his whims very innocent; but, if they contain any hidden poison, I wish it might be pointed out to me.

"I don't know what to think of the subject of the typical application of the Old Testament. It seems there must be such a thing, but I do not understand what is meant by it. Ought we to say that the tabernacle was built in order to prefigure the church, or is it only referred to as an apt comparison? Was Jonah three days and nights in the whale's belly *because* the Messiah was to be so long in the earth, or did Christ, finding the fact to be so, only allude to it by way of similitude? And so of other instances. There seems to be a difficulty of the same kind here, as in the question of the divine prescience, where we may either say, This event happened

because God foreknew it, or God foreknew it *because* it was to happen. If we admit any actions in the Jewish commonwealth to be pre-significant, there seems to be no reason why *all* should not be ; for something must have happened under the Christian dispensation, to which they may all be compared."

FROM HIS FATHER.

" Nov. 5, 1813.

"I must have expressed myself differently from what I intended, for you to infer any dissatisfaction with your remarks on your reading. But I think you will find that your imagination, or perhaps conscience, had more to do, than your logic, in drawing the inference."

FROM HIS FATHER.

" JAN. 21, 1814.

"It is a pretty important part of your preparation for your profession, to learn to write sermons easily and well. I will suggest for your consideration, and recommend to your trial, what occurs to me as the *best* course to be pursued for that purpose ; at least, a good one. I would begin by reading some of the best sermons, and making abstracts of them into a book kept for that purpose. This I would do once or twice a week, or oftener, with great care. After practising this for some time, and on several authors, I would choose subjects, and form original plans of discourses upon the several models of those of which I had taken abstracts.

"By comparing abstracts thus faithfully made with your own original schemes, you would be able to make a pretty just estimate of their value, and at the same time be learning the best method of arranging and disposing the materials of a sermon ; what formal divisions to make, and what implied ones. Another advantage you would gain also ; that of diversifying your manner of treating subjects, which would be the consequence of practising on different authors. Besides, these

abstracts would always be valuable, as indexes to bring to your recollection important thoughts and views on interesting subjects; and your own original plans would be a valuable resource to repair to whenever you should have occasion to complete a discourse on any of the subjects of them.

“I think the following a good plan of an abstract:

“1. Take down the general heads of the discourse, by marking the numbers in the middle of the page.

“2. The particular heads, by marking them in the side margin.

“3. As many particular thoughts under each as you choose, marking and numbering them half an inch forward in the line, or against the head to which they belong, inclosed by a brace.

“*Specimen.*

“Rom. xiv. 29.—‘Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for peace.’

I.

“Consider what is due from us to the *church* in order to peace.

“1. Every member of the church is bound to external communion with it.

“2. Every member is bound to join in communion with the church *established* where he lives, if the terms of communion be lawful.

“3. Every member is obliged to submit to all the laws and constitutions of the church.

{ “1. As to the orderly performance of worship.

{ “2. As to the maintaining of peace and unity.

“4. Nothing but unlawful terms of communion can justify a separation.

“5. Hence, neither *unscriptural impositions*,—nor *errors*, nor *corruptions* in doctrine or practice, while *suffered* only, not *imposed*,—nor, lastly, the pretence of *better edification*, can justify separation.

II.

“ Consider what is due from us to *particular Christians* in order to peace.

“ 1. In matters of opinion to give every man leave to judge for himself.

“ 2. To lay aside all prejudice in the search after truth.

“ 3. Not to quarrel about words.

“ 4. Not to charge men with all the *consequences* deducible from their opinions.

“ 5. To abstract men's persons from their opinions.

“ 6. That we vigorously pursue holiness.

III.

“ Motives to the duty laid down.

“ 1. From the nature of our religion.

“ 2. From the precepts of Scripture.

“ 3. From the unreasonableness of our differences.

“ 4. From their ill consequences. { 1. To virtue.
2. To the civil state.
3. Christianity.
4. The Protestant religion.

“ You may thus have in a very small compass, to be seen at a single glance, what will bring to your recollection all you wish to remember of a sermon.

“ I have given this example, not for the sentiment,—which, perhaps, is not exactly correct in every respect, though it is in the main,—but because I had the analysis ready prepared, and it is a good example of the manner.”

The occasion of the last letter, or what suggested it, does not appear. The plan here laid down was that which my brother adopted and essentially followed through life. Probably at this period it had considerable influence in directing his attention to the advantages of a clear method in the writing of sermons, and

of acquiring a habit of systematically arranging his thoughts when composing them. This mode of procedure became also his usual practice with regard to everything he wrote. He seldom began a composition of any importance with a merely general idea of what he meant to say, and of the order in which he was to say it. He endeavored to see his way through his subject before he began to write, and sketched out very distinctly the larger divisions, and frequently the subdivisions, and even hints of particular thoughts and illustrations. It was his habit, also, whenever his attention was directed to a subject with especial interest, to give a body and form to his thoughts by laying them out in an orderly manner, as if he were about to write upon it at length. This contributed, unquestionably, very much to give clearness, unity, and due proportion of parts to his writings, although their actual divisions were not always apparent; as the skeleton gives stability and symmetry to the fabric of the body, but does not deform it by thrusting its rough and ungainly projections above the surface.

TO HIS FATHER.

“JAN. 29, 1814.

“I like the plan you sent me very much, and I think I shall undoubtedly make it useful. From reading a sermon of Blair's to-day, I find, however, it will require more attention and judgment than I at first anticipated. Although he has regularly divided his discourse into its parts, a much more complete and careful division would be necessary to a proper sketch of its matter and design; and it is a business of no small nicety to separate the leading ideas, and state them in language so accurate and comprehensive as to place the full scope in a clear view before you. Much doubtless will be learnt by practice;

and I hope to acquire a facility of analysis, which will be of no small service to me, and of some advantage in all my reading and studies ; as it will give a habit of reading with a particular attention to the main design, and to the manner in which all the parts are made subservient to it. There are many sermons, however, and probably not a few of the best, which were written without any preconcerted plan, and which it would be next to impossible to divide into parts as you recommend. They are rather general and random, though fine, remarks on some given subject, (like Miss H. Moore's 'Practical Piety,') of which, as they seem to aim at no given end, so we cannot discover the method or order, or discern on what principle their succession depends. But you would probably say, these are no models ; and, if so, I need not ask what I intended, how I should manage to make a sketch of them.

“ You make the *plan* of a discourse of more consequence than I thought was done by any one ; and, from the manner in which you speak, one would be apt to imagine that the effect of a sermon depends more upon the arrangement of its parts, than the care and force with which those parts are written. In giving rules for a composition which is required to be critically perfect, this is certainly of the highest importance ; but is a sermon such ? Does not more of its effect depend on the skill with which any topic is wrought up, on striking passages, than on the general connexion of the whole ? True, even allowing this, a fine passage will fail of its effect, if its connexion and dependence on the main subject be not discernible. But I mean, if we lay out the plan, and arrange the ideas so thoroughly before we write the parts, shall we not leave too little room for that free play and range of thought and imagination, which give a glow and fascination that nothing else can give ? Do we not cramp and confine the mind too much by determining its course and limiting its excursions so exactly ? and, especially, will not that warmth and animation

be wanting, which we always find greatest when we write on a subject fresh and newly started in the mind? I suppose, however, that here you would give, and I should certainly take, a discretionary power of making alterations in the given plan, whenever, in the warmth of composition, the course of thought took an unexpected turn, and led to pertinent discussions which had not been foreseen. Surely, however good the original plan, a part of it should be sacrificed in such a case; and the sacrifice would be abundantly compensated by the chance of giving something new and interesting, instead of what would probably be written in a dry and lifeless manner, because written by force, and by opposing the natural current of ideas.

“ Upon looking over what I have written, I find I have tried to make some small objection to your scheme, or to point out some imperfection in it, but without success; and, if I have made myself intelligible, I believe I have said nothing which you will not immediately admit, or indeed which is not a truism, necessarily implied in what you wrote.”

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

“ FEB. 6, 1814.

“ Dr. Spring preached here last Sunday; and, as I may not have an opportunity again, I will give you a specimen of his discourse. Perhaps, said he, the men of the world cannot conceive of a parent's feeling perfectly satisfied (that was the expression) at the sight of his son suspended from the gallows as a punishment for his crimes,—but so the Christian is; and he intimated, that he was not only so, but highly pleased. He added, that the sight of sinners in torment was unquestionably to be one source of the happiness of good men in another life. This, one of his hearers said, was making you very amiable saints.”

TO THE SAME.

" FEB. 12, 1814.

" I believe I wrote you a shabby letter last week ; I hope never to do so again. I wish I could have received an answer before now ; but, as you have not seen fit to gratify me, I sit down to scrawl a little against time of need. One never feels so much the need of a friend's letters, or so much feels a disposition to write to a friend, as when one is in a serious mood, bordering a little perhaps on the melancholy,—or, at least, more than usually troubled with thought and reflection. I have been just so for a few days, and have longed if possible to pour myself out to you. I have been thinking of my profession, musing upon its vast importance and tremendous responsibility, and, above all, its difficulties, which seem to increase in number and magnitude the nearer I survey it. Not that I have ever been thoughtless or indifferent to these things ; but you know there are seasons, when the mind acts with more than wonted vigor, and the feelings are impressed with unusual force ; when the soul seems to turn back into itself, and become the object of its own contemplations. O ! there is a happiness in such periods, which no words can express ; and, though a mind that should be constantly, unceasingly in such a frame, would unfit the man for the active exertions which life requires, yet such a season occasionally returning is invaluable ; the soul seems to come from it cleansed and purified, with all its worldly contamination removed, and with spirits fresh and wholesome.

" I have been led into this frame by reading a beautiful biography of Spencer, an English clergyman ; the effect of which was probably heightened at this time by the interest I have been taking in Everett's ordination. It would be impossible to contemplate two such men, of my own age, entering the ministry, without feeling deeply affected, and having the mind filled with an awful enthusiasm. Spencer was one of

the wonders of the age. From his very childhood he had had a strong attachment for the ministry, and loved nothing so much as preachers and preaching. He preached first at the age of seventeen, and was settled at Liverpool at twenty; he died suddenly about three months after his ordination. He was an enthusiast of the first and purest order. His whole soul, all his powers of intellect and feeling, were devoted entirely to his profession; these gave him a wonderful success and unbounded popularity; perhaps not even Whitefield was more eagerly sought after. He preached without notes, and his discourses were usually upwards of an hour in length. But you must get the book and read for yourself; and, though I cannot expect you to feel as I have done, I think your sober judgment must concur with me in my admiration, if not in its degree. So pure, so interesting a character, of such strict propriety and correctness, and so humble with all its greatness, I never heard of; and my first wish is, that I may be like him, as far as is possible, in everything that is pure, lovely, and of good report. Some things there are, indeed, which I would not wish to follow; still, not to long for his eminent excellences would betray a want of feeling and goodness. The secret of his eloquence undoubtedly lay in his enthusiasm, understanding the word in a good sense; and that none can hope to rival, who have not a heart as finely framed as his,—the same warmth, ardor, and sensibility. Much, too, of his animation and effect must be attributed to his extempore speaking, which gives a liveliness, an energy, a glow to eloquence, that is not otherwise attained.

“I have really begun to consider seriously, whether I shall not attempt learning the art. I do not mean for constant practice; but some subjects may be much better treated by extempore discourse than by written; and much of the illustration and exhortation of every sermon might be left for the management of the moment. It is unquestionable, that there is a life, a soul, as it were, transfused into unpremeditated expressions,

which appeals with far greater force to the sympathy of hearers, than anything which can be written. There is a *je ne sais quoi* in the countenance, the tones of voice, the gesture, which goes directly to the heart, and which you in vain try to give to a written production. Animated declamation, even if it be rather flat sense, will be more effectual, than the most elaborate composition read in the usual way ; and accordingly we find, that the sermons of celebrated extempore preachers are scarcely worth reading. Dugald Stewart, in his 'Essays,' intimates, you may remember, that the art may be acquired by any one ; and, if I could obtain it, what a saving of time there would be !

"I have been engaged for a few evenings in writing a discourse on Profanity, to read in the Academy to-morrow. Wish me success."

FROM HIS FATHER.

"FEB. 28, 1814.

"I read your letter to John, which he received last week ; and, though neither enthusiasm, nor the love of enthusiasm, is a very distinguishing trait in my character, I am not displeased to see some of it in you. It is of use to have such an example presented to excite emulation, as that which you meet with in the life of Spencer ; still, however, they are to be contemplated and followed with caution. Every real excellence is not to be attempted by every person ; and it is neither a reproach, nor ought it to be a discouragement, to any one, that in some very peculiar and exalted character there are traits to which he cannot aspire. One, who has quickness of mind and self-possession enough for the purpose, may doubtless become a more popular speaker without writing than with ; but I much doubt, whether any man could become so useful a minister. And you are totally mistaken in the imagination, that time would be saved except by the *loss* of that which were more than an equivalent. He who aspires to a respectable kind of popularity

by extempore preaching, must not be sparing in labor to prepare himself for it. Not only must his *general* cultivation and *particular* preparation be great; he must also be always wrought up at the time of appearing in public to a high degree of excitement. Besides, the best of what are pressed upon the world for extempore effusions, are in a great degree, if not wholly, *memoriter* productions.

"I would not discourage, by any means, the cultivation of the talent for extempore speaking; it is of great importance to exalt it to as high perfection as you are capable of; and it is doubtless too much neglected. But, as far as my observation has extended, I should think that the attainment of any considerable degree of excellence or usefulness in it could not be general or very common.

"Looking over the first part of this letter, I find it to be not exactly what I intended. It is too general, vague, indefinite. It may, however, do for hints; and you will discriminate, where I have not. Continue to indulge and cherish the glow of virtuous feeling; there is no danger from it where the intellect is also cultivated *pari passu*. If your understanding is enlightened, there is no danger of feeling too much."

The person of whom the following letter contains a notice, was a son of Dr. Abbot, the Principal of the Academy, a young man of rare qualifications for his profession, and one who filled, whilst he lived, a large place in the hopes of the religious community. Of my brother's subsequent intimacy with him, and the very high regard in which he always held him, there will be occasion to speak hereafter.

TO HIS FATHER.

' "FEB. 28, 1814.

"I expect to send this letter by Mr. J. E. Abbot. He preached here on Sunday, and gave, I believe, universal plea-

sure. His sermons glowed with the amiableness of his disposition, and all the pure feelings of his heart. They rather produced a general tranquillity of feeling than any distinct impression; they soothed and calmed the mind into a placid, serene temper; there was nothing to excite or exhilarate. He appears to have studied simplicity, and carefully avoids all ambitious display. He delights to speak of the meek, peaceable character of the gospel; he dwells much upon the characters of God and the Saviour; he returns to them often, and seems loath to quit them. To such discourses his manner is not ill-fitted; the tones of his voice are interesting, and keep the attention alive, and they do not require much *energy* in the delivery. Lamson has suggested a reason why they did not give more an impression of talents; they speak so much of what is amiable and lovely, that the mind of the hearer is tranquillized, and so totally dissolved in the gentle feelings he excites, that everything exterior is forgotten, and he does not remember to criticise or admire. This, I think, is a true account of the matter; and it gives a pleasing specimen of Mr. L.'s talent of criticism and philosophical investigation.

"I am engaged now, as I suppose you know, in Ecclesiastical History. I have read and pretty carefully studied two volumes of Mosheim, and all Gregory. But I find, that, after all the labor I have spent, upon what has certainly no very great charms of interest, I must expect to retain but very little of it; it slips from the memory almost as soon as it enters, and I find myself as unknowing as before. I am somewhat comforted for this, from hearing J. Abbot make the same remark with respect to himself. It is said somewhere, that things enter and are retained in the memory by means of the imagination. If this be true, it will account for the slippery nature of church history. There is nothing to *stick* to the fancy, —no entertainment,—no interest. Some strange notions and practices, indeed, excite our *curiosity*; but, when that is gratified, they pass through the mind and are forgotten. Most

of the other matters excite only *disgust*, which the memory is not willing to nourish and keep alive. Or, if some few interest the feelings, the train of events is so short, that we have but little aid from association, and the impression is only weak and transient. All I hope, is to have a faint, glimmering view of the outline of events, and here and there an isolated fact. Of the first four centuries I have endeavored to treasure up the history of opinions, and eminent men, and the progress of corruption; but the following ages, as they passed in darkness, I am willing should remain so. It is too late to change their complexion; and the little light we can throw upon them from this distance, serves only to make their darkness visible.

“ Besides this, my reading has been, some in the Old Testament; some in the Greek New, (of which I never condescended to peruse the translation, for it passes through my mind with less impression, and in it I do not so readily and clearly discover the force of reasoning, &c.); two volumes, 12mo.; besides other miscellaneous. I have copied sketches of sermons, as you recommended, and written one. Thus you have the amount of my labor.”

FROM HIS FATHER.

“ FEB. 1814.

“ I have not yet heard Mr. John E. Abbot preach, but have heard highly favorable reports from those who have. He is spoken of as I should expect, as very interesting and impressive. You will have the advantage of entering into life with a set of young men of your own standing, in the same profession which you have chosen, who will carry with them as much talents, learning, piety, study, respectability of character, and resolution to do good in the world,—I will venture to say, —as ever came on the stage in this country at one time. The present prevailing taste in students for the critical study of the Scriptures will constitute an era in the theological character of our ministers; it will continue and gradually produce great

changes,—I hope, more just views, and at the same time more of the Christian temper. I hope, that what constitutes true liberality will be better understood and better practised, that the style of preaching will be more scriptural, serious, practical, and that, the true nature and design of the gospel being better understood, they will be kept more constantly in view. You have great excitements to exertion, and your mind I trust is taking a right direction.”

TO HIS SISTER.

“ FEB. 23, 1814.

“ DEAR HARRIET,

“ I had a letter from John last week, in which he told me that he had been to Hingham, and had had a very pleasant visit. He told me, too, how pleasantly you were situated, and how happy you seemed to be. You may be sure I was very glad to hear this; for I take a deep interest in your welfare, and in whatever is preparing you to be a useful, amiable woman. No doubt, you feel thankful, as you ought, for the blessings which surround you, and are sensible of your obligations to improve your great privileges. Your advantages for improvement are very great; and, as they are made easy and pleasant to you, you ought to use the utmost diligence and exertion to make the most of the golden opportunity; the season of youth will not last forever; and middle life and old age can neither be happy nor respectable, unless youth is improved. When you grow older, you will have less time to devote to the cultivation of your mind; but you will have a good deal of time for thought and reflection, in which the ideas and knowledge you acquired in youth will be vastly important to you; and, if you have not a good deal laid up beforehand, how barren will be your mind, how unprofitable your meditations! Besides, as you will feel the want of information, both to supply you with matter for thought, and for conversation,

you will look back with exceeding remorse and sorrow on the valuable moments you wasted in youth ; and you will wish that you could live them over again, that you might spend them better. Improve, then, every privilege you enjoy ; collect now a fund of useful knowledge and innocent amusement, which may remain in your memory, and entertain you in future times. But above all, my dear girl, remember how valuable and necessary is a good, pleasant, amiable temper. Be careful to form good habits, and so obtain a good character. You have excellent models around you ;—imitate them in everything that is pure and lovely. If you see anything in any of your companions particularly agreeable and lovely, try to copy it. And, if you find anything disagreeable, examine whether there be not something like it in yourself, and correct and avoid it for the future. In this way, you will become as amiable and lovely as any one could desire. And especially never forget your Bible and your God ; you know your business is as much to prepare yourself for another world, as to become useful in this.”

Toward the close of the second term of this year, he became strongly desirous of relinquishing his connexion with the Academy and returning to Cambridge.

TO HIS FATHER.

“ APRIL 1, 1814.

“ I believe I have hinted to you, that I begin to be weary of Exeter. I wish now to let you know exactly how matters stand ; for it is my settled determination, if possible, to throw up my connexions at the end of this term, to retire from my elevated station to the *sober tranquillity of private life*. I must have very much mistaken my talents, if ever I imagined myself fit for an instructor. I have expressed my doubts to you before, particularly once, I recollect, during the last vacation. I have taken particular pains to examine myself this

term ; to compare what I do with what I think I ought to do ; to compare the progress of my classes with those taught by the Preceptor, and my discipline with his ; the result is little to my honor, and still less to my satisfaction. I am convinced I have but little, scarcely any, faculty of teaching ; that I am a real injury to the Academy, as I occupy the place of another, whose endeavors would be more successful and useful, if not more faithful and constant. I do not accuse myself of want of fidelity ; I believe the deficiency is in the original cast of my character ; which I have endeavored in vain to remedy. I have not energy or uniformity enough for my station, and I have been unable to obtain them. Can I then conscientiously keep a place, the duties of which I am unable to perform ? Ought I not immediately to leave a situation in which I believe myself to be doing hurt rather than good ? Ought I to encumber an office which perhaps many a deserving young man is ready to fill, who needs its profits, and is competent to its duties ? I expected to improve, or I would not have engaged myself for another year. Of improvement, I have given up even the most distant hope ; and I feel ashamed to meet Dr. Abbot, and live so kindly and familiarly with him, while I am conscious how ill I am serving him.

“ But, besides this, I feel anxious to progress in my profession, and I feel that I am losing time here. To be sure, I am young enough to delay yet for some time ; and were I satisfied with my doings here, I should think nothing of this ; because I know the inconvenience you must suffer from my being with you, and dependent on you for support. But it is natural that I should wish to commence that which is to be my pursuit through life. It is plain that little time can be given to my studies here. Seven hours in the Academy are seven hours of severe mental toil, and require a proportionate relaxation. This leaves not much to myself. If I apply myself two evenings successively without interruption, I become harassed and debilitated, unfit to labor either at home or in

school. Hence, I *must* pass part of every evening abroad, and accidental circumstances will not unfrequently make a whole evening necessary. This makes my mind giddy, unsettles it, deranges its ideas; and so, much of the profit of study is lost. Deduct all this, and how much will remain for steady application?

"I think, too, my habits of study have been injured from another cause. In the daily routine of business, one object follows another in quick succession. I am now reading of the sack of Troy, now a chapter of the New Testament, and now one of Esop's Fables; and besides this constant change of the attention from one object to another, it is momentarily called off to the persons and things around me; thus it is in a perpetual state of fluctuation, and cannot fix for any length of time upon any one thing. In this way I find a habit of mind has been formed; for I cannot without the greatest effort confine my attention, when I am studying, to any single subject. I soon grow weary, and am compelled to change my occupation frequently; and, even during the little time I am able to devote to the same subject, I am perpetually called away by trifles, and have my train of ideas broken and scattered by the most unimportant accident. This, to a student, is a great evil; for that man only can make progress and rise to eminence who has his mind perfectly under his control, and can at any time muster its scattered powers, and direct its efforts without interruption or weariness to whatever subject he pleases. Without this command of the thoughts, this power of continued attention, his mind must bear a trifling character, and be incapable of extraordinary exertion, or of producing great effects.

"E—— has preached here, and left those feelings behind him which might have been expected. His eloquence completely entranced his audience; in the forenoon he drew tears from many an eye, and in the afternoon he led us as one man on a crusade. Still they think he is too rich for common use,

and would prefer A——. Miss E—— gives as a reason for this preference: ‘One seems more like a dying man speaking to dying men; the other, like some superior intelligence, discoursing to mortals of what they ought to feel and know, but as if himself were too far exalted to require such feelings or such knowledge.’

“One copy of Buckminster’s ‘Sermons’ has been received in town. Dr. Abbot expressed the most unbounded admiration. They were read aloud to a number of persons, who were almost silent in their praise, because they could find no words to express themselves.”

FROM HIS FATHER.

“APRIL 9, 1814.

“Your letter, my dear Henry, which I have just now received from the office, is written with so much attention, care, and apparent deliberation, that I am precluded from asking you, whether it was not the dictate of some momentary feeling, and the effect of something incidental. It seems to express a deliberate determination, and I must so consider it. Nor will it probably be to any purpose, as I am entirely unacquainted with the *particulars* which have given the impressions under which you have come to your present decision, to say anything on the probability, that you may have allowed your feelings too much to influence your judgment, and a morbid irritability to give you more sombre views and gloomy feelings than are just and reasonable.

“But, previous to any arrangements on the subject, it will be proper for you, if you have not already done it,—not *properly*, but *indispensable*,—to consult Dr. Abbot; to know his wishes; to open your mind as freely and fully to him on the subject as you have done to me; to be kept back from it by no feelings of reserve, or timidity, or false shame. But you will recollect, that you have no right to take into the account the consideration of your own studies. If you find that Dr. Abbot

is satisfied with your services, is not willing to have you leave the Academy till the expiration of your engagement, or is not able to procure a supply for your place with which he is satisfied, you have no right to wish to relinquish your engagement.

“But, if you find that it is perfectly agreeable to Dr. Abbot, that a supply can be procured entirely to his satisfaction, and that no injury or disappointment accrue, I shall not say a word to prevent your taking the course you wish. You are a better judge than it is possible for me to be, what the exigencies of the case require, or will justify. If it is your deliberate opinion, that you have not succeeded well as an instructor, and that your services are not useful, and you find that better can be rendered by some other person, you must be extremely careful not to add to the chagrin you naturally feel in not equaling your wishes, and satisfying your own expectations, by exposing yourself to the charge of anything dishonorable in your manner of leaving your employment.

“I will further suggest to you to consider, how far your impatience to be engaged in the study of your profession may be the foundation of your self-dissatisfaction,—or serve to increase it, and to make you restless in performing your duty, impatient to get away from it, and dissatisfied with your success to an unreasonable degree. I hope you will carefully probe your motives to the very bottom; and, by all means take no step that will be unhandsome as respects Dr. Abbot, to whom you owe and feel so much respect, attachment and gratitude.”

TO HIS FATHER.

“APRIL 14, 1814.

“The general purport of your letter is exactly what I had anticipated, that is, so much as relates to the propriety of my leaving Exeter, if circumstances are as I stated them. I was pleased to find, too, that the course you say I ought to have taken is that precisely which I have taken. I conversed with

Dr. Abbot some weeks ago. He said I must not be discouraged,—I succeeded as well as young men in general. He had hoped I should stay another year; it would be difficult to supply my place at this season, and I certainly would not leave him destitute. When I urged the subject, he said ‘We will talk of it some other time;’ and here the matter has rested. Some particular expressions he used were flattering to me; but it was evident from the general course of his remarks, that he was no less disappointed than myself with the result of this second year’s experiment. I shall speak to him again to-morrow, and will let you know the issue.

“The resolution I have taken is nothing sudden; it has been some time forming, and I have considered it on every side. A man does not readily fall into a belief of his own incompetency; it must have been forced strongly on my notice, or I should not have seen it. I have examined my motives, I trust, faithfully; and though I have perhaps a little impatience to answer for, yet I am convinced they are substantially such as I have stated them. I regret very much that there is nobody in or near Cambridge who could take my place; for, without a successor, I should be compelled to remain, let who would object and be dissatisfied.

“April 15. I have seen Dr. Abbot again; he seems unwilling to have the subject mentioned, and is decidedly against my leaving him. He seemed glad when I told him that nobody could be procured at Cambridge, though, if there could be, he would have exchanged me for him. So that, if nobody springs up from some other quarter, I am inevitably fixed here for the summer,—doomed to perpetual anxiety, and disappointment and chagrin. However, I must make it an occasion of moral discipline; and instead of brooding upon it with gloom and sullenness, to the injury of my temper, I must try to make myself better by it; and if I can succeed in subduing all impatience, and becoming quite content, I shall think I may be so in almost any state. I shall not probably write

again, as the term is near its close. In the vacation, I will tell you what I have done, and what I have left undone; how much time I have spent profitably, and how much idled and trifled away. And I shall idle away the vacation, except what time I spend talking with you,—for I am jaded out; three weeks' romping will be hardly enough to make me a man again.

“I believe I have nothing to say more, except to give my love to all. Mr. Buckminster's ‘Sermons’ are read here with enthusiasm. For my own part, I prefer them much to any others I have read. In the first place they contain a vast deal of matter; the compression is astonishing; there is not a word which has not its weight, nor a sentence which does not bear directly on the subject. Everything is to the purpose, and everything is said exactly as you want it. And, withal, they have all the impressiveness and animation that will not allow the attention to flag, which arise from true eloquence.”

Here the matter rested. No further attempt was made to procure any one in his place. He spent the vacation in relaxation at home and in visiting some relations in the district of Maine, and returned to his duties in an improved state of mind and body. There is little doubt that indisposition, induced by the exhausting nature of his occupations, something of the same state of health, as that from which he afterwards suffered so much under the operation of similar causes, had induced that morbid view of his situation which seems to have so strongly possessed him. The manner in which he writes after returning to Exeter, at the beginning of the next term, shows plainly enough that no other explanation is needed.

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

"JUNE 4, 1814.

"The exercise I took in the vacation has done me a vast deal of good. It has recruited my strength and spirits, restored the tone and vigor of my mind, expelled the blue devils, and given to nymph Cheerfulness her rightful authority. Everything around me is smiling and propitious. The fair month of May, indeed, as you observe, has been in a wayward humor, and treated us most foully, but our academic term has commenced with most propitious smiles. The Preceptor's first act was to dismiss one of the irregulars, and protest most solemnly against the smallest disorder, the slightest infringement of the strictest discipline. We have enjoyed a perfect calm ever since, which promises to be lasting; and there seems, besides, to be an unusual disposition to studiousness, as well as regularity. My own studies, I believe, go on as well as can be expected. I have accomplished a good deal, as I always can at the beginning of a term, but I grow capable of less and less as it draws to a close. Mr. Hildreth is to supply for a few Sabbaths at Portsmouth, and I have engaged to read in his place during his absence. I don't know whether this is a perfectly regular and proper step, but I was earnestly requested to do it. Mr. Whitman had done it before, and I thought it would be of service to me, as undoubtedly it will be in many important respects."

He accordingly officiated for several Sundays in the place of Mr. Hildreth, who was one of his fellow-instructors in the Academy. The following letters furnish a sufficient account of the circumstances under which he thus, for the first time, appeared in the pulpit, of the degree of success which attended the attempt, and of the feelings which he experienced in connexion with it.

TO HIS FATHER.

"JUNE 29, 1814.

"I do not know what you will say to my entering the pulpit in this way ; I was in hope to have had a word from you about it before this. For my own part, I confess, however, that I had no hesitation on the subject, whether right or wrong I cannot tell ; but in truth I have always had a strong inclination, it might very well be called an innate propensity, to preach, for I do not know whence it arose ; and I seized this opportunity, more, perhaps, from a desire to gratify my favorite wish, than from any very distinct reasons of any kind. I have made the experiment, and I think some good will result from it. That which regards my preparation for a public speaker, is very obvious, and I am glad to find, that I can speak so loud with so little fatigue. Its inward effects on my own mind and heart are more important and more doubtful. I am sorry I cannot perceive all I wished and hoped. One valuable piece of self-knowledge, however, I have had abundantly and mournfully confirmed, that my ruling passion is the love of praise, and that it will require the utmost vigilance and most constant exertions to prevent my being made the slave of vanity, and doing all things to be seen of men. It would be melancholy, indeed, if I should go through life preaching Christ for my own sake, and quite as attentive to my reputation as to that of the gospel, turning the pulpit into a stage from which to display myself to the world. I try to speak with as much openness as possible to you, as, if it is a case which admits of it, I wish your advice.

"I have read one sermon from Sherlock, four from Porteus, and one of his lectures (from the pulpit, I mean.) I had never seen Porteus before ; I admire them very much ; they are sensible, and pious, and eloquent, in everything exactly to my taste, except that there is a want of distinctness in the divisions of his discourses. Sherlock's are very fine. I think

they contain a great deal of valuable good sense, and might many of them be studied to great advantage. They are, indeed, much better suited to the closet than the desk; not half of what is valuable can be carried away from a single reading; and I think, or it may be the fault of my own dulness, that he has some obscurity in his arrangement and way of treating a subject, though he pretends to be very methodical; and he takes frequently so little pains to show us the connexion between the commencement of one paragraph and the close of the preceding, or sometimes how a whole paragraph has *any* bearing on the subject, that the reader is often obliged to stop, and ponder, and make from his own reflections a link, which the writer was too proud to furnish. Dr. Butler would have admired this, if we may judge by his preface; but it does not at all please us smaller heads of modern growth.

“I must confess, Tillotson disappointed me; not but that he has a great deal of piety and good sense, but there is a smaller fund of the latter than I expected; he is quaint, and he strings his good remarks together so loosely and carelessly that they lose half their beauty and attraction from the awkward position in which he places them. I believe I have heard him praised for a simple style, but he wants compactness and neatness exceedingly.

“Perhaps you will say my remarks are not very important, and are too much employed on the externals, the mere dress of thought. I have not, however, passed lightly over the matter, but have endeavored to appreciate it as I ought. But the more I read, the more I am convinced of the necessity of arranging thoughts properly, if we would have them attractive and forcible; and, as L—— has taught me that a man’s manner of writing may be generally considered as a pattern of his manner of thinking, and that whatever looseness, incorrectness, &c., we find in the former, has its origin in the latter, I attend to this subject principally with a view to learn

how thoughts should be managed and arranged, to learn what faults are to be avoided, and what excellences imitated, in marshalling and stationing ideas. Am I intelligible? It is with this intention of improving myself in what I now consider a very important point, that I make criticisms of this kind. I could wish to divide and arrange a discourse as neatly as Blair or Buckminster; I think here they excel. Then, if I were a city preacher, I should wish to write it like Porteus; if a country preacher, like the sermons in 'The Christian Observer,' with one more degree of animation. Blair's style would not do, for he is too moderate, and has too much sameness; nor Buckminster's, for it is too finished.

"However, after all, if a man has a clear head and a good heart, he will do well enough without troubling himself about models, much better than he can ever do by the latter alone, if he wants the former, or either of the former. Indeed, it is nothing but the lamentable fastidiousness of taste produced by learning and refinement, which makes this study and artifice at all necessary. A sermon in a barn extempore, from a man who never read anything but his Bible and Psalm Book, but who speaks in earnest, and because he feels, will have more effect on more persons, will give rise to more good and pious feelings and actions, than the most eloquent and finished harangue that was ever penned. Still I would not have all preachers made on this model; the learned and refined must have preachers suited to them, as well as the more rude and simple; they cannot, both classes, drink religion from the same vessels, though they may draw it from the same fountain; and, perhaps, as he is the more excellent artist who makes glass tumblers for the rich, than he who makes wooden bowls for the poor, so he is the more commendable and praiseworthy, who can recommend religion to the higher classes in such a way as to influence their consciences and lives."

FROM HIS FATHER.

" JULY 1, 1814.

" I received, yesterday, your letter of no date, and received, as I always do from your letters, a great deal of satisfaction from its contents. As you are capable of perceiving the foible by which you are endangered, and of feeling the necessity of guarding against it, I have reason to hope, that you will so keep before your mind the higher and better motives of action, as to leave that in question only its proper degree of influence. The opposite fault, that of indifference to public opinion, you will not forget, is also to be guarded against. Indeed, I know not where, in the moral any more than in the natural world, there is a Scylla without its Charybdis on the other side. I hope you will be under a safe pilotage of sound sense and upright intentions, which will steer you safely between them.

" If you find yourself competent to the task, I am not sorry that you have the opportunity of reading and performing worship in public. It may be made a very useful discipline to you in many respects. You will learn the compass and strength of your voice, and its modulation, and something of your power of engaging the attention of an assembly by your manner, and may receive hints by which to correct any faults of attitude, enunciation, or gesture. What is more important, it will give an intellectual stimulus, teach you to read and judge of sermons with different and better discrimination, help you to form a good taste in writing, and probably more *practical* than you would otherwise do. Most of all, it will produce a moral excitement, bring into exercise your religious affections, enable you to understand more of your own heart, and thus give you means and motives, which you had not before, of self-correction, and religious and moral improvement.

" The notices you have taken on these subjects are a pledge to me, that you will lay yourself open to improvement in all

these respects. *One* effect of this anticipation of study and preparation, I hope you will guard against,—that of impatience and precipitation. I shall wish you to go through a considerable course of preparatory study before you commence preaching, though I shall have no wish for you to defer it beyond a reasonable length of time. *Another* hope I have is, that, in gaining confidence and the power of self-possession, you will lose no part of that modesty which becomes a young man.”

His services were so acceptable to the Society, that he was engaged to read to them as long as he remained in Exeter. Dr. Abbot, in a letter before quoted, alludes to the same subject. “About this time it occurred in our little Society, where most of our respectable and educated gentlemen attended worship, that the desk was to be left vacant for a few Sabbaths, and Mr. Ware was applied to to supply it by performing the devotional exercises, and reading from printed discourses. I was at first astonished at his accepting the invitation, and went to church with much anxiety for my young friend; but I was soon relieved, and delighted with his self-possession, the propriety and ardor of his devotional exercises, the skill and judgment of his selections of discourses, and his very interesting manner of delivering them. We were all delighted with him; so much so, that, at the close of the engagement, Judge Smith* exclaimed to me, as we left church; ‘I have often attended church in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; and I do not recollect ever to have been better satisfied with exercises and services of four Sabbaths, than with this young man of yours. He will be eminent in his profession.’ ”

* Hon. Jeremiah Smith, at different times Governor and Chief Justice of New Hampshire.

CHAPTER V.

STUDIES DIVINITY AT CAMBRIDGE—STATE OF EDUCATION THERE—HE IS APPROBATED—RESULTS OF SELF-EXAMINATION—FIRST PREACHING—ORDAINED PASTOR OVER THE SECOND CHURCH IN BOSTON.

1814-17. *ÆT.* 20-23.

IN August, 1814, he left Exeter, and returned to Cambridge, to finish his theological studies as a resident graduate at the University. He now lived in his father's house, in habits of constant daily intercourse with him, and studying under his personal direction. All the members of the family were also at this time at home; and this period, therefore, furnishes none of those materials for biography, which are afforded by the familiar interchange of letters. The stated provisions for theological education at Cambridge were, at this time, very scanty. The studies were pursued under the general superintendence of the Professor of Divinity, who laid out a regular course of reading; but this course was merely advisory. There were no exercises, except a single one every week in the criticism of the New Testament; no examinations, no instruction in parochial duty. There were no opportunities for practice in public speaking, except at the weekly meetings of a society of the students, of which Mr. Norton was at this time president. At these meetings there were devotional exercises and a sermon, followed by

observations and critical remarks. No examinations being held, no authority or license to preach was derived from a connexion with the institution ; but, at the close of a suitable period of study, which was, however, by no means of uniform length, the student presented himself to some Association of ministers, by whom, after they had made such inquiry respecting his qualifications as were judged necessary, and heard a sermon of his composition, he was, to use the phrase of the day, *approved*. This body claimed no authority in this matter, and did not regard themselves as having power to require any particular amount of qualification, any regular course of study, or any definite period of time spent in preparation ; nor did they profess to confer any rights. Their certificate was merely one of recommendation.

On his first return to Cambridge, my brother had been invited by Mr. Norton, then librarian of the College, to take the office of sub-librarian. This was a place of small emolument, but occupied very little time, and occasioned no considerable interruption to the regular prosecution of his studies. He held it for one year. During the period of his professional preparation, his attention was by no means exclusively confined to this object. He continued to keep up his interest in general reading, and frequently indulged in poetical composition. In the winter of 1815, on the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, he delivered a poem at a public celebration of the event, in Cambridge, and, in August, 1816, the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Both of these performances were received with a good deal of favor on their delivery, and the former was printed.

He received his certificate of approbation on the 31st July, 1815. Of the state of feeling in regard to his own character, and in regard also to his profession, with which he entered upon the duties of that profession, many parts of this volume will, I trust, present sufficient evidence. But there is none more satisfactory than that which is contained in the following paper, written on his twenty-first birth-day, April 21st, 1815, only a few months before he began to preach. It was probably seen by no one during his lifetime. On the envelope was written,—“*To be opened and read for improvement, once a month.*”

“April 21, 1815. It has pleased my heavenly Father to prolong my life to the close of its twenty-first year. Three-score years and ten is a long date for the life of a man: how few reach it, and yet nearly one third of this longest period is already past. And, if we calculate the length of life from the majority of instances, probably not less than half of mine is now spent. In a world of so much uncertainty, how can I hope to live yet another period of twenty years; for how many are continually falling around me in the interval between twenty and forty. How has this large portion of my allotted existence been improved? Have I fulfilled the designs of my being? Have I been diligent and useful? Have my privileges and opportunities been so employed as to give bright prospects to the future, whether I continue in the world or quit it? With gratitude to God I would acknowledge his past goodness. It has been very great and very undeserved. Few young men come forward to the world under so favorable auspices.

“From my very childhood I have been allowed the leisure and the means of cultivating my mind, and preparing to move in the higher walks of usefulness and respectability. My parents were pious, virtuous, and faithful; they early instilled

into me the good principles of religion and virtue, the fear and love of God, and set themselves an example of all that is good and excellent. It pleased God, indeed, early to remove my beloved mother, and I have no distinct knowledge, but a general and pleasant impression of her virtues. The love I then bore her has left a savor in my heart. My father has been kindly spared until I am able to appreciate his worth, and derive the highest advantage from his experience, and example, and instruction. Under his eye, influenced by all the motives which the presence of a loved parent can inspire, I have passed the term of collegiate education, and learned that God has intrusted me with talents, which may make me respectable and useful, and which I am not to suffer to lie inactive and unoccupied. I bless him for them; and pray that I may feel the obligation they impose of greater vigilance and virtue, than belongs to those who have been less favored. I have also had given me two years of happiness and improvement in the fine circle of Exeter. I had there much to be thankful for, and have only to regret my impatience for a change of scene; for I was in a most favorable situation for the improvement of social and benevolent feeling, and the cultivation of my moral and religious affections. I look back upon this time as a period of great progress in my Christian course. But the warmth and zeal of those days have faded away into colder and more indifferent feelings since my return to Cambridge, although I have great cause for gratitude in my opportunities of study and improvement.

“Here, then, in this short retrospect, are crowded how many reasons of praise to Almighty goodness! How many invaluable opportunities and privileges! What precious blessings in the past, what high and sublime hopes for the future! But how poorly have I improved them! My exertions in duty have been wavering and unequal, my resolutions of virtue have been feeble and soon broken; I have suffered my conscience to be hardened, to be sluggish and slow to give warn-

ing, and have allowed my passions or a momentary interest to make me deaf to its suggestions. Hence I have in some great degree lost that quick perception and high sense of duty, which all ought to cherish, and without which a man can neither be eminent nor virtuous. This, I think, is my great failing, indifference, indolence, apathy, insensibility to motives ; hence a decay of religious affection, of piety and thoughtfulness. I do not forget God, but I allow myself to neglect him ; I do not shun duties, but I perform them sluggishly. Hence I suffer time to be wasted, and opportunities to pass unimproved. This indolence also has extended to my body. I have dreaded exercise and indulged in sloth till my health suffers, and this renders me unable, as well as indisposed, to study. The same indecision and love of ease have led me to an indulgence of appetite ; I practise no self-denial ; temperance, although I frequently resolve it, is not one of my virtues. This indulgence again acts on my mind, increases sloth, and weakens the motives to vigorous and careful living. I have learnt to muse of virtue instead of practising it, to be satisfied with loving goodness, and looking forward to the time when I *shall be* good, without being so, i. e. without being so to the degree and extent that I conceive a Christian minister should be. For I will not, from false or pretended humility, say that I am the vilest of sinners ; I know I am not, though a very great one, one who has hope only in the mercy of God. But, instead of that progress and continual improvement, that reaching forward to great things, that aspiring to perfection, which Christianity requires, and St. Paul so vehemently urges, I lament before God that I feel myself depreciating. O Father, most gracious and merciful, pity and forgive me ! Help me to reform, and to live a life acceptable to thee through Jesus Christ thy Son ! I would have more ardor, and vigor, and perseverance, and approve myself worthy of my high vocation ; more readiness to hear the call of duty, and more alacrity in obeying it. I would feel more constantly and sensibly the obligations my

situation imposes on me ; the motives which should urge me ; I desire to waste less time, and become more faithful and studious. I have undertaken the gospel ministry. I feel it to be a station of labor and responsibility ; no common exertions will enable me so to qualify myself, that I can discharge its duties with perfect satisfaction, or answer the demands of my conscience, my friends, or my God.

“ I am sensible that my father and friends look upon me with anxiety and much hope ; and shall I indulge my indolent habits and disappoint them ? Shall my great opportunities and privileges be wasted, and all that God and men have done for me come to nought ? O ! I feel that I have grown hardened ; I am not easily moved as I once was ; I am asleep to strong motives, sunk in a lethargic calm ; I pray that I may be awakened. I will endeavor, I will make an effort, and, strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, regain those feelings and habits I once possessed ; that feeling of piety ; that lively sense of duty ; that self-government and those studious habits, which I have lost, and which must be recovered or I fall. My situation has peculiar temptations to distract my attention and break fixed habits ; to these I have yielded instead of resisting them. Now they must be overcome.

“ Since the winter vacation I have accomplished scarcely anything of study ; the time has almost been wasted, and, instead of improving, I am afraid I have grown worse in both my religious and literary character. Indeed, my health has been bad ; perhaps my complaints are the beginning of a disease which may end fatally. I pray that I may be prepared for any event, and equally glorify God in my life or my death. If God please, I would that my days might be prolonged ; for I earnestly desire to be better prepared, and to be the instrument of some good in the world ere I leave it. I wish I might not merely pass over a few years of time, and leave no trace of good ; but I would do something for the cause of virtue and the happiness of man ; so that, when I shall be called to another

state, I may meet with some who shall greet me with love and gratitude, and may receive the approbation of my Saviour and my God.

“ But, great God, thy will be done. I am in thy hands ; may I acquiesce in thine appointments. Whatever time thou shalt allot me, may I well improve it, and cultivate the powers thou hast given me. May I ever fix my eye upon thee and upon duty, and, through thy grace in Jesus Christ, my Lord, become such as thou wilt delight to own and to bless. O, forgive my past follies ; help me in time to come ; delight to bless me ; and finally grant me to see thy presence and glory in peace, through Jesus Christ, the Son of thy love, the Saviour of men.”

But with all such sober views, there was still nothing gloomy or distrustful in his habitual state of mind. He was constitutionally cheerful, even when laboring under considerable indisposition, and looked on life with much of hope for the future, as well as of gratitude for the past. In a letter written about this time he says :

“ I am not one of those who look only at the dark side. I think the world has a great deal more happiness than misery in it ; and that, upon the whole, life is a very good thing. For my own part, at least, I have infinitely more reason to rejoice with gratitude, than to complain ; and I cannot help sometimes thinking, that some of those who so bitterly complain of the evils and burdens of this world, will have reason to think it a very tolerable one when they have seen another. I think that with a contented disposition, if a man will resolve to be cheerful, he may always be pretty happy ; this is one of the first requisites.”

The two following extracts from other letters of this period serve also to illustrate the nature of his views and

the condition of his mind. The first was written to a friend, in relation to some criticisms upon the preaching of a young clergyman; the second to a brother, who was about beginning the study of divinity.

“APRIL, 1815.

“I am sorry to find you speak as you do of his preaching. You may be correct; but I cannot help thinking, that he *must* yet make considerable progress. His mind certainly has not reached its full maturity; and, while its powers ripen, I see no reason why his skill in using them should not improve. I am sorry if his manner is so uniformly delicate and polished. I like some roughness; I should learn to sleep, if my minister were never venturesome, and never hazarded a bold idea or expression. I like to be roused and interested in different ways at different times. But I think you claim too much, when you demand from a preacher great talents and scholarship, and fertility and originality, at once; we should not thus have more than two in a century. A very moderate degree of each is sufficient. I set a less value on his public duties as orator and instructor than most people do, and more on his private duties. It is in the last, that he has most real religious influence; and it is from his performance of them, that most of his people will form their opinion, and learn to love or despise him. So that a man of good feelings, amiable disposition, &c., may have great influence and be an excellent pastor, though his sermons display very little erudition or talent. It is necessary, indeed, that there should be some great men to preserve the grandeur and respectability of the Christian institution; but these may be few, and I think are comparatively of little importance.”

“Above all things, do not be led into our profession by the idea that your success in life will be easiest. I think this motive ought not to have influence in choosing it. The motives ought to be religious ones; and I should esteem it a

profanation to preach heavenly truths merely for the sake of *this world's* goods. For my own part, I never would have entered it, unless I had preferred it altogether beyond all others. Conscience ought to have more concern than anything else, in embracing it."

The following passage from a letter of a somewhat later date, to the same brother, shows how much he was awake to the dangers of his office, as well as to its duties and difficulties.

"Dear W., while we preach of time and eternity to others, do not let us become hardened to the impression ourselves. No men are in greater danger than we, of being without religious sentiment. Here lies our danger, and here must our guard be placed."

Some time elapsed, it does not appear why, between his receiving a certificate of approbation and his beginning to preach. He did not appear in public till the 8th of October, 1815, more than two months from the date of his examination. He made his first essay at West Cambridge, in the pulpit of the Rev. Thaddeus Fisk, a classmate, friend, and brother-in-law of his father. On the 22d of October he preached, for the second time, at Cambridgeport, and afterward, with but one exception, on every Sabbath, till he was ordained. In the next February he was employed four Sabbaths at the Second Church in Boston, left vacant the preceding year by the death of the Rev. Dr. Lathrop; in April, four at Lexington; in May, four at the Church in Brattle Square, Boston; and, in September, three at Charlestown. These were the only vacant parishes in which he preached as a candidate for settlement.

His preaching attracted at first no particular attention, and made no strong impression. Expectation had not been excited with regard to him, either on the part of his friends, or of the public. To the public, indeed, he was almost wholly unknown; for, although he had always been respected as a scholar, writer, and speaker, and though the excellence of his character, and the soundness of his views of his profession, led those who knew him to expect an acceptable and useful teacher of religion, yet there had been nothing brilliant in his previous course to make him the object of particular regard. There had been nothing to point him out as a man destined to popularity or eminence. He did not himself look for great success; and his reputation as a preacher was so slow in its growth, and stole upon him in so gradual a manner, that it came to him at last as a sort of discovery, to his own surprise, and, as to the degree of it, indeed, to the surprise of many of his friends.

There is no doubt an advantage in beginning with such moderate success. A young person can hardly enter upon life with any circumstance so unfavorable to his ultimate reputation and usefulness, as highly raised expectations. Many a worthy man has broken down under the burden of a reputation in advance. He must have more than ordinary qualities, who can survive it. It is better the world should wonder that it has not heard of a new candidate for its attention before, than that it should wonder why it has heard so much.

Mr. Amos Lawrence, a warm friend to him through life, in a letter written to Mrs. Ware since the death of her husband, gives the following account of his first appearance in a Boston pulpit, on the 5th of January, 1816, and of the impression which he then made.

“The first time I ever saw your husband, was at a Friday Lecture, in Brattle Square Church, and the first time he ever preached in Boston. He was so agitated as to make me feel deep sympathy and pity for him, in the commencement of his services; but very soon he seemed to have forgotten himself, and to be thinking only of his Master and the work he was to perform. The unction and spirit, in which the services were continued and closed, led me to ask, with many others, ‘Who is this young man?’ and from that time forward, I cherished his acquaintance, honored his character, the more I became acquainted with him, and loved him as a friend.”

The comparatively slight impression, which his early efforts made upon the public, is strikingly shown by the fact, that a long interval elapsed between his first and second engagements to preach in the church of which he afterwards became the pastor. As already mentioned, he preached at the Second Church in Boston as early as February, 1816. This Society afterwards heard a number of other candidates, and he was not invited a second time till the following October. An invitation to become their minister followed immediately upon the conclusion of the second engagement; but the vote to give this invitation, though a decided, was far from a unanimous one. Of forty-six votes he received but thirty-six; the rest being given for his friend, Mr. Thomas Prentiss, afterwards ordained at Charlestown. Still, the opponents of his election, though preferring another, were not unfriendly to him; and many of them became subsequently the warmest of his supporters.

This invitation was given on the 17th of November, 1816, and was answered in the affirmative on the 30th of the same month. The ordination took place on the first day of the ensuing year. The council on this

occasion was composed of the following ministers; Messrs. Holley, Channing, Frothingham, Lowell, and Parkman, of Boston, with delegates from the New South and Brattle Square Churches, which were destitute of pastors; Drs. Kirkland and Ware, of the University Church, Dr. Holmes of Cambridge, Dr. Fisk of West Cambridge, Dr. Allyn of Duxbury, Mr. Tuckerman of Chelsea, and Mr. Colman of Hingham. The sermon was preached by the father of the candidate; the prayer of ordination offered by Dr. Fisk; the charge given by Dr. Allyn, and the right hand of fellowship by Mr. Parkman. The day of his ordination was one which could never be forgotten by any of those, whose interest in the occasion, or in the person, was such as to lead them to associate the aspect of the season with the services in which they were engaged. The sun was bright, the sky clear and brilliant; and, although in the very midst of winter, the air was so soft and mild as to remind one of the finest weather of our early summer. It almost seemed to many, who were most deeply interested in the event, as if, through the smiling face of nature, Providence were indeed bestowing its blessing upon a connexion destined to be so happy in its results to all parties. Very often have those who sat under his ministry referred in after times to the remarkable character of the day, as if there had been something in it prophetic of the many prosperous years which were to follow.

The Society, over which Mr. Ware was ordained, was at this time the smallest in point of numbers, and probably the least opulent, of the Unitarian congregations in Boston.*

* This was indicated by the small amount of salary which was at first paid, viz., twenty-five dollars a week, and wood, not exceeding thirty cords a year.

To use the words of his successor in the ministry,—

“The day of the consecration of this sacred tie will ever be a memorable era in the history of this ancient church. For several previous years, owing, amongst other unfavorable circumstances, in part to the age and infirmities of Dr. Lathrop, this Society had suffered a material diminution of numbers and vitality. But God had henceforth in store for it better things than even the glowing anticipations of the new preacher’s most sanguine friends ventured to predict. Entering upon his arduous work with no startling exhibitions of eloquence or zeal, with no straining for sudden effect, but with a devoted purpose to be laborious and faithful, and a single eye to the sacred objects of the ministry, the first fruits of his well-sustained efforts gradually and steadily ripened around him. The spiritual and external interests of the parish advanced with a regular and healthy growth. Another golden age, like that which it had enjoyed under the first of the Mathers, dawned upon the prospects of the church. The throng of worshippers swelled from Sabbath to Sabbath. The influence of the pulpit became more powerful and deep. Its invitations to holiness became more persuasive; its calls to duty more stirring; its appeals to the conscience more pungent; its discourses to the understanding more convincing; its addresses to the affections more constraining.” “There were more splendid edifices than these old walls. There were more wealthy and fashionable and highly cultivated congregations, than that which gathered around him with attentive faces and captivated hearts. There were more graceful rhetoricians and more learned theologians occupying the sacred desk. But where was there a temple more fragrant with the breath of devotion, more beautiful with the spiritual adornings of holiness and peace? Where was there a Society more harmonious or more engaged? And

This was afterwards increased to \$1800 per annum; and, from time to time, several grants were made to him by distinct votes of the Society.

where was the preacher, whose whole air, and action, and tones, were more suited to the messages of Heaven, whose discourses and whose prayers had more power of moral and spiritual effect ? ” *

There were many circumstances in his new situation which made it a peculiarly desirable and happy one for him. Boston has always been distinguished, at once for the high character of its clergymen, and for the great respect in which they have been held by the community in which they lived. A place here has therefore been always looked upon as a most fortunate allotment. Here also he was surrounded, both in the town and in its immediate neighborhood, by a large number of his brethren of the same religious sentiments with himself, with whom he could take counsel, and on whose support he could depend. Then he was to reside in the immediate vicinity of the places of his birth and education, and in constant connexion with all the members of his family. Besides all these advantages, he found in the character of the parish itself a source of satisfaction. It was composed chiefly of individuals of the middle portion of society ; neither the very poor, nor the very rich ; neither the very ignorant, nor the highly cultivated ; the kind of people whom he supposed to be most likely to listen readily and with profit to his preaching. He was not ambitious of being the minister of a Society composed of persons of what are called the higher classes,—the rich, the fashionable, the refined, the intellectual. He was diffident of his ability to come up to their standard of preaching, or of adapting himself to their spiritual wants. His subsequent progress

*“ Sermon on the Death of the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. By the Rev. Chandler Robbins.”

shows, that he undervalued his capacity, and that he was capable of producing right religious impressions upon one class as well as upon another. But this feeling of distrust, before he had made trial of his powers, was not unnatural. The following letters to several persons, though somewhat various in their subjects, display very well the state of mind, on this and many other points, with which he entered on his new duties.

TO THE REV. J. E. ABBOT.

“JAN. 1817.

“DEAR ABBOT,

“I was glad to receive your note proposing an alteration of our arrangement, for I shall very much prefer making the exchange on the third Sabbath of February. I depend upon seeing you, if possible, when in town next week. I take this opportunity to tell you how perfectly happy I have the prospect of being, here. The situation seems exactly suited to my wishes and habits. I say this, because you may recollect I was rather backward in answering your remark the other day, that this was to be preferred to any other parish in town. I really think it is; but I have been sometimes a little mortified to be spoken to about it, as if I was disappointed at not being invited to ———. People have very kindly made comparisons to me, demonstrating that that was not a very desirable place. Now I can say *to you*, though I could not to every one, that I am, and have been, of the same opinion; yet, when folks talk in this way to me, I must hold my peace; for, if I say what I think, I shall be thought to be crying, ‘Sour grapes.’ I feel myself now among my equals; there is no restraint on my feelings and my intercourse with my people; indeed, I have every reason for gratitude that my lot is so pleasantly cast, and have only to pray that I may be faithful; and may you and I, my dear Abbot, go pleasantly through a longer

ministry than was permitted some of our brethren, and yet not be so happy, as to receive the greater part of our reward in this world."

"FEB. 2, 1817.

"As for my situation, it appears to be everything I could wish. I have every prospect of being happy and useful. My people are all in the middling class, many families exceedingly pleasant, all united and very cordial towards me. Indeed, I am afraid only of being too happy. 'We should suspect some danger near, when we possess delight;' so singeth Watts, and with some truth. It is of no use, to be sure, to be looking out for storms when the sky is clear; yet, I confess, I look with trembling sometimes on the perfect freedom I enjoy from everything unpleasant or trying. It is dangerous to have every wish gratified, and more than gratified."

"1817.

"Don't take these hints hardly; you know I mean well. I have been led to think of such things by my late visits in my parish, where, seeing so many in quick succession, I have an opportunity of comparing the manners of different people, and of noticing their effects on myself. For the most part, I have been welcomed with an ease and cordiality most gratifying; cheerful, smiling faces, and an extended, eager hand, have greeted me at my entrance. In such cases the impression is always favorable. In others, however, I have been accosted as we accost strangers and others at our house,—no advancing, no welcome in loud words, no smile, no outstretched hand. I have been chilled, and yet I have had no reason to believe there was not as much warmth and cordiality at bottom. I have in this way learnt to behave myself better, and have no doubt my demeanor is very much better than it was a month ago.

"I am so used to writing sermons, that I have prosed away here most unconscionably. Let me now talk, if I can; and,

first of all, let me tell you how happy I am ; too happy, I am afraid. I seem to have come into exactly the spot for which I am suited, and among exactly the people with whom I can be happy. And from all I can learn, directly and indirectly, they are inclined to an affection toward me greater than I could hope. I have only to pray for strength to do my duty."

" 1817.

" The duty of commemorating our Lord in the Supper, I think we are not enough apt to consider in the simple and abstract light of a duty which we must perform, and for the neglect of which there can be no more reasonable excuse, than for the neglect of prayer, or of the duties of social life. We always think more of it than we ought, in connexion with other circumstances and events, so as to be influenced by these quite as much as by the sense of duty ; this often occasions embarrassment, when, by attending merely to the latter circumstance, our path would be very easy. This, to be sure, is too much the case in everything ; but I have found it particularly so here, and am myself very prone so to speak of it in my conversation. I feel that this is wrong. We ought to remember it is a requirement of us as Christians, a simple testimonial of our faith in the greatest thing the Deity has done for man, and a token of regard and gratitude, and pledge of love, to the best friend of our race. If Jesus has indeed done all that we believe, we cannot easily excuse ourselves for neglecting to acknowledge it ; we shall almost feel a spontaneous desire to do it ; and, as he has prescribed a method in which it should be done, it is nothing more than obedience to the human feeling of gratitude, and the command of our Sovereign at the same time, to come to his table in his name. We have already in our own bosoms felt and acknowledged the claims and obligations of the Gospel ; these claims and obligations cannot be greater after our professing them, than they are before. This, I think, is the proper way of considering the

subject ; nothing can be more simple, and nothing approves itself more readily to a rational mind, even if it were not a prescribed duty.

“ Then, again, if we consider the ordinance in the light of an exercise of our pious feelings ; and consider how naturally this contemplating the life, instructions, death and promises of Jesus Christ, has a tendency to strengthen these feelings, and increase our faith in his gospel, and make it dearer to us, by calling up to our thoughts his character, and the imitation of it he requires in us,—to lead us to a resemblance of him in his meekness, purity, benevolence, amiableness, and other traits, which make him the most delightful of all characters we can contemplate ;—I say, if we consider its operation as a means to effect all this, we shall see its value more clearly, and be more desirous of putting ourselves within its influence. It undoubtedly has a great effect in cherishing piety and benevolence, not necessarily and miraculously, but by its natural influence over those who seriously attend it. These are my views on the subject ; I believe you will fall in with them, and, if you do, you will, I doubt not, (and that you may, you have my earnest prayers,) experience a good deal of satisfaction in the performance of the duty. Many laugh at it, and at us, because they imagine we attribute to it some mysterious, supernatural, sanctifying efficacy. We attribute to it no such thing ; we believe nothing concerning it,—Jesus Christ and the Apostles have taught us to believe nothing concerning it,—but what is perfectly reasonable and agreeable to all we know of the operation of things and events upon our feelings and characters in the usual administration of the government of Providence. Those who sneer at us, as practising an unmeaning and superstitious form, know nothing of what we do, and have mistaken the ravings of some half-crazy enthusiasts for the doctrine of the New Testament.”

CHAPTER VI.

HIS VIEWS OF PASTORAL DUTY—VARIOUS LABORS—HIS MARRIAGE
AND PLACE OF RESIDENCE—DEATH OF MR. THOMAS PRENTISS—
SICKNESS AND DEATH OF MR. JOHN E. ABBOT.

1817—1818. *ÆT.* 23—24.

HE began his ministry full of plans for usefulness, and eager in the search of means for improving the religious character of those who were placed under his charge. Among his earliest duties, as he conceived, was to form a personal acquaintance with all the members of his parish and their families; to learn their condition, to interest himself in their affairs, and especially in their children. He considered it as very important not only to form, but to keep up this acquaintance by an intimate and sufficiently frequent intercourse. He had a decided opinion of the value of this relation of a clergyman to his people. He felt that it gave him a hold on their minds, which imparted double force to the instructions of the pulpit. He thought that he ought to be so familiar with them, and with their characters and concerns, that he should be regarded by them as a friend, who rejoiced with them when they rejoiced, and mourned with them when they mourned. He well knew that the same teaching on the Sabbath, which would fall powerless from the lips of a stranger, would enter deeply into hearts that were warmed and opened

to the speaker by the holy sympathies of a personal Christian intercourse. No doubt the constant pressure of other occupations, the great variety of calls which were made on his time and attention, both in and out of his parish, and the very uncertain and languid state of his health, which so often made the requisite bodily exertion a great effort, prevented him from acting up to his intentions in this particular, and from accomplishing what he regarded as the full measure of his duty. He often felt and expressed something like self-reproach at what he feared had been his remissness in this respect. Still, even in the degree in which he was able to follow out his convictions, he found reason to believe that his personal intercourse contributed very much to his usefulness as a minister, and to the efficacy of his preaching.

He was especially attentive in times of sickness and affliction; judging that at such seasons right impressions are most likely to be made, good influences received, and an interest excited in religion. But he was not forward, in his parochial visits, (I speak from the statements of a highly esteemed member of his parish,) to introduce religion as a subject of conversation at any rate and as a matter of course, without regard to the proprieties of the occasion. "He never was in the habit of *forcing* the conversation to take a religious turn; but he was ever ready to *allow* it to do so." Religious impressions were the indirect, and not the direct, purpose of his familiar visits. He had no air of formality in the houses of his parishioners, or in their sick chambers. He did not talk much, or harangue, on subjects of consolation. A few words of interest or of comfort, a few suggestions, in a mild manner and a gen-

the tone of voice, were all that he usually indulged in. Indeed, he felt great reluctance at the expression of feelings of any intensity; and so great was the difficulty in bringing himself to it, that he was sometimes deterred from visiting, in cases of very deep distress, from the feeling of utter incapacity to express in words anything of that sympathy which he felt. The following passage from a letter, written at this period to a very dear friend, laboring under severe affliction, shows how clearly he had detected the existence of this peculiarity.

. "I want to give you consolation; yet, when I am with you, I have found my lips sealed. I know not, indeed, whether this is not best. If the case were my own, I think I should want no sympathy but that of silence. 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and I feel confidence that you, acquainted as you are with sorrow, will go to the effectual sources of consolation.

"My father's dislike of ostentation in religion has, I fear, had upon me an injurious effect. It has made me silent on the subject, backward to introduce it; has made it difficult for me to speak of it with warmth, much as I love it; so I often am, and shall be, placed in unpleasant situations on this account. It is, however, dislike of *cant*, as well as of ostentation; there is a common-place chit-chat on the subject which is offensive, and from a dread of that I am apt to say nothing. Yet certainly the providence of God, and a future state, are themes too elevated and glorious to be ashamed of. But we feel as if we could not speak of them without debasing them.

"It is not wrong for you to mourn and feel desolate. I am always indignant at one who *chides* a mourner. Neither is it wrong to cherish so dearly the memory of your departed friends. If the objects of our affection are worthy, then I

think it right to love them warmly. It would not be if death separated us forever ; but, as virtuous friendships commenced here shall be continued and perfected hereafter, why should we be forbidden to form them ? I think I cannot love a good person too fervently, provided I love him *for* his good qualities, and can feel willing that he, like everything else, should be disposed of according to the pleasure of Heaven. It is true we must part ; but I believe, as God is good, no virtuous affection or feeling can be lost ; and I am sure nothing would tempt me to love my father less, so long as I look forward to the time when he shall be an heir of glory, and I shall be incited to strive to be fit to meet him in heaven."

He very well knew, that it is upon the young of his congregation, that the minister is to expect to produce the most decided impression,—especially when he is himself young. Among the first objects of his attention, therefore, were services intended for their special improvement. Very early in his ministry he became interested in the establishment of a Sunday School in the northern section of the town, and in various other ways engaged himself in the religious instruction of the children of his own flock. One of his exercises was introduced to those for whom it was intended by the following sketch.

"PLAN FOR A SOCIETY AMONG THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE
SECOND CHURCH.

"There are advantages to be derived from familiar conversation on religious subjects which cannot be derived from public preaching. Much information may be imparted respecting the Christian religion, and much explanation of the sacred Scriptures, in private meetings, which cannot well be given from the pulpit. Devotional feelings may be excited and cherished ; ardor in religious things promoted ; and we may

do much to quicken one another in the discipline of life; and improve one another in the Christian graces. We can provoke one another to good works.

“In order to do this, I wish to propose that some of the young ladies of the Society should unite themselves to hold regular meetings for this purpose. What is most to be desired is such a knowledge of the New Testament as shall teach its meaning and spirit, lead us to love to read it, to understand it, and to live by it. Let the object of the Society be, therefore, to study the New Testament. We will commence with one book. Let the ladies make themselves familiar with a certain portion, reading such books in connexion with it as they can obtain. We will then read it together. I will make such observations as may tend to explain difficult passages. We will converse upon them, any one asking questions, and making remarks, with the utmost freedom; and I will read from books observations on such subjects as may be naturally started in the course of conversation.

“In some such way as this, I doubt not we may spend an hour once a fortnight very pleasantly, and very properly; and I shall be happy to be thus able to acquaint myself more intimately with the young people of my flock, and assist them in becoming Christians.”

He carried into effect a plan for a regular meeting on some evening of each week, among the male members of his congregation, chiefly the younger part of them, for social conversation and discussion on religious subjects. This began by small gatherings at his own house, where there was little formality, and the interchange of opinions was carried on in a very familiar way. Afterwards, as these meetings attracted more notice, and the interest in them increased, they were held in a room in the upper story of the tower of the old

church, capable of containing one hundred and fifty or two hundred persons. This had been usually occupied as a place for the rehearsals of the singing choir, but was now made to answer the purposes of a vestry. It was often crowded, and on some occasions the assembly adjourned to the church. These exercises were especially attractive to young persons; and many, of both sexes, who were in the habit of attending them, became in this way the subjects of permanent religious impressions. After a time, a weekly lecture in the same room took the place of these meetings. This, in like manner, proved peculiarly attractive to young persons, and was especially attended by a larger proportion of young men than are commonly present on such occasions. It was the case throughout his ministry, that not only these lectures, but the services of the Sabbath, were found to draw together an unusual number of this class of hearers, who, from time to time, as they settled in life, became permanent members of the congregation.

Such private services were, if it be proper to use such a term, more decidedly a source of *enjoyment* to my brother, than those of a more formal character. On these occasions he felt greater freedom in communicating himself. He seemed to feel nearer to his audience, and opened his heart to them with a fulness and earnestness which made their way more directly to the hearts of his hearers. The following passage, from the Sermon I have already quoted, refers to his recollections of these exercises, and displays also the warmth of feeling with which he looked back, even near the close of his life, to the scenes and incidents of his early ministry.

“In one of the last conversations which I held with Mr. Ware, his thoughts, as was always the case when we were together, reverted to his old parish ; but on that occasion with more than usual interest. I had never heard him express his affection for it so warmly. There was an unwonted tenderness in his tones. The pent-up feelings of years seemed to pour forth in a few glowing words. The habitual reserve which covered the strong emotions, whose existence in his bosom no one could doubt, was for the time forgotten. The veil, that spread before the sacred treasures of his soul, was for a moment lifted up. He told me of those persons and scenes whose images were nearest to his heart. He told me of those hours and occasions of his ministry which were of dearest remembrance. And amongst them all, and, as he said, most beautiful and precious of all, were the friends who had stood near him in that humble room, and the evenings that were there spent in social devotion. I shall never forget the emphasis with which he said, ‘ The two happiest evenings of my life,’ and repeated, ‘ yes, the two happiest of my life were, one of them, when we had met to converse upon the Lord’s Supper, and the vestry was so full that we were obliged to adjourn to the church ; and the other, when, after an interesting discussion, we sang together at parting, as if every soul present felt the grandeur and joyousness of the sentiment, the hymn which concludes with this glorious verse,’ which he then repeated :

“ ‘ Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We ’re marching through Immanuel’s ground
To fairer worlds on high.’ ”

At the time of his ordination, and till his marriage, my brother boarded in the family of Mrs. Burditt, a highly respectable member of his church, who resided in Back Street, now Salem Street, directly opposite

Stillman Street. In the October after his ordination, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Watson Waterhouse, the daughter of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Cambridge, a lady with whom he had been intimately acquainted from childhood, and for whom he had many years entertained a very warm regard.* On his marriage, he moved into a house in Bennet Street, often called North School Street, at a very short distance from his church. This part of the city was then far less eligible as a residence, than it has since become; and many of his friends urged his selection of a more agreeable place of abode. But he decidedly preferred to live in the midst of his people. "His," as he said, "was a North-End parish, and he must be a North-End man." Nor could he be afterwards persuaded to remove to a different part of the town, even when, by the changes in and accessions to his parish, a very large portion of it came at length, as it continues now, to be composed of inhabitants of other sections.

In the course of the same year other events occurred, which in different ways were deeply interesting to him, and produced powerful and permanent impressions on his mind. Very soon after his own ordination he was called to take a part in that of the Rev. Thomas Prentiss, over a church in Charlestown. Mr. Prentiss had been his contemporary and fellow-student at Cambridge, both before and after graduation. They had pursued their studies in divinity together; they had entered the profession very nearly at the same time, and entertained a strong mutual regard. The settlement of Mr. Prentiss, as so near a neighbor, was a most grateful circum-

* The children by this marriage were two sons and a daughter. One son died in infancy.

stance to both of them; and they had naturally looked forward to many years of ministerial intercourse and of friendly coöperation in their plans of usefulness. These hopes were not to be fulfilled. In September, Mr. Prentiss was seized with fever, and died after a very short sickness, whilst his friend, who had so recently welcomed him to the fellowship of the churches, was called upon to pay the customary tribute to his memory at his funeral. The sermon preached on this occasion was the first publication of Mr. Ware after his ordination, and indeed was the only occasion of his appearing in print during the first two years of his ministry. He writes thus to an absent sister concerning this event, which occurred about the time of the prevalence of a very fatal epidemic in Cambridge.

“SEPT. 1817.

“As you seem anxious about Cambridge, I will say, the sickness has abated, and neither of the children has been sick since Charles. That our large family should have escaped is a subject of great gratitude, and I hope you do not forget it in your daily prayers. You have doubtless seen, by the paper, that Mr. Prentiss, of Charlestown, is dead. It was a most severe and sudden affliction; he was sick of the typhus fever but eleven days, and most of the time delirious, so that when I called I could not see him. He died at twelve o'clock on Saturday night; and on Sunday morning before breakfast I went over to his lodgings, and saw his mother, weeping but in the attitude of resignation, Miss B—— in the utmost distress, and many friends in lamentation. He was a worthy man and good Christian; he had done his duty, and has left few behind who will be more active and faithful in doing good, or would be more affectionately remembered. Warnings are multiplied on warnings, and we must be ready, my dear Harriet, to meet

whatever may befall us or our friends. Three young men, about to be connected with Cambridge ladies, have been within a few weeks snatched away ; there may be a fourth. I am not superstitious, but I do not expect at most to live many years, and may live many years fewer than I expect. I can only pray that I may be spared till I am fit to go, and that I may never cease to make my friends happy."

In the same year, also, began the fatal disease of another very near friend and brother in the profession, John Emery Abbot, to whom allusion has already been made, and who was now pastor of a church in Salem. Mr. Abbot was to my brother an object of peculiar affection, and the prospect of his loss was a very sad and melancholy one. He thus speaks of him in letters written at the commencement of this sickness to his brother-in-law, the Rev. Joseph Allen, of Northborough.

" DEC. 1, 1817.

"I spent the Sabbath preceding yesterday with brother Abbot in Salem. His situation is truly most alarming. A violent cough which yields to nothing, profuse night sweats, and extreme weakness are his symptoms. The physicians give very little encouragement, and those friends, who know most of his situation, think his case almost hopeless. I saw him but a few minutes ; he was not permitted to speak, but insisted on talking to me, and therefore I left the room. He sat on a sofa, upheld by pillows, met me with a smile, and, I am told, maintains an unbroken serenity and cheerfulness. I could have said it would be so with Abbot ; he is as much a real and perfect Christian as I know. Sickness and death will not dismay him. God grant we may not lose his example, for I do think it is much to us."

“MARCH, 1818.

“Brother Parkman was at Salem last Sunday, and tells me, respecting Abbot, that his friends are considerably encouraged. He gains strength, and, though danger is not all past, because his fever continues, yet they are planning for him a removal to Exeter. I know not an event for which I could be more sincerely grateful. . . .

“I wrote the above some days ago, and now have to add, with a heavy heart, the tidings that brother Abbot has relapsed; his unfavorable symptoms have returned, and with them have vanished all the hopes of his friends. God’s will be done. This loss, however, will be long felt; but it must teach us (I hope the application is not irreverent) ‘to purify ourselves even as he is pure.’ We hear, also, from Exeter, that Mr. Hurd is attacked with complaints threatening to terminate in consumption; it is thought, indeed, that he is already past hope. Add to this, we are in daily expectation of hearing of the death of Dr. McKean, who, by the last account, was just wavering on the brink of the grave. And you have seen by the papers, that Mr. Thacher has already departed; a man never to be spoken of without love and admiration; whose loss to the cause of simple Christianity and practical religion is greater than that of almost any man that could be named; who has not left behind him a man exhibiting in his character so rare a union of many qualities, any one of which would be sufficient to ensure respect. When I think of the early departure of such men, I feel more and more *the reality* of that future state, in which they may finish the labors they could only commence here. It is the only thing which, to human eyes, can ‘vindicate the ways of God.’ ”

This attack, however, did not produce so immediate a termination of Mr. Abbot’s life as there seemed then reason to anticipate. He rallied sufficiently to excite in his friends those flattering hopes of ultimate recovery,

with which the disease that had prostrated him is so apt to delude; and he became well enough to bear a removal to his father's house, where he passed the ensuing summer.

TO THE REV. J. E. ABBOT.

“ AUG. 1818.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ It is many, many weeks since I saw you; but I often think of you, and rejoice in every hope of your restoration to health. There was a time when we thought it was commanded you speedily to join the company of those who had entered on their reward, and we offered our prayers for you, fearing that they would come back empty. But we thank God for the hope, that you may yet labor with us upon earth, and that the large company of your friends shall not yet be called to mourning. Thacher is gone, and others stand feebly in their places; so that we are doubly grateful for every one who is threatened, and yet spared. I dare say that you have felt as much thankfulness on account of the sickness itself as on account of its removal, because you must have found it a most salutary discipline; and, if *you* are a gainer, *we* will be satisfied. I do not know exactly how you are at present. When I heard last, you were still gaining, but slowly. I am hoping, that ere long you will be able to show yourself to your friends here; all will give you a hearty welcome, and none more hearty than myself. I long to show you my dearest friend; and, if it be not best that I should be disappointed, I shall at the same time show you the beginning of a little family, that is to increase my joys and my privileges greatly.

“ Greenwood is soon to fill Mr. Thacher's place; he is really a delightful preacher, and has excited very uncommon attention.”

In the fall of this year there seemed sufficient improvement to justify the experiment of a removal to a warmer

climate, and Mr. Abbot accordingly spent the winter in Havana. While there his complaints again increased, and he returned home only to linger through the summer, and die in the following October.

The friendship between these two young men, which, though of so short a continuance, was of so strong a character, is the more interesting from the uncommon similarity that existed between them in their persons, their manners, and their characters. Of their personal resemblance, there were some very striking evidences. When Mr. Ware first went to Exeter to reside, on going to Dr. Abbot's house, he was, to his great surprise and almost consternation, familiarly seized upon, and most cordially welcomed, by some of the family, who had mistaken him for Mr. Abbot. The mistake here was only amusing; but, after Mr. Abbot's death, a similar one occurred under circumstances, which, at the time, produced a more serious impression.

TO MR. ALLEN.

“ JULY 17, 1820.

“ Walking in the Mall a few days ago, a young man came up and shook me eagerly by the hand, saying, ‘ *How do you do, Mr. Abbot?* ’ I looked at him a moment, still holding his hand, and he said, ‘ My name is ——— ; I suppose you don't remember me ; I saw you when you were sick at Havana.’ I was exceedingly struck. He was surprised to hear of Abbot's death, and could scarcely believe I was not he.” *

* The strong resemblance in *character* is noticed in a striking manner, by the Rev. Dr. Brazer, the successor of Mr. Abbot, in a sermon preached by him on the Sunday after the funeral of Mr. Ware. “ I cannot,” he says, “ in the conclusion of these remarks, offer anything approaching to a just idea of the character of this distinguished and devoted servant of God in Jesus. Perhaps I may best give a glimpse of it to you, my friends, by adverting to the striking

He wrote a biographical sketch of his friend, which was published in one of the early numbers of "The Christian Disciple," and was also prefixed to a volume of Mr. Abbot's Sermons, which he collected and printed a few years afterward. While engaged in the preparation of this Memoir, he expresses himself thus in a letter to one of his sisters :

coincidence it bears with that of his early friend, your yet loved pastor, my immediate predecessor in office here, whose biography he wrote. Those who best knew both, will at once perceive, in reading this just and beautiful tribute,* that the delineation of its author was warmed into a life-like truthfulness by his sympathies with its subject, and that, in describing the character of the sainted Abbot, he is depicting many of the leading traits of his own. The same singleness of aim ; the same devoutness of spirit ; the same absorbing devotion to that Master whose name they had named ; the same high estimate of their sacred office ; the same diligence and fidelity in their appropriate duties ; the same modesty, mildness, and gentleness of manner, united with an all-pervading earnestness of purpose ; the same preference of the religious *character*, before merely professional gifts and acquirements ; the same reverential culture of the affections, as the sources of the truest inspiration ; the same study of their own hearts as indices to the hearts of others ; the same tenderness of conscience, united with the highest possible standard of duty, which enabled them to search and move the consciences of others ; the same practical aims in the best of causes, and the same untiring perseverance in carrying them into effect ; the same independence in the formation of their own opinions, united with the same catholic spirit in according the same right to others ; the same skill and diligence in finding, and in making, opportunities of religious improvement ; the same appreciation of practical goodness as the highest human greatness, and the same desire of being useful to others as the best earthly distinction ; the same absence of all selfish ambition and undue reference to the opinion of others, which freed them from much ceaseless, barren, and crippling misery ;—all these traits of character were common to both. The same integrity, sincerity, simplicity, and consecrate repose of manner marked their private walk ; and a similar placid zeal, chastened fervor, simple earnestness, and subdued yet subduing pathos, pervaded their public ministrations. In a word, both endeavored, as ministers and in their personal relations, to form themselves on the example of their Lord ; and to them both may be applied more truly, than belongs commonly to even good and holy men, the comprehensive eulogy, which, in the Biography above alluded to, Ware applied to Abbot, they were '*men of the Beatitudes.*'"

* First published in "The Christian Disciple," Vol. II., for the year 1821.

“ FEB. 8, 1820.

“ I have received aid from several of Abbot's friends in the compilation of a Memoir of his life and character, into which I have entered at considerable length, and hope I have not attempted it in vain. To me he seemed the purest and most faultless exemplification of the Christian character which I have ever known ; and it has afforded me the greatest pleasure to look over the various testimonials and records of his worth which were sent me, and to form from them something for the improvement of the world and for my own.”

CHAPTER VII.

STATE OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF MR. WARE'S MINISTRY—VISIT TO THE SOUTH—ORIGIN OF "THE CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE" AND "THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER"—HE BECOMES ITS EDITOR—FORMATION OF A CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK—LETTER OF DR. CHANNING—LETTERS TO DR. MCLEOD—FAILURE OF HIS HEALTH—CONVENTION OF 1820—HIS IMPRESSIONS OF MR. WEBSTER'S ORATORY.

1818-20. *ÆT.* 24-26.

BESIDE entering earnestly into the appropriate duties of his profession, Mr. Ware soon became engaged in most of the benevolent and religious plans of the day, and with a heartiness which at once made him a welcome coadjutor. He came into life at the time when the dividing lines had just become distinctly drawn between that portion of the Congregational clergy who held Unitarian, or, as they had usually been called, Liberal opinions in theology, and those who were denominated the Orthodox, or Evangelical. It was a period of much religious excitement, and of some acrimony of feeling; and a controversy relating to the different points in dispute was carried on between distinguished members of the opposite parties with much zeal, vigor, and ability, partly in the periodical publications of the day, and partly in separate pamphlets. This controversy extended over a period of several years. My brother, as will have appeared from many expressions made use of in

his letters, was disinclined, both from feeling and principle, to the discussion of mere doctrinal points; yet his opinions with regard to the subjects in dispute were of the most decided character, and this disinclination was the result, not of any doubt as to where the truth lay, but of a conviction that a Christian minister would be better employed in promoting holiness of life, than in preaching the doctrines of a sect. Hence, for the most part, he avoided sectarian discussion in the pulpit, though not at all backward to assert or defend his opinions, when occasion demanded; and, although not taking the field precisely as a combatant, his zeal and earnestness in all religious movements soon made him indirectly one of the most active members in promoting the interests of the body with which he was connected.

In December, 1818, he made an excursion to the South, as far as Washington, partly with the view of improving his health, but quite as much for the purpose of preaching for a new Unitarian Society, which had been recently established in Baltimore, being the first of the kind, it is believed, which had ever existed beyond Philadelphia. On his way thither he preached on one Sabbath in New York, where, however, there was then no regularly organized Society, and once in Philadelphia. In Baltimore, he remained three weeks.

In the beginning of the year 1819, a plan was proposed for the publication of a periodical work, which should be, in some degree, the organ of the Unitarian body. In carrying this into execution, my brother took an active part. It proved eminently successful, and, in its results, has had no inconsiderable influence in promoting the dissemination of the religious opinions for the defence of which it was intended. In the year 1813,

“The Christian Disciple,” a monthly journal, had been established in Boston, at the suggestion of Drs. Channing, Lowell, and Tuckerman, and the Rev. Samuel C. Thacher. The Rev. Noah Worcester, who had recently distinguished himself by “the union of talent in writing, and skill in reasoning, with Christian gentleness of manner and a catholic largeness of spirit,” which his productions displayed, was induced to become its editor. He removed to Brighton in May of this year, for the purpose of taking charge of it. The original design of this work may be best expressed in the words of those who proposed it to the editor. “We need,” they say, “a periodical publication, which shall be adapted to the great mass of Christians, and the object of which shall be to increase their zeal and seriousness, to direct their attention to the Scriptures, to furnish them with that degree of Biblical criticism which they are capable of receiving and applying, to illustrate obscure and perverted passages, and, though last, not least, to teach them their Christian rights, to awaken a jealous attachment to Christian liberty, to show them the ground of Congregationalism, and to guard them against every enemy, who would bring them into bondage. Our conviction of the importance of this work has been strengthened by the appearance of a publication in ‘The Panoplist,’ recommending the immediate erection of Ecclesiastical tribunals.” “We have no desire to diffuse any religious peculiarities. Our great desire is to preserve our fellow-Christians from the systematic and unwearied efforts which are making to impose on them a human creed, and to infuse into them angry and bitter feelings towards those who differ from them. Our great desire is to direct men to the word of God, and to awaken in

those Christians who receive this as their only standard, a more devout, serious, earnest, and affectionate piety, than they often discover.”* “The Christian Disciple” had continued in existence from this period to that of which we are speaking, but, for the last few years, had somewhat languished. It had become, in fact, an object of but secondary interest to its editor, who had engaged himself with all his soul in that remarkable enterprise, to which his efforts were chiefly directed, and with so much success, during the remainder of his life, the Abolition of the Custom of War. At the close of 1818, it was his desire to give up his editorial charge, that he might concentrate all his powers on this great work. The first notice which I find of the interest taken by my brother in the plan for remodelling the “Disciple” is contained in the following letter.

TO MR. ALLEN.

“JAN. 1819.

“I take up pen at this moment, only for the purpose of giving you a little item of information respecting ‘The Christian Disciple.’ Mr. Worcester has resigned all connexion with it, and the Boston ministers, with Mr. Norton, have taken it into their own hands, and pledged themselves to support it. It is agreed to change the plan; to make it a standard work of Liberal Christianity, to enlarge it, and to publish it once in two months. It is designed to hold about the rank of ‘The Christian Observer,’ and to draw together all the strength of the party from every part of the country. It will embrace a Miscellany and a Review. I know you will be rejoiced to hear of this. It is a noble design, and is entered into with a

*A more full account of this matter is given in Ware’s “Memoirs of the Rev. Noah Worcester, D. D.,” pp. 51 et seq.

warmth and sense of its importance, which insure success. It cannot but do good. Each Number is to contain eighty-eight pages, and ten of us are pledged to afford at the rate of eight pages for each Number, either writing it ourselves, or procuring it from our friends."

In a letter, with which I have been favored, from the Rev. Dr. Willard of Deerfield, since the death of my brother, is contained some notice of this matter.

"Prior to his settlement in the ministry, my acquaintance with your brother was very slight; but, in the winter of 1818-19, I was invited to meet with a number of clergymen in Boston, who had undertaken for a time to superintend the publication of 'The Christian Disciple.' Mr. Ware was one of them; and I was peculiarly struck with the rare combination of candor and decision, with which he expressed his opinions on various subjects. The impressions I then received were confirmed by the whole of my subsequent intercourse with him. He was frank and unreserved in the expression of his own views; but, as he had no fondness for skepticism or contradiction, his mind was open to any substantial arguments, by which his previous opinions might be either matured or changed; and he was equally prompt in acknowledging the force of such arguments."

The first Number of the work in its new form was published in March, 1819, and met with far greater success than had been anticipated. It had been superintended by Mr. Ware, and he gives an account of its reception by the public in the following letter, which also contains an allusion to another enterprise in which he took an active part.

TO MR. ALLEN.

" MARCH, 1819.

" Tell me what you think of our new ' Disciple.' It is quite welcomed in this town. A considerable increase of the subscription has taken place, I myself having procured forty-seven, five of them in New York. Did I tell you that we had organized a Christian Tract Society, and are even now beginning to print? Each of the Boston ministers subscribes twenty dollars, expecting the necessary sum to be partly made up by the rich of the several Societies, and the money's worth to be received in Tracts. Three hundred dollars are already subscribed, and more is expected. Mr. Colman is publisher, under the direction of the Christian Disciple Society. ' Our spirits are stirred within us, seeing the whole city given to idolatry,' as is said of Paul. We are beginning to work, and, I hope, shall work to some purpose. I am to superintend the second Number of ' The Christian Disciple.' It will probably be quite as good as the first; I only fear, not sufficiently popular."

He became ultimately the permanent conductor of the work, and continued its management to the close of 1822. The interest taken in it on its first appearance was very considerable. The list of subscribers immediately and rapidly increased, and it has since continued to be one of the most uniformly well supported journals of the country. Its character, and the principles on which it has been conducted, have been essentially the same to the present day, when it has reached the thirty-second year of its existence. Several changes have taken place in its form and size, and, in the year 1824, when it came under the editorial charge of Mr. Palfrey, its name was changed to " The Christian Examiner." Its first editor not only superintended the publication,

but had the task, no easy one, as every editor of a journal well knows, of securing from different individuals the respective contributions they had engaged to furnish. He was also one of the most prolific of its supporters, and probably the amount of his composition considerably exceeded that of any other single person. In July, he thus writes concerning this work and the Tract Society; and in the last paragraph refers to his preaching to a new Society which had been formed in the city of New York, where he had spent three Sundays in the month of June.

TO MR. ALLEN.

“ JULY, 1819.

“ With this goes ‘Disciple,’ No. 3, which, I think, is a good Number in itself, but, I fear, rather heavy to many readers on account of the length of the pieces, and not sufficiently popular.

“ Communications from the country will, as you say, be valuable to many readers. Variety, to suit various classes of readers, must come from various classes of writers. I am happy to say, that two Tracts are in the press, and one, Mr. Channing’s Sermon, (two thousand copies,) will be out in a day or two. Part of my subscription I intend sending to you. Part of it, I shall sell to my people, having drawn up a paper saying, that any one for seventy-five cents per annum shall have all that are published. I think thus I shall obtain thirty dollars, and then I can increase my subscription to forty.

“ Now, then, for New York. On my first arrival there, I was a little disappointed at the small number of those who attended worship, the first Sabbath (three services) only about two hundred persons. But, on farther consideration, I found it quite as many as could be expected; and on the two following Sundays there were many more, and on the last the chapel

was quite full. It is calculated to hold three hundred and over. The number of proprietors is about thirty, and more than half of them have families. Their interest is of a very enlightened sort, calm and yet fervent; they understand the merits of the case, and are perfectly decided without any partizanship, and really liberal without bigotry or latitudinarianism. I think them in an admirable state, and some of them very serious, religious men. There can be no doubt of their final, though very gradual, success. They are unable to build a church at present, but have the promise of several rich men to join them whenever they shall undertake it."

The formation of this Society was an important event in the religious history of the day. In the spring of 1819, several gentlemen in New York, principally from Massachusetts, associated themselves for the purpose of procuring such preaching as was in conformity with their ideas of religious truth. There was at this time in the city no church in which there was manifested the slightest tolerance for the opinions in which most of them had been educated. In April, Dr. Channing preached to a small assembly of hearers in a private house. The Society afterward procured a hall in the Medical College, in Barclay Street, where public worship was held; and Dr. Channing was followed successively by Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Greenwood, and, in June, by Mr. Ware. During this visit it happened to him (what was indeed very rarely the case) to fall into a state of great despondency with regard to the prospects of the cause. He usually entertained the most cheering and hopeful views of the ultimate success of Christian truth; but he seems at this time to have been in a manner oppressed by a consideration of the apparent inadequacy of the means to the accomplishment of the

proposed end. He found himself almost a stranger and unknown, in the midst of a large city, whose whole population, so far as they had any religious feeling at all, entertained a thorough hostility to the views which he had undertaken to advocate, looking upon the little handful with whom he was associated, as a crew of heretics and infidels; and he shrunk from the overwhelming odds which seemed to be staked against him. While in this frame of mind, he wrote to Dr. Channing, from whom he received an answer that gave him fresh hope; and the clouds, which for a time had hung about the prospect, seem soon to have been dissipated.

FROM THE REV. DR. CHANNING.

“BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1819.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Your letter has been strangely delayed. I have just received it, and therefore may have seemed negligent of your request of advice and encouragement. You remember the language of the Psalmist, ‘Why art thou cast down, O my soul? *Hope in God.*’ I regret that you have not more to animate you; but the true use of difficulties is at once to confirm our devout submission, and to call forth conscientious exertion. There is a satisfaction in adhering to a good cause, when it droops, as well as when it prospers. We have but one question to settle; Are we preaching God’s truth? are we holding forth a purer system of Christianity than that which prevails? are we inculcating doctrines, which, if believed, will make men better, and fit them more surely for future happiness? If we believe this, we must not sink; for, if our convictions be true, our cause is God’s, and will prevail; and, if we err, our sincere aim to serve him will be accepted, and will be overruled to good.

“Your letter discourages the hope of the speedy erection of an independent church in New York; and I perceive you

expect little from ministrations in an obscure chapel. On this last point I cannot agree with you. If our friends have zeal enough to withstand neglect; if they love Christianity as much in an unostentatious building, (by the way, a much better one than the upper room in which Paul preached,) as in a splendid church; if they have *made up their minds* to worship God according to their best understanding of his word, I have no fear of the result. If they have Scripture, and its Author, on their side, Providence will send them friends. My only fear is, that they are not prepared to 'take up the cross;' that the Gospel, without its worldly accompaniments, may not be enough for them; that the struggle may be an exhausting one, not being sustained by a deep feeling of the importance of their principles; and I fear this, not because I think them inferior to most men, but because the union of unconquerable zeal with calmness and charitableness of mind is so uncommon. As to their best course, I agree with you, that they should call attention to the subject of their peculiarities. Good books and tracts, exposing the error of Calvinism, would be very useful.

"As to the style of preaching, it should be *distinctive* and *earnest*. We should mark plainly, openly, in direct language, and by strong contrast, the difference of our views from those which prevail, letting this difference appear in our discourses, on ordinary as well as disputed subjects; *but* we should *always* let men see that we hold our distinguishing views to be important, only because they tend to vital and practical godliness. We should give them to men as means and motives to a Christian life; teaching them how to use them as helps to virtue;—and we should always assail the opposite sentiments as unfriendly to the highest virtue, and earnestly and affectionately warn men against them, as injuring their highest interests. I have but one more remark. Christ preached to the poor; and, I think, that no system bears the stamp of his religion, or can prevail, which is not addressed to the great majority of men.

“ I do not wish to see a Unitarian Society in New York, made up of rich, fashionable, thoughtless people. I wish friends and adherents, who will be hearty and earnest ; and I believe these qualities may be found mainly in the middling classes. Can no inquiry be instituted among these to learn whether they are favorably disposed to your object ?

“ My sincere regards and best wishes to all our friends. I wish to hear often.

“ Your affectionate brother,

“ WM. E. CHANNING.”

In the subsequent progress of this Society Mr. Ware took a constant and deep interest ; this being known, frequent recourse was had to him for assistance and advice during the early years of its existence. There can hardly be a stronger testimony to the practical and useful cast of his mind, than the frequency with which he was called upon, even at this early age, and after so short a period passed in the active duties of life, for that sort of counsel, in the management of affairs, which is usually sought only from the lips of age and experience.

Though a little out of the order of time, some further circumstances, growing out of his interest in this Society, will be best stated now. In the autumn of this year, they felt themselves sufficiently encouraged to undertake the building of a house for worship ; and, with this view, were incorporated as a distinct body, under the name of “ The First Congregational Church of New York.” In the spring of 1820, they proceeded to the erection of their church ; and my brother, being present in the city for the purpose, made an address on the laying of the corner-stone, which took place on Saturday, the 29th of April. On the evening of the succeeding day, he attended a service at the Reformed Presbyterian

Church, and heard there a sermon from its pastor, the Rev. Dr. McLeod, the text of which was the disputed verse, 1 John, v. 7, of the three heavenly witnesses. This was claimed by the preacher as genuine, and was made the occasion of severe animadversion upon the Unitarian belief. On the evening of the next Sabbath, Mr. Ware was naturally led to attend again at the same church, and Dr. McLeod took then for his text a passage of Scripture, which had been inscribed on the plate deposited under the corner-stone of the new church,—“ ‘This is life eternal, to know thee, the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent;’ ” and proceeded to remark again on the opinions held by Unitarians, with especial reference to the ceremony of the preceding week. The attack in these sermons was so direct, and seemed so likely to increase the unjust prejudices already existing against this class of Christians, that my brother felt himself called upon to make some reply. Accordingly, on the spur of the moment, and without any full opportunity of consulting books, or weighing the subject deliberately, he wrote and published two Letters, addressed to the preacher; the first containing a general sketch of the argument in relation to the disputed text, and the second, some remarks in reply to the statements in the second sermon. This pamphlet was published on the 11th of May, only four days after the delivery of the second sermon, and a copy of it was sent, accompanied by a respectful note, to Dr. McLeod, who returned the following answer.

TO THE REV. HENRY WARE, JR.

“ SIR,

“ I have received your polite note of the 11th, and have attentively perused your two printed Letters, a copy of which

you had the goodness to present to me. I have no right to complain of the liberty you have taken in addressing me from the press, on a subject of which I treated in the pulpit; and I have no reason to complain of the style of your correspondence. That you should have misunderstood, and of course misrepresented, some of my remarks, was to have been expected, without a supposition of intentional misrepresentation. Your religious principles are as different from mine, as are those of Zoroaster from the faith of Abraham.

"I hope you will have the goodness to accept a copy of my '*Sermons on True Godliness*,' in which my views of Christianity are contained. They differ essentially from your views. Be assured, Sir, that you have an interest in my humble prayers to the only true God, that you may be accepted of him through the righteousness of Jehovah Jesus.

"Your humble servant in the glorious gospel,

"ALEX. MCLEOD.

"*New York, 13th May, 1820.*"

On the succeeding Sabbath, Dr. McLeod preached a third discourse, of the same tendency with those which had preceded, containing personal allusions to some of the most distinguished professors of Unitarian opinions, and some reply to the pamphlet. The attention, which was in this way called to the important subject in controversy, proved in the end, probably, beneficial to the prospects of the new Society.

The interest, which Mr. Ware felt in the prosperity of his New York friends, was of course increased by the circumstance, that in the winter of the succeeding year, 1821, his brother William became their pastor. This interest was a permanent one, originating, perhaps, in personal and accidental associations; but was strengthened by the view which he afterward took of

the importance of the city of New York, as a wide field for implanting and cultivating Unitarian sentiments. It continued to the end of his life, and frequently manifests itself in his correspondence with his brother, and in letters to the Rev. Dr. Dewey, afterward pastor of the Second Congregational Society, which was formed in that city.

Previously to his ordination his health had been very good; but, within no very long period, he became afflicted with some of those bodily infirmities, from which he was seldom afterward entirely exempt, though not the subject of any actual disease. He suffered frequently from severe headaches, which for the time prostrated him entirely; from pains in the sides and chest; and from some dyspeptic difficulties. Even in the intervals of such attacks, he was rarely free from a sense of languor and indisposition to bodily exertion. Still, he often forced himself to no inconsiderable exertions, both of body and mind; but these were unequal and irregular; and a tendency to the procrastination of duty, especially that of writing sermons, the result partly of constitution, and partly of indisposition, made it occasionally necessary for him to crowd much labor into a small space. Hence, he was sometimes obliged to make great and unusually continued efforts. He frequently sat up very late at night, and indulged in other irregularities of the same kind; habits well suited to undermine the health of any student, especially one of so frail a fabric as his. He said to me, within a few months of his death, that he had through life felt the greatest repugnance to regard his health as an obstacle to any exertion, or to offer indisposition as an excuse for omitting a duty, or even for declining to engage in

any extraordinary task. He could not bear to be petted or to pet himself. He was reluctant to think, when he saw anything which required to be done, that he was not well enough to undertake it. His disregard of the common dictates of prudence, in everything that concerned his health, was such as often to grieve, and sometimes to irritate, his best friends. The following is an example of the mode in which he was willing to deal with himself. On one occasion, when he was to give a lecture in the evening, he was so ill in the afternoon as to require the administration of an emetic. It had produced no effect when the hour arrived. Feeling well enough at the time, he entered church, happening then to live directly opposite, went through with the service, and then hurried home in season to experience the proper effects of his medicine.

But perhaps we are not always patient enough with those who, like him, are struggling with physical infirmity. Those who join a slow and unenterprising temperament with a sound and healthy body,—who are moderate in their purposes, and indisposed to active exertion,—can have little tolerance for one who, with an earnest and eager spirit, always full of new designs, always pressing forward in some new purpose, is chained to a frail and feeble frame, which he is obliged to drag after him at every step. In such a man, it is not so much a disregard of the laws of bodily health, as an entire forgetfulness that he has a body to take care of at all. When reduced by sickness, he would lament his imprudences and resolve on reformation; but, the moment he became well enough to begin again his usual occupations, he would plunge into them with the same recklessness as before. The following extracts

from letters, written within the first few years of his residence in Boston, are somewhat miscellaneous in their character, but contain, among other matters, allusions to his health.

TO MR. ALLEN.

“JULY, 1818.

“The Books of Mr. Thacher’s Library sold at a pretty good price; the Polyglot at nineteen dollars per volume, and Wetstein at fifteen. The best books sold rapidly and high. I bought Locke’s Works at five dollars per volume, a very fine copy. I have been induced to look into his Defences of his ‘Reasonableness;’ and, although, as in all controversies, there is much of personality, yet there is, what you do not always find in the second or third reply on the same subject, something new in each. Some passages may be selected quite equal to any in the original work. In looking over his works, I am more than ever sensible of his real greatness. He was an original thinker, and thought on a great many subjects. His treatise on ‘Education’ appears to have been the very commencement of the modern improvement in the discipline and instruction of young children. His ‘Essay on Human Understanding’ laid the foundation of modern metaphysics, the metaphysics of common sense. His ‘Reasonableness of Christianity,’ his Preface and ‘Paraphrases,’ with his ‘Letters on Toleration,’ commenced, and have been successful in building up in the world, the Christian liberality of the present day. So that he did, what perhaps no man else has ever done, *altered the habits of thinking* among men, upon *three very important subjects*, and thus gave a cast to the character of society, which must affect it forever.

“I am not wholly free from pain in my side, which forbids my applying myself closely to study, and I am therefore pretty indolent. I do nothing more than write my sermons. I have been engaged a good deal in assisting the establishment of new

town schools, visiting every family in my neighborhood, about two hundred, to know the names and ages of their children. Schools are to be established for children between four and seven years old.

“*Sunday Evening, July 12.*—I have passed a happy day. For eight days past, I have been uniformly better in health and feelings, than for more than six months previous. I preached this morning *on Family Worship*; this afternoon, *on the Use to be made of the Old Testament Characters*. This last sermon I commenced writing last night, at half past nine, and finished at nine this morning, which is my greatest feat in writing. The case was this; a sermon, which I had commenced and intended finishing for to-day, I had mislaid, so that it could not be found; and, rather than preach an old sermon, I wrote this, which was not very bad.”

TO THE SAME.

“SEPT. 13, 1819.

“You perceive by the papers, that Mr. Huntington is dead. Thus we pay an annual tribute to the grave; who shall go next? He has been so little with us, that we shall not feel his loss like that of Thacher, or like that of any man who had associated more with us; but we cannot help being affected by it. The age of a Boston minister is thirty-two years; it is sad to think, that we may none of us pass that period; for myself, it is the very limit of my expectations.”

In the course of the summer of 1820, he became so seriously indisposed as to occasion much anxiety in his friends and people. To an aggravated degree of the symptoms before enumerated, from which he frequently suffered, was added a constant and harassing cough. It was judged necessary, in the month of July, that he should suspend his labors for a while. He accordingly left home in the latter part of that month, and took a

journey on horseback into the interior of the State. He was absent about a fortnight, visiting and preaching at Princeton and Deerfield on his way, and returned with health and strength much improved. His cough, as he informed us, subsided almost entirely after only two or three days' ride, of twenty or thirty miles, and, by the time of his return, was quite gone. It may be stated, for the benefit of any of his professional brethren, who may suffer in a similar manner, that, at no time of his life, did any remedy produce so distinct and well-marked benefit, as exercise on horseback in this way, namely, riding through the country from town to town, at a moderate pace, and living in a very simple manner, chiefly on bread, milk, and eggs. He seldom, however, added to these means entire rest from his usual labors; since he was not willing to go unprepared to preach, and in fact usually preached more frequently than he did at home, as will be seen in the account he gives, in one of his letters, of a short tour for recreation, which he took in the succeeding summer with his friend, Mr. Greenwood.

TO MR. ALLEN.

“ 1821.

“ Preached on Wednesday the ordination sermon at Bridgewater, from Rom. xii. 11, ‘ *Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,*’ which I called the *minister’s motto*; and went to Plymouth, &c., calling on all the ministers as we went on. Preached for Haven, at Dennis, on Friday evening, who holds two meetings on every week, his people being in a state of excitement, and he being not a little Orthodox. Spent Sunday at Brewster, preaching three times. On Tuesday evening, preached at Provincetown; Wednesday morning, at Truro; Thursday evening, at Sandwich. Thus it was quite

a missionary tour. The Methodists began an excitement, which has spread throughout the Cape, and made preaching a very frequent affair. It would do a great deal of good for us to go down there oftener. It would be the most useful journey you could take, and one of the pleasantest. All are hospitable, and everything new and strange. I want to describe it to you."

Some years afterwards he says, speaking of his frequent absence from home,

"I go many journeys, but none for pleasure, and no long ones; and, in the present state of the churches, I should think it wrong to go where I could do no good to anybody."

On the separation of the District of Maine, as it was formerly called, from the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and its erection into a distinct State, in 1820, a convention was called for the purpose of considering whether, in consequence of this event, any amendment of the Constitution was necessary. My brother was chosen a delegate to the convention, from the town of Boston. With a single exception, he took no part in the business of this body, but was an attentive listener to its debates. He was particularly interested in that which took place on the subject of constitutional provisions for the support of religion. This subject, as will be recollected by those conversant with the history of the time, excited a great deal of attention, and called out much talent, as well as much feeling, in those who were engaged in it. A letter to Mr. Allen contains his recollections of the close of this debate, and some account of the impression made upon him, at that time, by the efforts of the distinguished statesman, who has

since filled so large a space in the parliamentary history of the country.

TO MR. ALLEN.

“ SATURDAY, P. M., DEC. 30, 1820.

“ DEAR BROTHER,

“ You will have learned from the papers, which I have sent you, the progress and conclusion of the business before the Convention, when you left it on Wednesday evening. I was surprised that you went away so early, and regretted that you should lose the most animated part of one of the most able and animated debates which has occurred. It must have been after you went away, I think, that Mr. Saltonstall made a very powerful speech, (much finer than that which you heard, and finer, indeed, than almost any one from anybody,) and that Mr. Webster closed the debate with an overwhelming burst of roused and indignant eloquence. It was in the same tone with those which he had previously made, and the torrent was irresistible. He undoubtedly, by his strenuous and repeated exertions, turned the balance of opinion, and caused the rejection of Williams’ resolution,—179 to 186. After the countenance which had been given to it by Judges Parker, Dawes, and Wilde, and the appearance of unanimity in the forenoon, when the question, if taken, would have been carried by an almost unanimous vote, it undoubtedly required all the vehemence and effort of Webster and his friends to obtain the decision which was given. Such vehemence and efforts I have never at any other time witnessed. There was as much talent in the debate on ‘the Senate,’ but it was not so roused, so excited to strong action; there was more cool argument, and less fervid eloquence. Every one, on Wednesday evening, was full of strong feeling, as well as of able reasoning. You may discern this in the tone of the debate, as reported; but, to understand it fully, you should have heard

the tone of the voices also. Webster was excited almost to frenzy, and he spared neither person nor thing, to show the badness of the measure, and the inconsistency of those who advocated it. He said afterwards to Mr. Tuckerman, by way of apology as it were, that he felt that the cause was gone, and nothing but a desperate exertion could recover it. He made this, and recovered it.

“If the State is a gainer, all the credit is due to Webster. He is a wonderful man. I am more sensible of his superiority to other men, every day. No man so quickly and so thoroughly discerns a whole subject, and elucidates it in so clear, precise, and concise a manner. His mode of speaking is peculiar; altogether unfettered by any rule, and exceedingly various. He has three distinct styles. The first is his slow, unimpassioned, deliberate manner, when he is stating simple facts, or plain reasoning; which is very distinct and forcible, without being animated, like the manner of a very good reader. This, I think, exceeding beautiful. The second, is when he is interested in the discussion of some important topic, and has become warmed by the subject, or simply by the action of his own mind. This is slow, various, animated, and presents the finest specimen of elocution I have ever witnessed. This is his best and most powerful manner. The third is different from either of the former, as if it were that of a different man. It is when he is excited by other causes than the subject merely; when he is impatient and irritated at the conduct of others, or at something which has occurred in debate. He is then very rapid; a perfect torrent of words; his voice is loud, on a high key; his emphasis sharp, and almost screeching; his gesture perpetual and violent; his face alternately flushed and pale. This was his manner on Wednesday evening, carried to the extreme in his last speech. In this he is far less pleasant, though perhaps not less effective, than in his other style. He overpowers and oppresses, as well as convinces, you. This variety of manner, suited to every kind of subject,

and every frame of mind, is one of his remarkable traits ; it is one of the secrets of his power ;—for, being altogether natural and never assumed, it leads you into the heart of the subject, and prevents your being wearied, as you would be, by the recurrence of monotonous tones.”

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS OCCUPATIONS—SICKNESS IN HIS FAMILY—PREACHES AT AMHERST, N. H., AND UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES—FORMATION OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR MUTUAL RELIGIOUS IMPROVEMENT—ESTABLISHMENT OF SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES FOR THE POOR.

1821-22. *ÆT.* 27-28.

DURING the years which had elapsed since my brother's settlement, few events had occurred in his ministerial life which require particular notice. Though called away much to other duties, and interesting himself constantly in everything which he believed would promote the cause of religion, still his thoughts were principally engaged by the cares of his parish, and his people always occupied the chief share in his affections and his attentions. For them he labored constantly and zealously; and, notwithstanding the amount of his exertions abroad, he prepared himself faithfully for the pulpit, and found time for intimate personal intercourse with the members of his Society; and this, though suffering such frequent interruptions from ill health. Besides writing many articles, some of them of considerable length and requiring much thought, for "The Christian Disciple," he performed the wearisome and often vexatious duties of its editor. He added to the regular exercises of the Sabbath a weekly Lecture on Friday evening, and met the children of his parish, at stated times, for personal instruction. As a recom-

pense for these exertions, he had the satisfaction of seeing the number of his hearers regularly increase, but especially, of witnessing a more devoted personal attention to religion in the families of those to whom he ministered.

In May, 1821, occurred the centennial anniversary of the erection of the church in which his Society worshipped. He availed himself of this occasion to enter into a minute investigation of its history; and his labors were rewarded by the accumulation of a good deal of curious and interesting matter, more than is usually found in the annals of parishes, which he presented to his Society in two discourses. These discourses were published.

Some things relating to this year have been anticipated; and there is nothing further to record except that he seems to have been more than usually busy with his pen. Besides contributing at least as much as usual to "The Christian Disciple," he became a frequent writer for "The Christian Register," a religious newspaper, which was established about this period.

The year 1822 was passed principally at home. There had been already considerable sickness in his family; but, in the course of this year, the health of Mrs. Ware, which had for a long time been very delicate, became more seriously impaired, and she exhibited symptoms of a gradual but certain decline. Their youngest child, also, a boy, became in the summer very ill, and the alarming condition of both induced them to try the effect of a change of air. Their house in town was accordingly given up, and they removed to one in the upper part of Cambridgeport, about a mile from the College. Here several months were spent, but with

little benefit to either of the invalids. They returned to Boston in the autumn.

In August, he visited Amherst, N. H., and spent a Sunday there, at the request of a number of persons, who were not satisfied with the preaching which they usually heard from their minister, and had consequently separated themselves from the Congregational Society of the place. They had not formed themselves into a regularly organized body, but proposed to have public worship in the Court-House, not anticipating any opposition. On my brother's arrival in the town, however, he was greeted with a formal protest, both from the clergyman in question and from a large number of the Society, who objected to his appearance, as a proceeding not conformable to established usage, as an unwarrantable interference with the rights of the minister and people, and as tending to disturb the harmony of the place. The circumstances of the case did not seem to him, on careful consideration, to authorize this interference. It appeared, that some of the persons at whose request he had come, had been denied the privileges of Christian fellowship by the church and its pastor, on account of their alleged heretical opinions, and that all of them had formally seceded from the parish. It appeared, also, that the clergyman, who had taken the lead in this affair and felt himself so much aggrieved, was only a colleague, and the junior pastor of the church; that the senior pastor, a man advanced in life and perfectly respectable in his character, was comparatively liberal in his views, and had no objection to the proposed services; but that, with a singular want of decorous regard for his age and station, he had not been once referred to, or consulted by,

those who thus undertook to speak as if they alone had rights in the matter. Taking all these things into consideration, my brother found no sufficient reason for relinquishing the design which had brought him there, and accordingly, after a mild but firm reply to these remonstrances, he preached as he had been requested. Subsequently other services were held, and a Unitarian Society was finally established. But the number of worshippers was insufficient for its maintenance, and, after a few years, it ceased to exist.

In the autumn of this year, an Association for Mutual Religious Improvement was formed by some young men belonging to several of the Unitarian congregations in Boston. It was founded in an excellent spirit, and proved in the end a very important instrument, not only in aiding in the formation of a religious character among its members, but also in promoting a variety of benevolent and religious operations, especially Sunday schools, and meetings for social worship, among the poor. It is with a view to its connexion with the last-named object, that the existence of this Society is here referred to.

In November, 1822, a series of religious services, on Sunday evenings, was projected by my brother, intended for those of the poorer classes, who had no stated places of worship, who were very irregular in their attendance at church, or who neglected it altogether. It was found, that the number of such persons in the city was very considerable; and the plan was entered into with the hope, that lectures given in their immediate neighborhoods, in an informal way, might attract their attention, and excite an interest in religion.

This plan was carried into effect with the coöpera-

tion of the Rev. Messrs. Parkman and Palfrey, and with the assistance of the Society just alluded to. Its members entered heartily into the necessary measures. They procured suitable rooms and other conveniences, attended and assisted at the meetings, and encouraged the attendance of those for whose benefit they were held. On some occasions, when the minister who was to officiate was accidentally detained, his place was taken by a member of the Society, who conducted the devotional exercises, and read a printed discourse. These meetings were held at four different places, (though, I think, not regularly in all of them,) in the North and West parts of the town, namely, in Charter Street, Hatters' or Creek Square, Pitts Court, and Spring Street. The meeting in Charter Street was held at first in a Primary School room, and afterward in a small chapel, built by Mr. Henry J. Oliver, and intended by him partly for purposes of this sort and partly as a school-room. This chapel was dedicated in May of the next year, by a religious service, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Jenks and my brother, the latter of whom gave a discourse on "the Uses of Extraordinary Religious Meetings." The meeting in Pitts Court was also held in a school-room, occupied during the week by Mr. Badger, a member of the Society; and that in Hatters' Square, in a private room in an old, dilapidated, and very large house, which formerly stood there, inhabited by a great number of families of the poorer sort. This building, as I am told, was formerly the meeting-house of the Congregational Society of Watertown, which, more than a hundred years ago, when a new church was to be erected, was taken to pieces, removed to Boston, and converted

into a dwelling-house. Here the accommodations, and probably the audience, were of a humbler character than elsewhere. Few families in the house or in the neighborhood occupied more than a single room each; and in one of these rooms, as I am informed by a friend who took at the time a lively interest in the lectures, these poor people would collect, part of them, for want of other accommodation, seating themselves on the sides of the bedstead, and listen to the instructions of the speaker, whose desk was a pine table, and whose only light, a single tallow candle. The singing was conducted by some of the young men of the Association, who were delegated for this purpose, and who always performed their part of the duty with the most exemplary fidelity. These meetings were fully attended, and were followed by the most satisfactory results; and, if they were blessed to that class of persons for whom they were especially designed, they were not less so to those who benevolently engaged in their management.

I add a letter which gives some account of one of the earliest of these meetings. It is from the pen of the gentleman already referred to. He adds to this account many useful suggestions with regard to missionary operations among the poor, which were afterward carried out successfully in practice by "the Ministry at Large."

FROM HENRY J. OLIVER.

"DEC. 30, 1822.

"Our meeting in Hatters' Square, last evening, was encouraging. A pretty general notice was given; in one house I went into, there were eleven families, and the little which was

seen of them brought to mind, what a mingled condition is ours! In one room was a man who was sitting by the fire, who had been confined to the house (room?) over two years. In two other rooms was sickness also; and last week a woman of forty-five years was buried, and, as one of the neighbors said, 'like a dog;' no prayer, and hardly any one in the house knew she was dead, till the town hearse came to the gate. Only one of these families attend meeting, it is believed. A neighbor said, 'Much is done for the heathen abroad, while we have them at our own doors.'

"Three or four persons out of this house were got into the meeting, and, with about twenty others, constituted those who were the *subjects* of the lecture. The others, about the same number more, were of those who always will be found, from parishes out of the pale of which they do not go on the Sabbath, but, at an evening meeting, feel under less restraint to their minister or church, and indulge themselves in hearing those they have seldom or never had an opportunity of hearing before. Text, 'What shall I do to be saved?'—discourse, half an hour in length. Sang Portugal, Wells, Mear; and, from expressions after meeting from one and another, a general satisfaction appeared to exist."

These meetings were followed, and ultimately superseded, by the establishment of the Ministry at Large, under the care of Dr. Tuckerman, who removed from Chelsea for this purpose in 1826. How far the plan of operations, just described, was the occasion of, or served to suggest, the more extended and systematic enterprise to which it gave place, I am not able to judge. The same Association, however, which had most earnestly supported the former, continued to lend efficient assistance in the promotion of the latter. The chapel in Friend Street was built, in 1830, chiefly by the exer-

tions of its members ; and this, as is well known, has been followed by the erection of the chapels in Pitts, in Suffolk, and in Warren Streets, as part of the same system of operations.

My brother's immediate connexion with this ministry did not extend beyond the spring of 1823. At that period the state of his own health, and more especially the failing health of his wife, and the consequent interruptions and absence from home, interfered with this as well as many other engagements. But his interest in it never diminished ; and he had the happiness to live to see the Ministry at Large recognized as an integral part of the organization of the religious community, and established in many other places both at home and abroad.

On the last evening of the year 1822, he preached a sermon in his church from the text, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The audience was large, and the service impressive. He found that he had judged rightly in supposing that the season was a favorable one for an earnest appeal to the hearts and consciences of men on the subject of religion, and he continued the service every year during his ministry. The practice has been adhered to by his successors, and has become a custom rendered almost hallowed in the Second Church by time and sacred associations. Some of his most effective efforts in the pulpit were on these occasions, and Mr. Robbins speaks of them and of the custom which they originated in the following words :

"I allude to the Lecture at the Close of the Year ; a sacred and affecting occasion ; which has always been associated with

his image, and will be so, henceforth, still more intimately ;—an occasion which I hope may be solemnly kept by our children, when we, like him, shall be safe from the wear and injury of years ;—an occasion which I pray may never become obsolete in the Second Church, so long as it has a name amongst the members of Christ. Mr. Ware was peculiarly qualified to do justice to a service like this. His feelings were alive to all the solemn and elevating influences of the hour. His spirit easily sympathized with its deep religious influence. He interpreted its solemn lessons, as a prophet would interpret the symbols of momentous truths. His preaching was never more impressive than on these occasions. The most powerful of his published sermons was delivered at the close of the year 1826. The memory of that discourse and that night will go with many of us to our graves. My own impressions of Mr. Ware, as a preacher, were stamped at that time,—once for all, and forever. The fame of his preaching, mingled, perhaps, with some chastened feelings, and some desires reaching after the Eternal, had drawn a little company of my classmates from Cambridge to this church. We stood in the crowded gallery. The preacher's subject was 'the Duty of Improvement,'—a theme most applicable to the characters and feelings of the young. Every word, and tone, and gesture was calculated powerfully to impress the youthful mind. But the closing sentences, especially, came home to the heart with a thrilling effect. Their sounds lingered on the ears of hundreds throughout that night. Their distant echoes come back to me now. No words from mortal lips ever affected me like those. I can see his very look,—I can hear his very tone, as, with the unction of a Paul, he uttered the solemn charge, with which that discourse concludes. 'I charge you, as in the presence of God, who sees and will judge you,—in the name of Jesus Christ, who beseeches you to come to him and live,—by all your hopes of happiness and life,—I charge you let not this

year die, and leave you impenitent. Do not dare to utter defiance in its decaying hours. But, in the stillness of its awful midnight, prostrate yourselves penitently before your Maker ; and let the morning sun rise upon you, thoughtful and serious men.' ”

CHAPTER IX.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN BOSTON—LETTERS—SICKNESS AND DEATH OF
HIS CHILD AND WIFE—DISPOSAL OF HIS FAMILY.

1822-24. ÆT. 28-30.

THE winter of the year 1822-3 was the period of a vigorous revival of religion among the Orthodox churches of Boston and the vicinity. The excitement was extensive, and the zeal of those engaged in it, which was very great, did not appear, to persons of different sentiments, to be always sufficiently moderated by Christian discretion, or kept within the bounds of Christian charity. There was some secession from Unitarian societies of persons who were led, under the excitement of the times, to believe that their faith had not been well founded; numerous additions were made to the churches of the Orthodox, and the result was probably an increase in the relative numbers and influence of that sect. Mr. Ware felt that this matter was regarded with somewhat too much of indifference by his brother ministers. He did not look upon it as a light affair, or as one in which it became them to be passive and uninterested spectators. He thought himself and them to be called upon for exertions, not to prevent that attention to the subject of religion, which had been excited, but to turn it to good account. He thought that they should avail themselves of the open

state of the public mind, and of the disposition which manifested itself among all people of all sects to think and talk on religious matters, to produce serious impressions, and establish a permanent interest in the minds of the community.

At this period, while his mind was interested in the subject, he addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Parker of Portsmouth, asking his opinion and advice in relation to it. The topics of his letter are sufficiently indicated in the answer which he received.

FROM THE REV. DR. PARKER.

“PORTSMOUTH, FEB. 24, 1823.

“What then is to be done by Christians who find themselves thus rudely assailed, and their characters most cruelly aspersed? They are to place themselves on their religious principles, and to find their support in them. They are to go to their work animated by a warm, rational, and benevolent zeal, and to confide in God for success. Though reproached, they must meekly endure the trials, and guard themselves against being poisoned by the spirit which they lament in others. Though they witness much that is irrational and even ludicrous in the efforts of those, who are adopting every species of management to promote a work which they ascribe *wholly* to God; yet the rational Christian is not to hope that good will result from the unsparing use of ridicule. This is a weapon which cannot be used without danger in defence of the sacred cause of religion. It will not be felt alone by those who *lead*, but it will be felt most deeply by those who *follow*; it will wound and alienate them, and many of this class are really honest, and by persevering kindness may be brought to consistent goodness.

“Nor can any good be effected by a systematical opposition to what is usually called a revival of religion. Such opposi-

tion will appear to many,—and among these will be found many really pious people,—to be made to religion itself. Should such a state of things exist among you, as you apprehend, I doubt not but that it may be turned to good account. You will find your people more constantly turning their thoughts to religious subjects. You will have opportunity to address them with pungency upon the truth, which many of them, no doubt, have suffered to lie rather indolently upon their minds. You will feel it to be your duty more frequently to converse with them affectionately in *private*, as you perceive that they eagerly and feelingly enter upon religious conversation. In discharging this duty, you will strengthen and gratify the best feelings of your heart. If need be, you will not refuse, as you may be able, to hold extra meetings for religious purposes, always preserving that decorum, that affectionate, rational and yet moving form of address, which distinguishes enlightened Christians from dogmatists, enthusiasts, and fanatics.

“ You see how dangerous it is to ask me questions. I have tried your patience, and perhaps, too, manifested a disposition to dictate on a subject on which I need instruction. I will say no more, but merely express my persuasion, that, though you may be called to a severe trial of some of the Christian’s graces, you will have ultimately occasion to rejoice; and my earnest wish is for your success in every effort to do good.

“ Your friend and brother,

“ NATHAN PARKER.”

The following extracts from other letters, written during the period we have just gone over, serve further to illustrate some of the subjects which have been already alluded to, and to show what was the course of his thoughts on several other topics.

TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN IN DOUBT ABOUT ACCEPTING AN
INVITATION TO BE SETTLED.

"JULY 2, 1821.

. "For myself, however, I feel much less decided. I have always been an advocate for a man's going wherever there was a clear call, and have always wished that there was more of that sense of duty, which would lead to making some sacrifices for the general good of the church. Now, B—— is a place of importance, where a man may be very useful,—yes, and very happy; and how is it, that one should not make such a sacrifice, as would be required to go and do so important service? Other men are giving up friends, country, and home for life; and cannot we go two hundred miles, not into the desert, not among pagans, but among civilized Christians, and within three days' journey of all that we love? I confess that such considerations influence me a little, and not a little.

"I have thought, from many things in your letters, that you had a considerable liking to the place, and it is more than confirmed by the contents of this. I have no doubt you would be happy and useful, probably as much so as in any place; for truly, from what I can observe, *place* is of little consequence."

TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

"JAN. 28, 1822.

. "I preached a sermon yesterday on 'Heresy,' which my people, some of them, want to have printed, but I shall not do it.

"1. 'What is Heresy?' answered by an examination, *seriatim*, of all the texts in which the word *αἵρεσις* is used. 2. Wherein consists its sinfulness. 3. Wherein its danger. 4. The history of the church, showing that heresy is always the *minority*. 5. Be not fond of giving the name to others. 6. Be not concerned if others give it to you.

“I preached my extempore lecture on Friday evening to a great crowd, on the question, ‘Why are you not a Trinitarian?’ I. (negatively) 1. Not because the doctrine is a mystery. 2. Not because I elevate reason above revelation,—but, II. (positively) 1. Because the favorite phraseology of the doctrine is not Scripture language, but human (copious examples.) 2. Because the doctrine is not once written in express terms in the New Testament. Only three texts pretended; one of them a forgery; the other two say nothing of *personality* or *unity*, therefore do not prove it. 3. Because there are four strong and explicit denials of the doctrine, which have never been shown to be consistent with it, and cannot be so shown, viz., John xvii. 3; 1 Tim. ii. 5; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Mark xiii. 32. In examining this last text, I spoke of the two natures. This is only half of the subject, which I am to finish next week.”

TO THE SAME.

“MARCH 9, 1822.

“What you say of your preaching is encouraging, but I want to hear more minutely. I think the opinion of Demosthenes should be amended so as to read, ‘*Courage* is the first, second, and third thing for the orator.’

“Your plan for a course of sermons I think excellent; but I really cannot at once direct to books which may help you. The best aid you will derive from reading over and over, with a view to the subject, the books of the New Testament. You must keep in mind the principles of Locke’s Preface and some of Campbell’s ‘Dissertations,’ and Taylor’s ‘Key.’

“As to Controversial Preaching, to be sure, it is less pleasant, and, for the main purpose, less profitable; but, in your situation, absolutely necessary, with more or less directness, for nearly half the time. And, under this necessity, it is a real comfort, that it is the easiest preaching possible. One may write two good doctrinal sermons, while he would be laying out the heads of a decent spiritual or moral one. Because,

First, the train of thought is old, familiar, and beaten; you have nothing to do but to talk on, and catch up such illustrations as suggest themselves. Secondly, a good doctrinal sermon is made up of scriptural quotations, and illustrations, and arguments from them; all which is easier than invention on a subject of duty which is not at the moment particularly interesting, and gives life to you by the necessity of turning over dictionaries and commentaries; an exercise in itself profitable to both mind and body. So that you may regard doctrinal preaching as the very best thing one half the time for the parish, for the adversary, and for yourself. Only never forget to be scrupulously good-natured and squeamishly fair. The most detestable thing on earth is bad passion and unfairness in the pulpit; and I would a thousand times rather that you were blind and dumb too, than hear that you are guilty of such an offence.

“ I have been intending to write to you an Epistolary Treatise on Expository Preaching and on Extempore Speaking, and on one other topic which I now forget. On all subjects I shall throw in a word as occasion may offer, and wish you would let me know what you think of my suggestions. As to Expository Preaching, you know my opinion. I advise you to read carefully Mr. Tuckerman’s articles in the first volume of ‘ The Disciple.’ I plead for it strongly, as, First, most useful to the people. Secondly, to the cause of truth, especially in your situation. Thirdly, most pleasant and interesting, also, to hearers, who really are vastly more pleased to hear even a common-place explanation of an important or curious passage of Holy Writ, than a very logical, philosophical, and elegant discussion of a topic in morals or metaphysical divinity, the use of which they cannot fathom, and of whose beauties of arrangement, allusion, and diction, very few have any perception. Fourthly, it is easiest also to yourself.

“ Everything that Dr. Mason said on this subject in his farewell sermon, I hold to be perfectly true and well founded

and worth attending to, except his assertion of its difficulty ; for a man, who has been well grounded in theology, and the principles of Biblical knowledge and interpretation, will find the labor comparatively easy, and rather a recreation. He may, to be sure, so far dig, and search, and inquire, and examine such minute questions of profound and far learning, as to make it exceedingly laborious. But this is not necessary in order to useful exposition. Not many books need be consulted, for the most part, nor any extraordinary learning be brought into requisition. Most passages cannot need them for elucidation ; and, as to the main object, doctrinal and practical inferences, they come upon you in crowds without being sought. Take the Book of Acts. What more profitable or interesting, than to remark on and exhibit, *seriatim*, the evidences it contains of the truth of Christianity, of the doctrines preached at that time, of the characters of the Apostles and others, and all the ten thousand moral lessons that are implied and inculcated ? And how can it be anything but a pleasant and easy task to do this, adding to your knowledge at every step, and making a dozen sermons without being conscious of one hour's *labor* ? I do not know any book to be preferred to this for this purpose."

TO THE SAME.

" MARCH 29, 1822.

" I suppose you would account it a small objection, that a man always grows tired of writing a series of sermons before he has got through ; and, as to a settled order of controversial discourses why you must be guided entirely by views of expediency in your situation. I suppose, for my own part, it is necessary, and therefore you are right. But, as to your plan, I fear you will find some serious difficulties. First, it is impossible that it should be *fully* executed ; for such an introduction of texts, as would produce satisfactory results, could

not be brought forward except in a long series of sermons, which would stand a chance of being dry, from the inevitable accumulations of Scripture quotations. Secondly, you would be obliged to examine every text which is accounted strong on the other side—a delicate business, in doing which you never would satisfy yourself or others. It is the hardest of tasks to make the explanations in any measure intelligible to a mixed audience, who will be confounded with your talk about various readings, translations, grammar, &c. &c.; and yet most of those texts absolutely require such critical discussion. You cannot, however, omit any of them in an examination of witnesses.

“ This is a great difficulty. Another arises from the very nature of cross-examinations. It is too great a piece of courtesy into which we have fallen, in suffering our adversaries to choose the witnesses, and being ourselves contented to show our ingenuity in proving that their testimony is not to be listened to. It is very impolitic. Everybody knows that any one may find witnesses to come into court, and some evidence, pretty plausible too, may be adduced on any side of any question; and he would be a fool that would rest his cause on the contradiction which he might detect in the witnesses of the other side. The justest cause would be lost in this way. Yet this is the mode which we have too much followed. And I venture to say, that those texts are too *crusty* ever to be set aside, except by diligently, repeatedly, constantly, arraying our texts on the other side, and preëccupying the ground with them. *You* are not a Unitarian because those difficulties were removed first, and the way so cleared; but because you got so settled on the opposite texts, that no counter texts could move you, whether explicable or inexplicable. And this must be the true course; when the mind is filled with the arguments for the Unitarian doctrine, they are so strong, that the difficulties and obscurities on the other side vanish of themselves.

They have no weight, even if they cannot be cleared up. In this view I consider it more necessary to be repeating continually four or five texts and simple considerations on our side, than anything else.

“This leads to another remark ; you like your plan because it forbids repetition. I dislike it for that very reason. Repetition is very necessary. There are some texts which ought not to be kept out of sight a moment ; some arguments also. But enough of this, and perhaps I do not precisely enter into your plan. At any rate, through the Historical books you can pursue it without much difficulty, and with great probable good.

“As to the matter of preëxistence, it were best to leave it alone. It is of small consequence, and I am not sure, for one, that it is not the truth. There is a good deal of the language of our Lord and the Apostles, which I cannot find satisfactorily explained on any other supposition. But this is a subject on which I acknowledge myself profoundly ignorant, and willing to remain ignorant, till I reach a world where I shall be more sure of knowing the truth.”

TO THE SAME.

“DECEMBER 2, 1822.

. “In regard to the matter of catechizing, I think it should be continued, without interruption, through the whole year, unless circumstances forbid ; otherwise the children may lose, during the intermission, what they have learned. Perhaps an occasional intermission may be well, but not at regular times. As to the mode, I conceive that the learning and repeating of answers is the smallest part of the business. It amounts to nothing, unless you explain, and be sure they understand, and fix *ideas* in their *minds*, rather than *words* in their *memories*. For example ; let the answer, which the child gives, be the basis of a new question ; and follow it up with

question after question, and illustration upon illustration, as long as you can go, and until you are sure that every important word is understood, and every important truth felt. In doing this, appeal as much as possible to their own experience, and ask *personal* questions relating to their own conduct and habits. This is the mode which I have practised, and which I conceive to be the true mode. Others pursue the same. A great interest is sometimes excited among the children in this way. They become very earnest; they ask explanations of their parents at home, and thus do *them* good also. You sometimes, too, may find an address or exhortation to them on some sentiment which comes up; and this may aid you in forming the habit of extemporaneous speaking.

"Your former letter, by mail, I received, and proceed to answer it. I rejoice at the spirit in which you seem to begin your winter's work. I never yet have doubted you, and doubt you less and less daily. I am glad that Greenwood encouraged you; it was just and kind. I am glad you printed in 'The Unitarian Miscellany.' It will do good to others, and credit to yourself; and everything will be good for you, which helps to increase a just and rational confidence in your own powers.

"I am concerned at the account you give of your eyes. Bear up as you can, and make the best of it. If there were no other reason, their situation is an imperious one for ridding yourself of your troublesome anxiety respecting your devotional service, of which you complain. Whenever you cannot study, *get up and talk aloud on some subject*. Do this an hour a day; make it a settled habit. Do not talk at random, but on a given topic, and as if you addressed an audience. Recite, in this way, the last chapter in morals, or the last novel, or sermon, which you have read. In one year after pursuing this plan, you will have gained a facility of expression, and command and fluency of language, which will enable you to preach with collectedness and confidence.

“Depend upon it, I do not exaggerate. I, myself, never practised half so much as this in private; and yet I speak once a week, and sometimes oftener, without anxiety or failure; though sometimes I get mortified. Do but consider, what a saving of eyesight and anxiety this would be, and how much time you may, in the mean while, redeem by this mode of study; how many fine chapters of fine authors you may lay up in your mind by thus repeating them aloud in your own words, and with your own emendations, &c. &c. Do try it. Especially, as regards your prayers, let your seasons of private personal devotion be more frequent and longer continued, and consist not merely of a mental exercise, but of the audible utterance of your sentiments and petitions.

“You complain of difficulty in manner, and you suggest the only cure,—familiarity with your sermons. No man can do his best, if he be a stranger to his manuscript. Men have, in spite of your skepticism, finished sermons on Wednesday. Some always do it. For myself, I never write well till Saturday; but it is very much habit. And, from what you say of yourself, I conceive that you have no duty more important than that of writing early in the week, at least a great proportion of your sermons, that you may have time to read them over. I feel your difficulty; but, unless you can find some other way of becoming familiar with your discourses, you ought, at any sacrifice, to take this mode, and write on Monday.

“As to Sunday schools, we begin to think them important, and shall establish some soon. I hope you will do the same. There are signs of a better spirit and growing zeal amongst us. We are opening private Sunday evening lectures among the poor in different parts of the town, and intend to introduce the Cambridge students to the good work. Other matters, also, too numerous to tell.

“My dear wife is better, and, I trust, gaining. The babe is declining, and probably will be taken from us. But it could not go at a better age, and we ought to be content, that

God should disappoint us. I never have known trouble, and it may be good for me.

"Write when you can, and let us exchange a list of subjects.

"Χάρις καὶ εὐλογία.

"Your brother HENRY."

In the autumn of 1822 he writes

TO MR. ALLEN.

. "I have made up my mind to resign my editorship. Four years is long enough; and I do not feel it right to throw away so much time in such drudgery. The income is no compensation, and nothing but my zeal for the cause would be stimulus enough. I can now do more good in some other way.

"I have commenced my Friday evening service, and think of a Sunday lecture besides; to be preached on a series of connected subjects, by such gentlemen as may be willing to help me. What do you think of the plan?"

This respite from editorial labor did not continue a very long time; for, in the course of the next year, or next year but one, we find him engaged in the management of "The Christian Register," in connexion with Messrs. Gannett, Lewis Tappan, and Barrett, each of them taking charge of one page. The paper was changed in form and appearance, and Mr. Ware had the general superintendence and the charge of all the original matter. This arrangement, however, was only temporary.

Through this winter, he was laboring constantly under great anxiety with regard to the health of both his wife and his youngest child. On the 2d of December, 1822, he speaks of them thus:

TO MR. ALLEN.

“I am glad to be able to say, that there is a gradual and decided improvement in Elizabeth’s health and appearance, though I dare not flatter myself. As to little Henry, we have every reason to apprehend that he will not be spared long. He wastes rapidly, but suffers little. Yet we are not despondent; for we remember your boy, and build hopes upon his recovery.

“The anxiety and apprehension I am undergoing in relation to my family are something new to me. I have never yet known adversity, nor anything but the accomplishment of every wish of my heart. No man has been more blessed. But I have always *thought* of the afflictions which are inevitable in human life, and trust I have, in some measure, prepared myself to meet them. That I need them, I am very sensible; that they would do me good, I cannot doubt; yet how earnestly could I pray that the cup might pass from me. But then life would not answer its end, and there are some duties of the ministry, which no man seems capable fully of performing till he has met them. See 2 Cor. i.”

The child, with occasional promise of amendment, continued to linger till the middle of March, 1823, when its death is thus noticed:

“He remained much in the state in which you saw him, growing, indeed, a little weaker, and, toward the last, suffering more. He passed through a severe agony at about five o’clock on Thursday morning; after which he seemed to go to sleep quietly, and in that state breathed away his life. We were as much prepared for the event as parents probably ever are; and our first feeling, I think, was one of relief, that he was at length quit of his sufferings, and would never know pain more.”

The health of Mrs. Ware fluctuated for a year longer. In the summer, in company with her husband, she made a short journey through Pennsylvania and New York; but, though her condition occasionally improved for short periods, she regularly declined; and, after her return in the autumn, hardly again left her chamber. She died on the 9th of February, 1824, at the age of thirty.

These were the first severe afflictions which my brother had ever experienced since arriving at mature life. His letters contain many intimations of his sensibility to this exemption from all great calamities; and the almost trembling solicitude with which he looked forward to the trial of his faith and hope, to which they would subject him, when they should occur, as he knew they must. On the present occasion, as on the loss of his child, the long sickness and the protracted and unusually severe sufferings of the deceased, as they had prepared him for the separation, had, in a certain degree, reconciled him to it. He writes to a sister thus:

“FEBRUARY 23, 1824.

. “You may more easily imagine, than I could say, what is the state of my feelings, and how desolate I am as I look forward. I have not only lost a most devoted and exemplary wife, but the event sets me adrift in the world, breaks up my plans, and changes my whole lot. Yet I, perhaps, have as many alleviations as fall to any one’s share in an affliction of this nature; and, considering the protracted sufferings to which she has been subject, and which she would have continued to endure, I look on it as a release for her, and pray that it may be a salutary trial for myself. But there are moments when I hardly know how to bear it. Yet I have been looking forward to it for two years constantly, and had

become so familiar with the expectation, that I almost feared I had grown indifferent to it, and shuddered at my own insensibility.

“The children are uncommonly hearty and very happy. They feel nothing of their loss, and appear to regard it but as a visit which mother is making to little Henry. I am only middlingly well myself, but, by air and exercise, hope to be soon strong.”

The following is a letter to the sister of his wife, Mrs. William Ware.

“SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1824.

. “As to talking, I have no heart for it, and am glad to be silent. I believe it is far better to be thus, than at board, both on my own account and the children’s. I do not know that I could be more situated to my mind. I am too much occupied to have many hours for thinking on my situation, though there are some, of a bitterness you may well imagine. Sometimes I think I have no heart, and wonder at my insensibility. At others, I know not how to support myself. I was at Mrs. May’s the other evening, and Mrs. Greele sung the whole of Sir J. E. Smith’s Hymn, with such expression, that I was completely overcome, and could bid nobody good night. I never felt the beauty of that hymn before. I was called to a wedding last Sunday. It had not occurred to me what a scene I was to witness; and, being therefore off my guard, when I found myself in the middle of the service, I was quite overcome, and with difficulty could command myself so as to go through. Such are some of the trials of feeling I am constantly meeting; who is there that can enter into them as you can?”

“I often think I could almost complain, that you must be away from me. There is none other that has been with me as you have, or whose presence could now give me that inde-

scribable sort of soothing and support, which is just what I want, and all that I want. But I must not indulge this. To all the world I seem as I have always done. Nobody knows what my loss is, or what I feel in secret. There is nobody but you, to whom I can tell it; and, if I thought I should add to your unhappiness, I would hold my tongue. But I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of giving vent to some of my feelings. It was at the close of Sunday, and days like this, that, after the service of the day, I used to taste the full and peculiar enjoyment of domestic happiness; and, at the return of this time, I cannot tell you how I feel it. What could I do without the children? They take up my time and beguile my feelings; and yet it is thinking of them, that serves to aggravate the sadness of my situation.

“Dear Mary, I am not repining, or murmuring against Providence; but I shall be the easier for giving way to these expressions, and shall be the more composed to find comfort in my prayers.”

Of the sources of consolation to which he turned, we have sufficient indication, by referring to those which he was in the habit of pointing out to others, when laboring under similar afflictions. What these were, and in what manner he was accustomed to exhibit them, can in no mode be so well displayed, as by introducing the two following letters, not written, indeed, at this period, or with reference to his own state of mind, but still most suitable to be read in connexion with this, the greatest trial of the kind which he was called on to encounter. It should be observed concerning the second letter, that it was written at the request of a friend, who desired his aid in removing certain painful associations in her mind with regard to death.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I have been more concerned than I can express, to hear of your affliction, and take the earliest moment to assure you of my sincere and deep sympathy. Your boy appeared to me a child of promise as great as parents are ever blessed with. You had a right, as far as, in the uncertainty of earthly things, we can ever have a right, to place your hopes upon him, and calculate upon deriving happiness from what he should be and do. I believe I can imagine, in some measure, what must be the feelings of a parent at the removal of such an object of affection and hope. I have often looked upon my own boy with the apprehension that he might be taken from me when I was cherishing him most dearly; and I have known that the grief of a parent must be most bitter indeed. But, then, we have been accustomed, in the cultivation of our religious spirit, to reflect on the appointments of Providence, and to feel that all blessings are merely lent by God’s favor, and are to be recalled at his pleasure. We have enjoyed them as temporary possessions only, and we yield them up to Him who gave them, not without sorrow at the parting, but yet as an event by no means unexpected.

“It is now that we find the value of our religion, and can rejoice that we are Christians. If it were not for the firm persuasion that this is true, and for the confidence and trust which it may inspire, it seems to me the hour of sorrow would be utter darkness. Without the knowledge of a just and fatherly Providence, which we obtain here,—without the glorious truths, promises, and hopes, which we find here,—what is there that could give any tranquillity, could reconcile us at all to adversity, or save us from absolute dismay of heart and despair? If I did not feel any of the trust which religion gives, I should leave my mourning friends to themselves; I could not speak to you. I should regard it as an empty mockery of their sufferings. For the amount of consolation then would be; ‘You cannot help it,—you cannot help it. And what comfort

is there in that? How I rejoice, then, that we are Christians. For, if men will open their hearts, a balm may be poured in, which shall soothe the most troubled soul. Now we can say, not only, 'You cannot help it,' but, 'It is well that you cannot.'"

"MY DEAR MRS. T——,

"I have this moment received your letter of the day before yesterday, and hasten to reply. I was overcome with surprise at hearing of Mr. A.'s death; for I had hoped, from your report, that he was recovering. I can fully sympathize with your feelings at his removal,—valued friend that he was, and full of promise as his character and talents were. But your first feeling, of course, must be, that, the more fit he was to live, the more fit to die; the greater reason there may be for mourning, the greater reason for being comforted; and the thought of what he was, the pleasant recollections that are associated with his name, will give a sort of melancholy pleasure amid grief; while the thought of what he *is*, and the expectation of meeting him again in a higher state, will give at times even a joyfulness to your mind.

"I say, the thought of what he *is*. You have seen his body resting in its dark house, and have come away, you say, impressed with that unpleasant image. But is that *he*? Is that body the friend that you loved? Certainly not; he is farther from that tomb than you are, and does not waste a thought upon it. Why then should you? When I think of what he *is*, I am thinking of the spirit,—I forget the body; I almost forget that he ever had a body; I fancy him to myself living, rejoicing among the spirits of heaven; and, while I think of him thus, I feel quite as much delight as sadness. This is what I think you should make an effort to do. Why should you be turning your thoughts at all to the poor clay he has left behind, when you have it in your power to turn them to

those pure and happy scenes where he is now enjoying, as we may reasonably trust, such felicity as earth cannot give ?

“ Let me tell you a word of my own experience. I have lost many very near and dear friends ; but I declare to you, that, by following this rule which I advise you to follow, I have always found more than consolation, even a high and singular pleasure in the midst of grief. I have forced my mind away from the body, the tomb, the decay, and have allowed it to think only of the immortal soul, freed from earth and happy in heaven. I have buried my dead,—that is, their bodies,—not only out of sight, but out of mind. I have not suffered myself to feel that my friends are dead, but only that they have gone home, are living in another place, a better place,—still thinking, active, loving, and happy ; thus, in fact, they are not dead to me ; as our Saviour teaches, they all are alive unto God. So unto my heart they are alive ; and I scarcely am conscious that they ever had bodies that could decay. They, themselves, are imperishable.

“ I lately removed to Mount Auburn the remains of two, dearly beloved, and long since gone. I opened the coffins, and saw that nothing remained but dust. There was nothing in this at all unpleasant to my feelings ; quite otherwise ; for it made me feel a sort of triumph in the faith, that Death had done his worst, and yet that he had not touched my friends. They were not here. I had been thinking of them, and almost speaking to them, for years, as the happy and glorified creatures of heaven. I could not fancy them as having anything to do with that poor dust before me ; and the sight of it only served to awaken gratitude to my Saviour, and strengthen my feeling of nearness to heaven.

“ Excuse me for dwelling thus on my own case. I have done it because I felt I could thus more easily explain what I mean, when I beg you to think no more of the perishing body. Why should you not come from the tomb of your friend, as I came from that of mine, lifted to heaven, rather than troubled

by earth's darkness and decay? Why should you not come away repeating to yourself the words of the angel, 'He is not there; he is risen.'

"You will gather, from what I have expressed, my views on the two points about which you particularly ask me. The truth is, my dear friend, that I have the fullest and most undoubting conviction, that the soul, immediately on the death of the body, passes to its final state; that consciousness is not for a moment interrupted; and that death is, in fact, to the spirit, nothing more than going from one mansion of the Great Father's house to another. I do not feel, therefore, as if my friends were dead; my feeling is, that they do not die; 'He that believeth in me shall never die.' Do you remember Newton's beautiful hymn?

" 'In vain the fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
On yielding up their breath.

" 'One gentle sigh their fetters breaks!
We scarce can say they 're gone,
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.'

"This seems to me the true expression; and then, when we too quit the flesh and follow them, I think we shall as certainly know them there as we knew them here. I cannot conceive it should be otherwise. It cannot be, that they and we shall be worshipping together through eternity in heaven, perhaps, side by side, and not know each other. I am as confident that I shall know them, as that I shall know my Saviour; it would be absurd to suppose, that the twelve Apostles will not know each other, or that Paul and his converts will not, when he has called them his crown of joy, in the day of the Lord. Yet if they are to recognize each other and renew the friendship and intercourse of earth, so must it be with all the faithful; and it is a most beautiful and comforting thought.

“ If I have at all met your wishes, I shall be grateful ; and, if I can clear up anything further, say so, and let me write again. I feel that it is not always easy to enter into another’s feelings, and I may have failed to do so now. Indeed, I always feel the insufficiency of human aid, and the appropriateness of the Psalmist’s prayer, ‘ Give *Thou* help from trouble, for vain is the help of man.’ May He bless you and yours.

“ Very sincerely, your friend,

“ H. WARE, JR.”

By the death of his wife, my brother was left in charge of two children, at an age peculiarly requiring a mother’s care. He was not well adapted, by his natural temperament, or by his acquired habits, to be charged with this responsibility alone. Though not at all insensible to the proper relation and duties of a parent, he naturally tended to an abstracted state of mind, to a complete absorption in his own thoughts and his own occupations, which led to a species of neglect of those thousand little points, which are so necessary to domestic discipline, but which can only be properly attended to by a mother.

In his case, also, the confidence which he had felt, that the interest of his children, in this particular, would always be cared for, had made him easy in the indulgence of the desire to devote himself, perhaps too exclusively, to his studies, his parish, and the public. For some months after his wife’s death he continued house-keeping, with the aid of his sister Harriet, afterwards Mrs. Edward B. Hall. This arrangement lasted till the autumn, when he gave up his house. His children, still under the charge of the same sister, were sent to Northborough, into the family of Mr. Allen, and he himself took lodgings at Mr. Heywood’s, one of his parishioners, residing in Salem Street.

CHAPTER X.

STATE OF HIS CHURCH AND PARISH—POEM ON THE VISIT OF LAFAYETTE—EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING—VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS—COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE—AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION FORMED—BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT CELEBRATION.

1824-25. *ÆT.* 30-31.

THE following letters relate to some of the subjects and events which interested him during the season subsequent to the occurrences recorded in the last chapter.

TO MRS. WILLIAM WARE.

“MAY 24, 1824.

“There is no time for writing like that when one has just received a letter; and therefore I begin this the moment I have read yours by Mr. Fox. It is Election week, and I shall probably not be able to finish till Saturday; but I will at once pour out my egotism, as you express yourself to have been concerned, from my silence, lest I was not well. It was only my eyes, and my driving about the parish. My eyes are better, and my health is greatly improved by my constant exercise abroad. Since March, I have made about three hundred parish visits, besides many others. I have about forty families yet to visit. I intend to persevere in the same course through the summer, as I find I do good, and may thus prevent the necessity of journeying. My seeing New York is out of the question, as I said in my last. I shall go to New Bedford and Nantucket, but probably not elsewhere.

“I talk of sending Harriet and the children to Northborough for a month, if Lucy can have them; and, as she wishes to make a visit home, I shall have a few weeks entirely alone. I shall not be sorry for this. I have not been enough alone, and I do not care how much time I have for the parish, now that I feel engaged in seeing it. We are organizing our church as a religious and charitable Society; to have quarterly meetings, to aid benevolent purposes, to help each other in temporal and religious things, and to promote a spirit of union and mutual acquaintance and interest. I think we shall also try a plan, which Mr. Walker has adopted. The members, in rotation, invite such as they are acquainted with to spend Sunday evening at their houses in religious conversation, the minister with them. Thus, different circles meeting at different places, by and by all the members meet and become known to all others. Great good must come from it.”

Of the ordination of Mr. Gannett, as colleague with Dr. Channing, he says, July 6th, 1824:

“We had a most delightful ordination on Wednesday. It is not possible for you to conceive the excitement produced by Dr. Channing. I never have seen the enthusiasm equalled. To hear such a sermon, is one of the memorable things in a man's life. It forms an epoch in his existence. You will soon see it, I trust. Gannett excites a strong interest in the parish, and he will doubtless be a great acquisition to the town.”

The first of the above letters refers to a plan, which he had carried into effect, to increase the prosperity of the church, to promote its religious influence and its power of doing good, by giving it a more social aspect, and to use means for creating sympathy and securing

coöperation among its members. His own words, however, will serve best to explain his views. They are contained in a report made to the church.

“The great principle, on which the prosperity and edification of the church must depend, appears to your committee to have been entirely overlooked in the general habits of all the churches with which we are connected. This is the *principle of association, union, sympathy, coöperation*. The church is, in its very essence, *an association*. Its very design and constitution is to effect the purposes of personal improvement, and to extend the influence of religion, by mutual counsel, aid, and coöperation. Hence, the Apostles emphatically call it *one body*, and its members, *members one of another*.

“If this be forgotten, and, instead of a constant union in worship and action, Christians only meet infrequently at the table of the Lord, this primary purpose is lost sight of, and it cannot, therefore, be expected that the greatest religious prosperity should be attained. When Jesus framed the model of his church, he in a manner set the example, the first example, of that union by systematic association, which has since extended so far, and has wrought such powerful effects in the world. Is it, then, consistent, that the church should be the first to relinquish this principle? And must it not be expected to become weak and inefficient by abandoning it, just in proportion as it first became strong by adhering to it? Let us, then, henceforth resolve to regard this church as an association, actually and actively united for the accomplishment of religious and benevolent purposes.”

The result of this attempt was not only an increased activity, zeal, and religious interest in the church, but the gradual accumulation, by voluntary contributions, of a fund, which was at length sufficient for the erection of a spacious and commodious vestry.

The Society, in the mean time, had been constantly increasing. The meeting-house, which had remained unaltered from its original construction, was so arranged, in the old-fashioned manner, as to accommodate but few hearers in proportion to its size. Several slight alterations had been made from time to time, to increase its capacity; but, in the summer of 1823, it was determined to remodel it entirely. The interior was accordingly taken out, new galleries were made, the pews were reduced in size, and their number was increased. There was, as a consequence, a very considerable addition to the number of families in the congregation.

The summer of 1824 was rendered memorable by the visit of Lafayette to the United States. He visited Boston in the latter part of August, and attended the Commencement at Harvard College in the last week of that month. Mr. Ware participated deeply in the general enthusiasm excited by this event, and was accidentally led to take a part in the public services to which it gave occasion. Lafayette had accepted an invitation to attend the annual celebration of the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, on the day after Commencement. The selection of Mr. Edward Everett, as the orator of the year, rendered it certain that so far the literary entertainment of the day would be worthy of the occasion. But the person originally appointed to deliver a poem failed to make his appearance, and my brother came to supply his place under the circumstances described below.

“ AUGUST 28, 1824.

. “ You may, perhaps, guess what an exhilarating week this has been. Nothing can exceed the splendor

and happiness of the occasion. The scenes in the meeting house, and at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner, beggar description. You have seen, by the paper, that I presumed to manufacture a poem for the occasion. It happened thus. On Sunday evening, Father told me two remarkable dreams of Mr. Packard and Mrs. Fluker, about the year 1794. They struck my fancy, and, amid the strong excitement of the week, I versified them; and, Percival not appearing, I offered to declaim them. I hope I have escaped the charge of presumption, which I suppose I deserved, but, in the fervor of the season, had no time to think of. If any assail me with it, 'I'll print it, and shame the fools.'

. "Everett's oration was very fine. The concluding address to Lafayette was one of the most affecting and overpowering efforts of eloquence I ever witnessed; it shook the whole audience, and bathed every face in tears. When he sat down, it was followed with nine cheers and an interminable clapping. Luckily I had spoken first. Two hundred dined with the Phi Beta Kappa, and there was a stream of wit and fine feeling flashing and flowing for two hours, with a brilliancy and rapidity that left no time to drink or speak, or to hear anything but cheerings, and clappings, and laughings. Lafayette enjoyed it highly, and cannot meet anything in America to surpass or equal what he has seen and enjoyed this week. What a favored man is he! enjoying 'a triumph,' as Everett very well said, 'such as consuls and monarchs never knew.' One toast of Lafayette, at the Phi Beta Kappa, has not found its way into the paper; it was a comparison of the political institutions of America with those of Europe, and ended with an application of these words of Cicero: '*Quæ est in hominibus tanta perversitas, ut, frugibus inventis, glande vescantur?*'"

It is not intended to give an account of all Mr. Ware's literary productions in each year, as we pass

over it. The more important ones will require some notice; but, for the remainder, the reader is referred to the complete list of his published writings, given at the close of the work.

In the course of the year 1824, he published an Essay, entitled "Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching." This subject had engaged a considerable share of his attention for some years, as is shown by several allusions in his letters from Exeter. He had a strong impression of the value of the ability to preach extemporaneously,—of the greater impression which is frequently thus produced,—of the absolute necessity, under some circumstances, of being able to improve particular occasions to the advantage of hearers, by remarks suggested by time, place, and events. He was not naturally fluent; he had not that ready current of words which flows from some persons without effort, and often without ideas. Besides this, a constitutional diffidence, or rather, it might be called, bashfulness, stood very much in the way of his efforts; and, although sufficiently self-possessed when speaking in public with common preparation, he was much less so when attempting to address an audience without a written discourse. Still, his strong conviction of the importance of this accomplishment induced him to persevere in acquiring it. His first attempts were made in the weekly evening meetings which he held with his people; and it was not till after long-continued discipline here, that he ventured to trust himself in the delivery of an unwritten discourse from the pulpit. He did this for the first time in August, 1819, on the subject of "the Pharisee and the Publican." From this time, to the end of his ministry, he continued the prac-

tice. About one in six or seven of the new discourses, which he prepared in every year afterwards, was extemporaneous. Of the labor and difficulty which attended him in this discipline,—of his frequent misgivings and imperfections, and sometimes, as he regarded them, failures, he frequently spoke in his letters.

TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

“APRIL 6, 1827.

“Don't give up the ship for one unfortunate fire. Why, I have suffered worse than Indian torture fifty times; but then I had Indian perseverance; and it is only by not flinching, that we can gain the great end at last. You must expect, as a matter of course, sometimes to do ill. The state of mind, state of health, stomach and bowels, nature of the dinner you have just eaten, &c. &c., all these unaccountably affect the power of the mind. And, then, sometimes you will make too much preparation, that is, try to arrange *words*, and sometimes make too little, that is, arrange no *thoughts*, and in either case you will flounder. After beginning, it were wicked to be disheartened. *Up again, and take another*; that's the mode in which children learn to walk, and by which you must learn to talk.”

He persevered through all discouragements, and at length acquired a great readiness at extemporaneous speaking, especially on the occasions for which he chiefly valued it, viz., where some event or circumstance, as in public meetings, for instance, required immediate attention. Under such circumstances he spoke most easily and most happily without any preparation, uttering the thoughts which were suggested at the time. The extemporaneous discourses, which

were delivered in the regular course of his duty, were prepared with considerable care, and probably very little time or study, if any, was saved by this method. Still, it proved a most valuable aid to him in after life, when, from disease of the eyes, he was unable to write out his sermons at length, or even to read those which were written.

The results of his reflection and experience on this subject were embodied in the work just mentioned. It met with much favor, and he received from persons of many denominations expressions of the satisfaction which had attended its perusal.

The habit which he had labored so faithfully to acquire himself, he labored to induce others to acquire; and one object of his exertions, when he was subsequently an instructor of young clergymen, was to induce them to aim at this accomplishment, and to assist them in attaining it. This book has passed through several editions, both in this country and in Europe.

He also published, in the same year, "The Recollections of Jotham Anderson," intended to illustrate the life of a New England country clergyman. It appeared originally in "The Christian Register," in separate numbers, afterwards collected into a volume, of which two or more editions have been printed. This book, though professedly fictitious, embodies many recollections of his own early life, and many of the experiences of his more mature years. There is probably very little of it which has not its foundation in reality, though no part in which the story is an exact picture of life. It was published anonymously, but the authorship was suspected some time before it was actually acknowl-

edged. In a letter of March 9th, 1825, he thus speaks of it:

“I hear that it is reported at Martha’s Vineyard, that I wrote ‘Jotham Anderson.’ Do you know anything about it? I see the old gentleman is at work again, and would be as glad to know if it is I, as Sosia was to know himself. My impartial judgment would lead me to decide it can’t be I; for I don’t see how in the world I could find time for it now, while I am writing tales for children, and carrying a volume of sermons through the press. My impression, therefore, is, that the folks at Edgarton Old-town must be a little mistaken.”

The other productions referred to in this extract were, a little book, written for the amusement and instruction of his son, called “Robert Fowle,” which he also published; and a volume of “Sermons on the Offices and Character of Jesus Christ,” which he printed in the spring of 1825. These discourses were not prepared with any view to publication. They were written in the ordinary course of ministerial labor, at various times; but, constituting a tolerably connected series, and exhibiting what he thought important views of the subjects to which they related, he believed their publication would be useful. They were extensively circulated, and afterwards reprinted.

About the same period he projected, and began the preparation of, a “Commentary and Family Bible.” He writes thus of it:

TO MR. ALLEN.

“I am seriously thinking of undertaking a Commentary and Family Bible. Who else will do it? With my feelings

of its importance, is it not my duty? The task is enough to frighten one; but it must be done by somebody,—and he must remember the Discontented Pendulum. What do you advise me? Father rather urges it; he mentioned it of his own accord. Walker says, that it will be as well received from me as from any one, and that he knows no one else who is likely to grapple with it. Tell me what you think. I frankly confess it appalls me, and I think myself better suited to something else. I have not the learning, &c., and my habits of thinking and writing give me a predilection for some other work. But I must do something,—and is not a man bound to do what he knows will be most useful, if he has reason to think he can do it usefully? And, if people tell him so, must he not think so? I want to decide soon; for, unless I have something on hand, I waste time too abominably for man to bear, who has an account to give. Besides, in my solitary state, I cannot be happy without an object, which shall strongly interest and engross me. I only want to know what that object should be; a poem,—a romance,—a system of divinity,—a history,—or anything that I can do. Let me know what, and I'll go to work."

June 16th, he says: "I have begun my Commentary in earnest, and have revised the translation as far as Matthew, xi."

To this attempt he had been rather urged by others than led by his own preference. Labor of this kind was somewhat distasteful to him. His studies and habits of thought had not led him in this direction. It was, besides, a task requiring too long attention to one object, for a person of his temperament, which disposed him to engage in enterprises to be completed by a few short, frequent, and vigorous efforts, rather than in such as required protracted and patient labor. Hence,

although for many years he occasionally worked upon this Commentary, and made some progress, he never entered into it with that zeal and earnestness, which were, with him, essential to the accomplishment of his purposes.

In the "anniversary week" in May, of this year, 1825, was formed the American Unitarian Association; an event in which he took much interest, and which he did much to promote. "Have you heard," he wrote to his brother, June 9th, "of our great 'American Unitarian Association,' formed in Election week? I hope something from it. Burton is scouring the land for auxiliaries. You must have one in New York. The officers are, E. S. Gannett, Secretary, (and his whole soul in it,) Lewis Tappan, Treasurer, (and his soul the same,) A. Norton, J. Sparks, and J. Walker, Directors. The objects of it, cheap doctrinal tracts, missionary preachers, and a bond of union to all of the name throughout America. We have a Vice-President in every section of the country, all laymen." Of this Association he was always an active member, and, both as Foreign Secretary and as one of the Directors, took a constant interest in it, and contributed much to its successful operation.

In May, he writes thus

TO HIS SISTER HARRIET.

. . . . "I do not at all wonder that you are inclined sometimes to distrust yourself wholly; for there is no more difficult task. You are very inexperienced, and those who have had the most, and the most successful, experience, are very prone to be dissatisfied with themselves. It is a painful state of mind, to be sure; but salutary, I believe;—

for, when one is quite self-satisfied, one ceases to take the necessary pains to do well. We need the feeling of deficiency to keep us awake and active. So, also, in regard to your own personal improvement, that sense of deficiency, which is sometimes almost desponding, operates to keep one humble, and to show the necessity of continued watchfulness and exertion. What person did you ever know to improve, who felt perfectly satisfied? Who ever became all that he ought to be, that fancied himself already such?

“I have felt all that you describe; I have been spell-bound and harassed by the same constitutional thoughtlessness and carelessness. It subjects me to constant mortifications and shame; and my great misfortune is, that my success in my calling, which I never can think of without amazement, serves to render me too insensible to a fault, which I am ready to think hidden by attainments in other particulars. I mention this only to show, that I fully enter into your case.

“‘Where, then, is the remedy?’ you ask. In the remedy for all habits, which grow up, as this has done, from natural tendencies and long neglect of counteraction; only in equally long struggles against it, long and patient effort, continued and unrelaxing perseverance. It must be made a *business*,—perhaps *the* business of life. This is *our* peculiar trial. In other respects we are more happily constituted, and, by the infinite blessings of education and situation, are saved from other moral temptations, and virtue is made easy. But, in all that, there is no credit,—I had almost said, no virtue; because no effort. We must make effort for something; and this is that something; here lies our probation. If we habitually regard it in this light, we shall not despair, but shall go on cheerfully.

“The great point is,—and in this we specially have to struggle against this constitutional evil,—to maintain a strong, active, and fervent spirit of devotion; to secure the constant and paramount action of the religious principle and religious motives. I fear, that it is here we especially fail, and that our

carelessness in this must be cured, before a thorough remedy can pervade our characters. I judge of your case by my own. I do think you have probably erred in this particular,—that carelessness, I mean, of which you speak,—more than I did; I have been more favorably situated. But I have perceived in you, for a long time, a visible and growing improvement; and, with the desire you manifest to go on, I do not doubt, you will completely conquer at last. Do not, however, rely on the sufficiency of any but the highest motives.

“This is a long sermon; but I feel as if I were preaching to an eager listener, who will not throw it away. I hope it is to the purpose. If not, tell me; and tell me in what point, of any sort, I can say a word to help you. How can I be better or more interestingly employed?

“The management of Sunday is a hard problem. Who knows what is too much and too little? Perhaps the children might be separated part of the day. As to making it burdensome to them, it would never do; and I do not like that it should be the most laborious in the week to you. You ought to have some time for your own reading and improvement.”

In June, he gives an account of the ceremonies attendant on laying the corner-stone of the Bunker-Hill Monument.

TO THE SAME.

“JUNE 16, 1825.

“Can you conceive the bustle and confusion we are in? Everybody and everything is crazy with preparation for tomorrow. The streets have been thronged, for two days, with people on foot and in carriages, going to Bunker-Hill. To-day it has been an uninterrupted procession, a clogging crowd. The hill is thick and black with visitors. Charlestown Bridge, at times, is so thronged as to be almost impassable. Strangers from everywhere fill the town. Every respectable tavern and

boarding-house has been more than full for two nights; and last night, I am told, some were compelled to pass in the streets. Several companies of soldiers encamp on the Common to-night. Preparation is made, in a splendid tent, to dine about five thousand. Tables have been partially laid this three days; and the rain last night soaked the table-cloths, and filled the plates and dishes. The amphitheatre, on the side of Bunker-Hill, is calculated to seat nearly ten thousand people, two thousand seats being for the ladies. The preparations are truly magnificent, and the public excitement is great beyond description. I will write you to-morrow an account of what is done, as I dare say you will like to hear from me, as well as from the papers.

“ *Saturday, June 18.* The great day is over; and, as I am sure the papers will not tell the truth, or, at least, *my* truth, about it, I will relate my experience. The day itself was as perfectly delightful as you ever have in June. The procession began to form at ten o'clock; consisted of probably from eight to ten thousand; reached my meeting-house at twenty minutes past eleven, and entered Charlestown Square at twenty minutes past twelve. We formed a large square around the site of the intended monument, and all was perfectly orderly till after the corner-stone was laid, of which ceremony I could neither see nor hear anything.

“ After that, all was disorder. Nobody knew what was to be done,—even the marshals had not been informed,—and, therefore, instead of forming the procession again, and going quietly to the seats, the crowd made a tremendous and tumultuous rush down the hill, and seized all the best ones, at once. Then a long time was employed in clearing them, so as to give rightful persons their rightful places. But, alas! nobody knew where his rightful place was, and some were driven from several before they could find their own, and many found none at all. In a word, nothing could be worse done than this part of the affair. Before half of the procession

had come down and were seated, old Mr. Thaxter began his prayer; but there were a thousand people talking as loud as he; a hymn was sung, but still no quiet. Webster rose; but now the rabble from behind burst through the guard, and came down through the alleys, and choked them up.

"I left my seat in despair, and went off. I walked round the outskirts, and tried various places; but in vain. I caught a sentence now and then; but the crowd was made up of boys and men, who cared nothing for the speech, but were talking and joking and walking about. So that, whereas it is perfectly certain, that all on the seats, that is, more than ten thousand, might have heard, if they had been properly and quietly arranged, it turned out that not more than a third of that number heard anything. Half of the ministers and others, who most cared to hear, were excluded. I made out to press my way at last, so as to hear the orator's conclusion, of fifteen minutes. He was about an hour or more.

"The same disorder reigned at dinner. Nobody knew where he was to go; nothing could be seen or heard in so great a crowd; and, when it came to the songs and toasts, guess, if you can, the intolerable hubbub. I soon grew tired and came away; got home, horribly fatigued, and went to bed with a sick headache. No doubt, above one hundred thousand people were out. Among other matters worth mentioning, there was a scarcity of water at dinner. After walking and sitting in the sun and dust for more than five hours, we found no pitchers holding more than a pint; and when we had replenished them twice, lo! there was no more to be had. So that some men actually could not eat because of their thirst."

'The following letters, written in July, refer to the death, by drowning in Charles River, of a brother, about nine years old.

“JULY, 1825.

“I was in at the examination of the Senior Class. Father was called out; and I heard the distant whisper, which informed me of some catastrophe. I rushed out, also. For some time we could not find who sent for us, nor where we were to go; but, in the street, one and another told us, that it was Mr. Ware's child, at the old bath. You may guess with what feelings we hurried on together, not knowing whose child, and I, of course, dreading it was John. Our suspense was not relieved till we had been on the bank for some minutes. I found that John had not undressed. Who knows what a day may bring forth; and who can preach like Providence?”

“JULY 17, 1825.

“The funeral was on Thursday,—very private, but a few persons,—all in violent grief, as you may suppose. C——'s agony was particularly touching. Poor Edward was so timid, and so little venturesome, that it seems the more affecting that he should have been taken. But it is probable that he suffered nothing after the first fright. As he never lifted his head above the water, there is no doubt he died at once. It is a great satisfaction to believe, that the horrid feeling of such terror was not protracted. It was precisely twenty years that day since the death of our mother, as, perhaps, you observed. Is it not remarkable, that six of us have grown to maturity, as we have? And do you not sometimes look round with a sort of apprehension, as if a breach must soon be made, and as if you would ask where? I have felt so these six years; but I am more wedded to life than I was then.”

CHAPTER XI.

FAILURE OF HIS HEALTH, AND A JOURNEY FOR ITS RESTORATION—
VISITS THE INTERIOR OF NEW YORK—HIS ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRA-
ORDINARY RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT THERE—LETTERS—VISIT TO
NIAGARA—RETURNS WITH IMPROVED HEALTH.

1826. *ÆT.* 32.

It is not possible to make particular mention of all the multifarious objects which had engaged his attention during the last few years we have gone over. He had been constantly occupied in very active duties in his parish, both as a preacher, in and out of season, and as a visiter; as a preacher on various other occasions away from home; as a writer in the "Christian Examiner" and "Christian Register," and for some time as a conductor of one or the other of them; in fine, as an active mover in all public enterprises for promoting benevolent and religious purposes. He had done all this with so little regard to his capability of physical endurance, that, in the beginning of 1826, he was completely exhausted, and his health so much impaired, as seriously to alarm his friends. But, nevertheless, as was usually the case with him, he continued hopeful and cheerful. In May, he writes thus to his friends in New York:

"If I had not bound myself to Boston, by positive engagements, I certainly should have taken you by surprise this

week, for I am not only on an impatient tiptoe, but I have been rather troubled with pains and disturbances in my chest ; so that, after plastering, blistering, and dieting, I was quite beat out on Sunday, and longed for the wings of a dove to fly away. But I am bound here fast till the first of June, and then I shall fly away, whether I have wings or not. Indeed, I am better ; notwithstanding this cruel excess of heat, I am a good deal better, and shall soon cease to ail. I have a multitude of matters and plans to talk over with you. I hope your good New York hospitality will allow me some hours of undisturbed quiet with you. One plan is to fetch you home with me. Another is, to spend one week in going up the river, and to the western part of the State, to attend the annual Conference of the *Christians*, &c. More when I see you.

“I expect to bring with me, to New York, one of my young men, who is of an excellent spirit, and who will please you, Sampson,—of not great education, but one of nature’s good men. I am very happy in a little knot of young coadjutors in my parish.

“I am just now listening to a delightful band playing at a distance ; the music stealing through the still midnight air, windows open, a perfect calm, and a beautiful bright moon, half veiled by clouds, in mid-heaven. It comes sweetly along, ‘like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul.’ It is just midnight, and memory, as well as imagination, grows busy.”

His condition was far from being so favorable as he represents it in this letter ; but he engaged, with his usual zeal, in the meetings of the Anniversary week, especially in that of the American Unitarian Association, up to Wednesday, but left the city, quite exhausted, on that day for Northborough, whence he wrote the next morning to his friend, Mr. Gannett.

"JUNE 1, 1826.

"MY DEAR GANNETT,

"Every mile that I rode, increased my regret at leaving the doings of the week, and confirmed me in the persuasion that I had done right in coming away; and I am sorry for nothing about it so much, as that I have left upon your hands an additional burden of care. I hope you will throw it off upon some one else. I intended to see Sewall, but my engagements on Tuesday rendered it impossible. I think that he will take one page, at least; the first or second, as you may prefer, though not ready to take the whole. I suppose some arrangement with him will take place at once. Pray let it be with an express stipulation, that the paper* shall not get a character of perpetual carping and fault-finding with 'the Recorder,' and other *Autodoxies*. We are always in danger of it, and it would be a great and offensive evil.

"If I had brought with me my notes of the speeches, I think I could have done something with them, though they are very slight. I fear you cannot use them, or any one else. Saltonstall will send a sketch of his remarks, and perhaps Judge Story and the others would do the same. You can judge if it would be best to ask them. I think, decidedly, that as full an account of the meeting, as possible, is desirable. Everything was admirable.

"Pray keep yourself well and strong. I shall rejoice to hear, that you are fully relieved from the drudgery of the paper, and spared to other duties. Meanwhile, my strong-hearted coadjutor,

"Yours, ever,

"H. WARE, Jr."

He preached at Springfield on Sunday, and, leaving there on Monday, reached New York in manner and form as follows:

* "The Christian Register," of which he was then one of the Editors.

“NEW YORK, JUNE 7, 1826.

“This is to inform you, and all concerned, that I had a hot ride to Springfield, and got there at seven o'clock; took a bowl of milk at the tavern, and a cup of coffee at Peabody's; having been smothered by heat all day. Left Springfield Monday morning, at five o'clock; rode ten miles to breakfast; calamitously cold,—thick clothes, and great coat,—yet no comfort. Reached Hartford at half past ten; spent till eleven in seeing fishermen draw their nets and take nothing. Started for New York; fine passage; so cold, obliged to keep below. ‘Any library on board?’ ‘No, Sir.’ ‘Any books?’ ‘No, Sir.’ A pleasant prospect, truly. Not a soul that I ever saw before; so I sauntered and slept, and read a few tracts, and a good many old newspapers, and slept again. Turned in at seven, P. M., and slept well till we landed at New York, at five, Tuesday morning, and at six went to William's. Have been dull and stupid; no life in me. I think of going to Niagara, or Lebanon Springs; anywhere, where I shan't have to see any one. I have been reading Mrs. Royall's ‘Travels,’ the most entertaining book I ever saw; full of information; a woman of very keen and perspicacious observation; saw seventy steeples in Boston; discovered that Ward Nicholas Boylston gave to College its whole library; is going to publish two volumes more of information equally accurate. When you get into the dumps, read it.”

TO MR. GANNETT.

“NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1826.

“One of the few things, which have disturbed me since I left home, has been, that I quitted you without putting a laborer in my place; and I fear that you may have been driven to inconvenience thereby. I long to hear how you have managed, and what arrangements the Executive Committee has been able to make with Sewall. I hope that by this time you are fairly rid of the drudgery.

“I hope you will give my people a word when you can ; and if sometimes having an unengaged half day, you will bestow it on them, it will be particularly acceptable to them, as well as oblige me. I am desirous that you should preach to them an ‘India’ sermon. Mr. Samson means to go about the subscription, and the matter must be set before them in proper order, and with power. Will you let him know *when* you will do this, if in your power to do it at all ?

“I hoped to have given you from here a few paragraphs for the paper ; but it hurts me too much to make the effort to write. If I become able, as I proceed, you may depend on hearing. I feel, for the three last days, better symptoms. I start on horse-back for Niagara to-morrow or next day, and trust to grow fat and stout soon.”

In New York he was delayed by various causes ; he remained there about a fortnight, bought a horse, and on the 26th of June, began an equestrian journey to Niagara. The best account of this expedition will be his own, contained in his letters to various friends. Before setting out, he had already improved somewhat in strength, but still continued to suffer much from many of his ailments.

“ WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 10 A. M.

(*written with pencil.*)

“Dear W. and M. I have ridden ever since five, without finding a tavern ; so, being both hungry and tired, I sit on a rock beneath an *umbrageous shade*, (‘sub tegmine fagi,’) and improve my time by writing. I had a fine ride the day I left you. I suspect you had a shower, but it did not touch me. I arrived at Kingsbridge, thirteen miles, about eight ; got to the edge of Greenburg next morning, seven miles, to breakfast,—a fine, old, clean house, kept by fine, old, clean people, Van Wyck. I was quite delighted, though the same room served

for parlor, bar-room, and bed-room ; excellent milk, delicious bread and butter. By eleven, I got to Tarrytown, seven miles ; and, being very tired, stayed till to-day. I might have breakfasted at Sing Sing ; but, as I past there a little after six, I preferred to go on. I am now in the Highlands ; but the Highlands have no taverns, and I hear and see nobody. This morning's ride has been most beautiful. The river is in view for miles, crowded with vessels, and many romantic spots on shore. I enjoy myself and my horse, who does well. Riding cheers me. I feel no better than when in New York ; but, as I was dull there, being cheèred is something. If I ever get to a tavern, I will write some more.

“ Said tavern I found at half past ten ; one room on a floor ; folks washing ; no hay, but exceeding good bread. Shall have to decamp soon. On my way, met two little Highland lasses, of whom I bought six cents' worth of raspberries. On asking, ‘ How far to a tavern ? ’ they said, ‘ they had n't seen none go by to-day. ’ I had other conversations, equally pleasant and peculiar. For some miles I have lost sight of the river, and the road is very little frequented, and human habitations are scarce. About a mile from this little inn I fell in with Peekskill, passed through, and at four, P. M., am at the Phoenix Hotel ! no other house within miles. Said Hotel one story high, not old and neat. Here I shall bivouac, fearing I may go farther and fare worse. Thirty miles to-day, and not a little tired.”

“ REDHOOK, HERMANN'S INN,

“ FRIDAY, JUNE 30, half past six, P. M.

“ Dear W. & M. My mind misgives me that you did not get the letter which I sent from the *Pheönix* hotel. I left it for the stage-driver to put into the office at Peekskill, in order that you might surely have it by last night ; but, as I forgot to leave a douceur, I take it for granted he forgot it. I therefore hurry to write again, to tell you I get on bravely. This

makes a hundred and seven miles, as near as I can find, for no two persons agree touching any distances. I came from *Pokepsy* to-day, either twenty-six or thirty miles, nobody knows which. Rhinebeck is very pleasant. Poughkeepsie is very disagreeable. Redhook pleasant. This tavern is low, small, but tolerably comfortable ; and, what is 'a sight for sair e'en,' possesses a handsome landlady, of genuine New England stamp, the first specimen I have met with ; for, in truth, the greater part of the taverns are misery of the first water. Horse does exceedingly well. I reach Catskill to-morrow, and shall probably spend Sunday and part of Monday there. But where shall I keep 'Independence'? I must make an oration to the woods.* Doubtless they will murmur applause. I wish I had been weighed at New York ; I have been very thin, but prognosticate a good fattening. If it were not for occasional soreness and pain, I should think I was fit to go home now."

"CANAL BOAT, CONNECTICUT, JULY 5, P. M.

"I remain just about so, except that for two days I have again had a little more uneasiness in my chest ; no great, however. I took a boat on reaching the *canol* this morning, and shall arrive at Utica to-morrow noon. My last week's tour has been quite pleasant. I have seen the glorious Catskill, and written myself an ass in the album. I then crossed a very beautiful country, though rather by cross-roads, and got to the canal at six this morning. Thus far we have followed the banks of the Mohawk, which are pleasant and sometimes beautiful. The number of boats astonishes me ; we certainly pass one at least every ten minutes. It is dull work on the whole.

* This allusion is explained by the circumstance, that he had been selected by the city authorities of Boston to deliver an oration before them, on the semi-centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence. The state of his health had made it necessary, after having once made an engagement to accept the appointment, to ask to be relieved from fulfilling it.

No beauty of country can keep away ennui, in this indolent way of moving without motion, a whole day, at three miles an hour."

The interior of New York was at this time the seat of an extraordinary religious excitement; and, on arriving at Utica, July 6th, and proceeding thence to Trenton, he found himself in the midst of it. In a letter to Mr. Gannett, he gives some account of the state of feeling, especially with regard to the Unitarian Society at Trenton. This letter states things as they were seen and heard, under the immediate influence of the strong passions and prejudices of the period. That they were much colored and distorted, by the medium through which they reached my brother's mind, no one, looking back at this distance of time, will probably doubt. Some of the statements, particularly that which ascribes to Mr. Finney the assuming of a blasphemous title, were called in question at the time, and shown to be unsupported by any sufficient evidence. The general picture was found to be true; there was little exaggeration in the general impression given of the feverish and almost delirious state of the public mind; but some of the details had become magnified.

The expediency of bringing up, at this distant day, accounts like these, of so painful a character, may be thought doubtful. The religious body, concerned in movements of this kind, may regard themselves as misrepresented by them; to a certain extent they probably are so. But such events are a part of the history of the time; the misconceptions and misrepresentations of one party by another, are a part, also, of this history; and the history of the times is the only true back-ground of the picture of the individual. There is another rea-

son for perpetuating these narratives, inserted as they are intended to be, not as certainly true in all their points, but as believed to be true at the time. The party referred to may feel that they are unfairly represented, and that false views are given of their motives, character, and intentions. Now, those impressions were made upon the mind of a man unusually kind in his feelings towards his opponents, disposed to a charitable construction, not inclined to a harsh estimate of other sects; yet they feel them to be erroneous. If they are so, should not the fact be a lesson to both of the parties? If, on the one hand, the extravagances of a few fanatical individuals, and the excesses of an excited community, at a particular time, are painted in somewhat too high colors, and regarded too much as the legitimate results of the opinions and policy of a particular sect,—may it not happen, on the other hand, that the apathy of the opposing party, their disapproval of the whole class of means of which these are a part, the cold regard in which they hold the whole matter of revivals, may be also exaggerated, and their motives be misconceived, and not be so attributable to religious indifference as has been supposed?

TO MR. GANNETT.

“UTICA, JULY 9, 1826.

“The great excitement which has existed for some time in this town and neighborhood, you have probably heard of. It has been attended with occurrences of outrageous and vulgar fanaticism, such as, I hope and believe, have never been paralleled; and, in its whole tone, has had a tendency to render religion disgusting to sober observers. To frighten by any means, the most unwarrantable, has been the great effort; and

the indecorums, the breaches of good manners, the profanity and blasphemy, which have been committed, are almost incredible. The great leader is either a crazy man or an impostor. He calls himself 'the brigadier-general of Jesus Christ;' which is a characteristic specimen of his manner. In his manner he is copied by all the subalterns, most of whom are the young men from Auburn; who are let loose, during vacation, on the neighboring country, being boarded, it is said, at the expense of the institution; and who go round in bands, assailing passengers in the street, and prying into families, and, in the most impudent way, catechizing and threatening. The prayer for Colonel Mappa you have seen, I dare say; it ought to be published in the 'Register'; ought it not? It is a specimen of the style in which things are done.

"Let me give you a few other specimens. It is common for these young men to ask a passenger on the road, 'Where are you going?' He answers; and they say, 'No, you are not.' 'No! what do you mean?' 'Why, I say, you are going to hell!' This has become a by-word among the children, a lesson of profaneness to them, who are heard rehearsing the question and answer perpetually. Some one asked the great preacher (Finney) to lend him his horse. 'I have not any horse,' said he. 'No horse? Is not that your horse in the stable?' 'No, that's Jesus Christ's horse; if you are going on an errand for him, you can have him.' One of the preachers gave out that he could get his horse removed to any place he pleased, by prayer; could pray him out of one pasture into another. When displeased, the common phrase is, 'I will go and tell God of you,' &c. &c. You would hardly credit some of the stories. It is proposed to write a history of the thing and publish it. Finney has at last been obliged to leave Utica, where he was for a long time; for the better part of the people became so disgusted, that they began to stir themselves, and then, perhaps, a Unitarian Society might have been collected; but things are hardly ripe yet.

“In this spirit and form a violent assault was made upon Trenton, and it was given out that the society should be crushed. ‘Only pray, only keep praying, and we shall soon root them out,’ said the brigadier-general. And they did pray, abusively, about persons, against persons, at all times, and in all places. Their emissaries were prowling about, sometimes eight, and even more, at a time. They left not a stone unturned. But, by the power of the truth and the blessing of God, the Society is firmer, more earnest, and more prosperous. It has gained accessions in number and in zeal. The minister has worked hard, perseveringly and successfully. Under such circumstances I could not resist the request to preach; and, as I am so much improved in strength, shall probably do it again. If a people ever deserved countenance, it is this people. For twenty years they have held up the banner through the burden and heat of the day, amid many discouragements and neglects; yet have they persevered with a spirit which does them great credit. They are much more numerous than I supposed. They are most intelligent, respectable and devoted, and, with their minister, should be held in constant remembrance by their more favored brethren.”

TO THE REV. ISAAC B. PEIRCE OF TRENTON, N. Y.

“ALEXANDER, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1826.

“I passed Wednesday night at Auburn. I intended to visit the Seminary in the evening, for the purpose of acquainting myself with its state, discipline, course of instruction, &c. But all the young men were at a prayer-meeting, and I went there too; and there arose to speak a man whom I soon settled in my thought to be the notorious Finney. He gave directions for the manner of praying, not so as to be accepted, but so as to produce *most effect* on the sinners present. Their prayers, he said, should be short, and they should particularly avoid all rehearsal of the divine attributes, in the introduction, as this tended greatly to let down the tone of feeling. A

strange assertion! Some of his directions were exceedingly good. These young men prayed; their *only* object was to frighten. I do not believe they thought of anything else. And such unscriptural prayers I never heard. Violent, loud, full of gesture, full of denunciation, one half occupied in threatening sinners with hell, and the other half with hurling anathemas at those elders and other professors who do not join this work of revival.

"I have a poor memory for individual expressions, or I could repeat to you some most shocking language. One or two instances I remember;—'Thou knowest, Lord, that we would not thus plead with thee, if thy glory were not at stake; but thy glory is at stake; thou knowest, O God, that thy glory is at stake.' Sometimes they were strangely familiar, both in words and in tone of voice. 'Why, Lord, thou hast but just come here; don't go away again yet.' But, on the whole, it is not profitable to repeat such things. He made a long speech afterwards in the same strain; and I can now believe any stories I have heard of him. He has talents, unquestionable talents, but no heart. He feels no more than a mill-stone. There is proof, which no one who sees him can resist, that he is acting a cold, calculating part. This is a harsh charge, but I cannot avoid it. His tones of voice, his violent, coarse, unfeeling utterance, his affected groanings, his writhing of his body as if in agony, all testify that he is a hypocrite, and yet I try not to be uncharitable.

"Mr. Lansing, minister of Auburn, spoke and prayed in the same fashion, but with far more propriety of speech. But, in the whole evening, there was not one word, or look, or accent of tenderness, or one that indicated the slightest compassion for those poor wretches whom they were striving to deliver from damnation. This amazed me. If men are sincere, how can they help feeling and expressing pity above all things? What can we think of those who riot in damnation and torments, and seem to take delight in wrath and ven-

geance? I inferred from their language, that there is a strong opposition to their doings among the religious people of Auburn."

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

"JULY 10.

"I am now in Rome; not the Eternal City, mistress of the world, which, if you recollect, was situated in Italy; but Rome in that great State, which appropriates to itself great names, if not great things; and, but for a quarrel, it might have been, instead of Utica, the great city of the West. The authorities of the place thought the canal *must* go through the town, and therefore they stood out for exorbitant prices; and the State, rather than pay them, carried the canal through a hideous swamp, which everybody thought impassable. Now the Romans mourn, and all their great prospects are transferred to Utica. A pretty picture of wars.

"Your letter I got yesterday, and was rejoiced to see it. The parish have done a kind and handsome thing, and I am very grateful to them. [Referring to a vote to supply the pulpit during his absence without expense to him.] I continue to improve, as you may suppose. This horseback and change are wonderful. I am not all the time free from pains and some other troubles, but I make out to feel that I am gaining. I have hardly ridden more than twenty-three miles any day. I get excessively fatigued, and am obliged to lie down three or four hours at mid-day.

"Utica is beautifully situated, and beautifully built, and gives uncommon pleasure to the eye of a visitor. The passing of the canal through the centre is a circumstance that imparts a romantic charm, especially in the evening, when the multitude of boats, with their lights reflected from the water, gliding among the houses, the bridges thronged with persons looking on, the streets all alive with passengers, and the boat-

bugles filling the air with music, constitute a sort of enchantment to one who is there for the first time. The weather for three days has been almost insupportably hot; I should think 98°. I could not ride yesterday after nine in the morning, and think I shall be unable to ride to-day."

He had been earnestly advised on this journey to avoid all professional exertions, and, fully intending it, had gone wholly unprepared, dressed in a light-gray thin frock and pantaloons, altogether in as unclerical a garb as could well be imagined. He felt, however, that the call at Trenton was so strong, as to justify the experiment of preaching under almost any circumstances.

TO HIS SISTER HARRIET.

"TRENTON, SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 16.

"I left all my sermons at New York, and took not a black rag of clothing with me, in order that I might not preach; and yet here have I stayed nine days *on purpose* to preach, in borrowed clothes too! a bottle-green coat!! Well,—there's something new under the sun. I found the Society here just so situated, that I must have been less than a man to have refused to preach; and, finding that I did good, and excited attention, and strengthened weakness, I could not help staying a second Sunday. And I am so happy as to have got through perfectly without harm, I believe. I preached extemporaneously;—people from all the neighboring towns. There never were so many here together before, and the impulse given by a stranger from Boston is a great good to them. I have found excellent people here, and have highly enjoyed myself. I am greatly better than I was, and, having had this delay, conclude not to go to Quebec, but return directly from Niagara.

"My stay at Trenton has enabled me to learn something of the state of the country. It is full of Unitarians. Every

village has them, and the time is coming, when societies will exist all around here. Trenton Falls are the most beautiful and splendid object of the kind which I have seen. Imagine a succession of hills, one above the other, of solid rock. Imagine an earthquake to cause a deep rent of two hundred feet in their centre, laying open a vast chasm, rocky and precipitous, its sides perpendicular, for two miles in extent. Then suppose a stream of water to rush through this chasm, a perpetual descent over rocks the whole distance, and sometimes leaping down ledges of ten, twenty, and thirty feet, so shattered as to be perfectly white, and the rocks so disposed as sometimes to throw one sheet directly against another. If you understand me, you have Trenton Falls. Nothing can exceed the variety of the scenery. The sides are all covered with green woods, and sometimes, in a narrow pass, where each side overhangs, there is a perfect smoothness of the waters, which are rendered by the situation black as ink. All travellers visit them now, —thousands; yet, four years ago, they were not known beyond the village. Mr. Sherman, formerly minister, once expelled from Connecticut for heresy, first made them known, and keeps a house for the entertainment of visitors,—the best house I have seen. He is a genius and a scholar. He has just written a new system of English Grammar, wholly original and highly ingenious.”

TO THE SAME.

“BLOOMFIELD, JULY 21.

“Remember, that in your person, or (to speak more exactly) in your appellation, are comprised all the folk at Northborough; and therefore this and other epistles are to them alike. With this proviso to quiet your and their jealousy, I proceed to say, that during this shower, I sit in the wide entry of this inn, master and mistress gone away, four children playing, and one crying, with a chequer-board in my lap and the ink-

stand on the chair, and send home my affectionate thoughts to friends and children, even as the sweet swan of Mantua saith :

‘ *Dulces repastus reminiscitur Argos :*’

In which line, by the way, I fancy there is a false quantity. But there is truth enough to make up for it ; for, being interpreted, it signifies, ‘ Having dined on *sour* milk, he bethinks himself of his *sweet* friends.’ I have not Dryden by me, or I would give you a more poetic version. At any rate, however, I hope it won’t rain all the afternoon, for I had calculated it should read thus : ‘ After dinner he thought of going to see Elder Millard,’ who lives only five miles off. But, instead of talking with him, I’ll while away an hour at Northborough. It’s so seldom that I feel any willingness to write, that it’s well to work while the fit is on me, or (seeing it rains) to make hay while the sun shines.

“ I rode from Trenton, fourteen miles only, on Monday, and stayed at Whitesborough. Tuesday, I rode thirty-six miles, through Vernon, Oneida (the Indian village), Lenox, Sullivan, a small manufacturing town in a glen, to Manlius, an ugly, awkward village on a steep hill-side. Wednesday, thirty-three miles, through Orville, to Syracuse, a pretty large town, bran-new, right amongst the stumps of trees, which make a strange contrast with the fine houses, streets, and churches. The canal passes directly through, and makes a good deal of business. One mile distant is Salina, where is an immense salt spring, yielding one hundred and ninety thousand gallons an hour. It is pumped up by machinery, which is worked by water from the canal, and which distributes it to a multitude of salt-works that cover the face of the land. Salt is the staple article of Salina and Syracuse. Then I came to Camillus, Elbridge, and Auburn, sweet jumble of names. Auburn disappointed me. It is large, pretending, huddled, but not neat or beautiful. It stands on the top principally of one hill, and in the valley and on the side of another. Here I attended a

prayer-meeting, whose horrors and blasphemy have not done ringing in my ears yet. Here is the State Prison and the Theological Seminary ; or, as it has been appropriately styled, the *prison of the mind*.

“ Thursday, thirty-three miles, to Cayuga, on the Lake of that name, which I crossed on a shabby bridge for twenty-five cents. The lake is very tame and unpicturesque, as are all the other lakes in this neighborhood, though pretty large. Then to Seneca Falls, and Waterloo, a pleasant village on the Seneca River, and Geneva, a large and beautiful town on the Seneca Lake. It is laid out principally in two fine, wide streets, overlooking the lake, one below the hill, and the other at its top ; very compact and city-like, and with good taste and good effect. I put up for the night eight miles this side, and passed the night in company with a large party of bed-bugs, who feasted riotously, and disturbed my repose. There are a great many of this dissipated class in this part of the world. To-day I reached Canandaigua at nine o'clock. The country here is very beautiful and fertile, and laid out in rich, well-cultivated farms. It looks older than any I have seen. Canandaigua lies at the head of the lake, on a beautiful slope, built with great elegance and taste ; trees, gardens, and front-yards much after the style of Worcester, Springfield, and Northampton, though naturally a finer site. It is by far the handsomest town I have seen. Bloomfield is a pleasantly situated town, standing on a hill much after the fashion of Lancaster. It has the reputation of being a rich agricultural town. The whole land is more fully peopled than I supposed ; inhabitants are found everywhere on the road ; no desert tracts ; villages frequent and pleasant.

“ All the papers are full of the death of Adams and Jefferson, as well they may be. Was ever anything so wonderful ? I preached on the occasion at Trenton. I drew from their history, first, an encouragement to our country ; secondly, an encouragement for Unitarianism.”

TO THE SAME.

"ALEXANDER, JULY 23.

"In this eminent village (of thirteen houses) I have passed a quiet Sunday. I arrived here at half-past six this morning, having ridden from Batavia, eight miles, and being unwilling to ride further because of the Sabbath. But light clothes won't disguise a parson. He can be seen through them as easily as if they were only a robe of light. You remember Virgil sweetly singeth,

'Nimium ne crede colori;'

a most poetical verse, the sense and beauty of which I now for the first time fully comprehend. It means, literally rendered, (Dryden's version is more paraphrastic,) *The priest is a ninny* (the right reading being unquestionably *ninnium*) *who trusts to the color of his clothes to keep him incog.* And the poet goes on to say somewhat about blackberries, which I need not quote; but it amounts, if I remember, to this: 'You might as well make a blackberry pass for a currant by taking off its black coat, as turn a minister into a gentleman by the same process.' Now, I have been smelt out almost everywhere; people look at me and stop swearing;

'And, strut and swagger as I will,
I'm nothing but a parson still.'

"When I was going quietly to meeting this afternoon, the minister accosted me in the street, and asked me to help him. I declined, saying, 'I am a Unitarian.' But the Presbyterian still wished it, and so I went and sat by him, or, as 'honest Will' more expressively phraseth it,

'Accoutred as I was, I plunged in;'

and, when he had done his sermon, I rose and exhorted on the same subject for ten or fifteen minutes. The people were very attentive, some of them shed tears, and none of them

slept. Well, when I got back to the tavern, I learned from the landlady, who has held a long talk with me, that her husband and another gentleman said they knew I was a minister when I first arrived; but she had told them that she did n't believe it. So once more, as Virgil says, 'Never trust to a white coat to rub the black off a minister's back.' The minister invited me to go with him to attend another meeting four miles off. But I excused myself. Well, you say, what will happen next? Two Sundays in a bottle-green coat, and a third in a light-gray!

"After writing to you on Friday, I passed the evening with Dr. Millard, author of 'The True Messiah Exalted,' whom I found a sensible, interesting man, about thirty-three years of age. He received me with a most hearty welcome, seeming delighted to behold me, and tried to persuade me to spend Sunday and preach. I longed to do it, but had resolved to deny myself, and so I peremptorily denied him. I believe I was right; but, indeed, I regretted it, for I shall never be there again, and it would have been an opportunity to rivet one of the links of the great Unitarian chain of connexion, and a very important one too. If I should be unable to go home by the canal, (my present plan,) and should be obliged to ride, it is not impossible that I may give him a Sunday on my return.

"*Wednesday, P. M.* Here am I at Niagara Falls and in Canada. I arrived yesterday afternoon at four o'clock. At four miles' distance I first saw the cloud of vapor, which rises from them, and which may be seen twenty miles off. There also I first heard them, but their thunder is by no means so loud as I expected. I do not hear them in my room with door and window shut, though I am only a quarter of a mile distant. I have, yesterday and to-day, travelled over the whole ground, and seen them in every possible position. I expected to be disappointed in the first view, and therefore was not. After looking and studying them for hours, and in all points of view, in all directions of sunlight, I have got something like

a sense of their magnitude, and a feeling of their sublimity. But it is a very difficult matter to persuade yourself of, or rather to comprehend, their vastness. I am not going to describe them, but will just say, that, as in every respect they answer the highest expectation, so in some they go beyond it. The Horse-shoe Fall is far more extensive than I supposed; the quantity of spray is vastly greater. The Rapids above are hardly less grand than the very cataracts; they would be visited as wonders, if there were no cataracts.

“The American Fall is not so far inferior to the British as is generally supposed. It is not so extensive, but has its own peculiar beauties; and one of the very finest points of view is at its base, a spot seldom visited because difficult of access. It is entirely white, while the British is a mixture of the most brilliant green and white. The rainbow is a very trifling decoration. These are the main points of remark from your present correspondent.

“I shall be able, when I see you, to tell you fifty things you never dreamt of. I wish you were with me, and a dozen others of us. How sad to go about looking at such things alone. Not a face here I ever saw, not a voice that I know, and not a soul that I can converse with.”

TO THE SAME.

“LAKE ONTARIO,

“THE GOOD STEAMSHIP FRONTENAC, JULY 30.

“After last writing from the Falls, I matured my plans for a homeward jaunt; in doing which I found it necessary to skip Rochester, so that, if you have sent letters thither, all is, I shall never get them. I exchanged my poor, dear horse for another, and on Friday went to see the wonderful works at Lockport, where the canal, for a mile or two, is dug down through solid rocks, and where there are five locks in connexion, of most beautiful construction. The village itself is just budding

amongst the burnt trees and broken stones, and consists of log houses, stone barns, stone fences, and stone grog-shops. But there was not a house there five years ago, and in five more it will be as large a town as Worcester.

"I returned to Canada yesterday afternoon, and came on board this boat, by which I design to enter the St. Lawrence as far as Ogdensburg, thence to Plattsburg, thence across Lake Champlain to Burlington, thence to Connecticut River, and down the river to Northborough. I cannot go to Quebec without greater expense of time and money than I can afford. My health is good, but the seed of my troubles is not killed, and uneasiness and cough still worry me a little."

Pursuing the route indicated in the last letter, he landed at Ogdensburg, and passing through the intervening portion of the State of New York, arrived on Saturday, August 5th, at Port Kent on Lake Champlain, in improved health and excellent spirits, but with his funds entirely exhausted; to which particulars the following epistle, which he despatched to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Ingersoll at Burlington, abundantly bears witness.

"Sunburnt and tired, a disconsolate traveller
Rests from his steed at the inn of Port Kent;
Neither a spendthrift, a drunkard, or reveller,
Yet emptied his purse to the very last cent.

Pity his case then, dear good Mr. Ingersoll;
Send him two dollars (the sum is but puny), or
Sad lack of help shall on Sabbath-day wring your soul
For leaving embargoed

Yours, Henry Ware, Junior."

Having received the aid thus solicited, he spent the Sunday at Burlington, and, afterward passing through Vermont and New Hampshire, reached home on Satur-

day evening, August 19th, having occupied in the excursion fifty-four days, ridden one thousand one hundred and sixty miles on horseback, and about five hundred in various conveyances. He did not seem at first to have made that improvement in health, which had been anticipated. A few days after his return he wrote to his brother in New York :

“ AUGUST 27.

. “ It is true, I have improved less than I hoped, but I am still improving, and you need not fear but that I shall take care of myself. I have brought home with me my horse, and I propose to be on his back constantly. I plan to remain in Boston but three days in a week, including Sundays, and the other four to be travelling. I have several excursions in view, of two to four days each, which I shall take. By doing this, and studying none till November, I hope to do well.”

In October he speaks thus of his health and other matters :

“ OCTOBER 18.

“ As to myself, you may depend on it that your accounts have deceived you as to my health. I am weekly gaining ground ; everybody here says so. I preach little more than half the time, without great fatigue ; I ride on horseback every day that is not foul, from five to twenty miles ; eighteen miles to-day, twelve yesterday. I have a good appetite, and not much oppression from food ; sleep pretty well, work very little, and I mean to live thus active in body and idle in thought all winter. I have given up some of my usual duties, and do not mean to be burdened by any extra cares. I say this to remove your anxieties. Many of my friends and parishioners have urged a voyage, but I could not think myself justified in

such a step, while I felt all the benefits of it were gradually coming to me at home. I cannot perceive now, that I am not as well as ever; and, to convince you of it, I have half a mind to ride on horseback to New York, and catch you napping. I go in this style to Northampton the week after next.

“I wish I could tell you exactly what our condition is here, but in truth I do not know myself. Dr. B—— has drawn away some from our Societies, and I suspect that Orthodoxy rather gains ground. Many of our ministers and more of our laymen think no exertions should be made; and their sloth by the side of Orthodox zeal produces very unfavorable impressions. Some are awake and active, and will prevent the cause from sinking, if they do not promote it. Our greatest evil is want of ministers; openings appear everywhere, but we cannot make use of them. Our Theological School is so poor, that it almost languishes; three applicants went away because there was no support for them. We mean to create scholarships in our several parishes. But, in accomplishing our various designs, we are obliged to call so often and for so much money, that I am afraid we shall disgust our people. My parish raised last year more than five hundred dollars for the Theological School, and have now just raised four hundred and seventy dollars for India, besides about three hundred for other purposes of less magnitude. We have appointed Mr. Tuckerman Pastor of the Poor, and his support comes from the ladies of our several Societies.”

In the course of the autumn, the good effects of his long absence continued to manifest themselves. He improved much, and by winter was in better health than usual, and was able through the whole season to accomplish more than he had perhaps ever done before.

In November, he wrote thus to one in the ministry,

who was laboring under much despondency as to his success in his calling.

“ NOVEMBER 13.

“ It distresses me to hear you speak so distrustfully of yourself. When I know your good purposes and principles, and your felicity of expression and real power of communicating thought, it grieves me, that, for want of a little of that confidence with which so many are overstocked, you should make yourself miserable. Why not acquire it? All my power of doing anything, which has led to the reputation I have got, (God knows how little I deserve it, and there are moments when I think of it with unspeakable wonder and shame, for I cannot take to myself any credit,) has been owing to a stern resolution and vow to throw off my diffidence, and substitute for it a certain nonchalance and affected indifference. This was hard to do, and I suffered enough ; but gradually I did it, and now, after ten years' practice, I am pretty bold. I had my fears, my mortifications, my horrors of all kinds ; but I determined to overcome them, or they would have overcome me.

“ I do wish you would do the same. You would relieve yourself of a world of trouble ; and it is all you want, in order to have your true worth rightly appreciated by yourself and others. You have a perfect right to assume boldness, and to feel as if speaking with authority. Who has the right, if not the minister of Christ? If he feels as he must do, on the great subject he treats, let him give way to his feelings ; let them have full sweep ; let him not repress them, subdue them, but cherish and express them. There is power enough in them to overcome and drive away the other feelings which weigh down a timid mind. Give them the mastery, and they will subdue those other feelings of a more selfish character, which really ought not to intrude on him who is speaking for God, nor be suffered to palsy his exertions.

“ Do you not know that almost all the eminent men, whose

lives we are acquainted with, passed through similar trials ; and, by struggling with them, became eminent ? Do not give way to desponding feelings. If there be truth in man, believe me when I say, you have no cause. Your despondency makes the very evil you fear. Instead of dwelling on your own situation, and nursing the thoughts that dishearten you, shake them off, allow them no entrance ; give yourself to your duties alone, and let your interest in them increase and increase, till it absorbs all your feelings, and till it drives these melancholy thoughts away. Do not reject this advice, for it is really wholesome, at least, well meant, and the result of experience. Make an effort, I beg of you, and God give you success."

CHAPTER XII.

FORMATION OF A NEW SOCIETY IN NEW YORK—SERMON AT THE DEDICATION OF ITS CHURCH BY DR. CHANNING—MR. WARE INVITED TO BECOME ITS PASTOR—HE DECLINES—HIS REASONS—HIS SECOND MARRIAGE—PLAN FOR A NEW THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL—ITS FAILURE—LECTURES ON PALESTINE—THEIR OBJECT AND SUCCESS.

1825-28. *ÆT.* 32-34.

A NEW Unitarian Society had been formed in New York, and their church was dedicated in the latter part of November of this year. The sermon, on the occasion, was preached by Dr. Channing. It was one of those great efforts by which he many times produced so remarkable an impression. His reputation, already so widely spread, drew together a very large audience, and one of a different description from that which usually attended in a Unitarian church. In a letter to my brother is contained an account of this performance. "Mr. Channing preached with wonderful animation and power, to an overflowing house, for an hour and a half, on the tendency of Unitarianism, beyond any other form of Christianity, to form characters of pure and exalted piety." "If I am not greatly mistaken, it is the most remarkable sermon he ever preached. B—— said he never was so excited in his life,—that, when he got home, he began jumping over the table and chairs like one crazy. The audience was such as probably no other preacher in this city ever had power

to draw. So, also, in Chamber Street on Sunday morning; the house was filled full, and of the cream of the community. Of the dedication sermon what shall I say? It was altogether, and beyond all comparison, the greatest oral communication I ever listened to. The man was full of fire, and his body seemed, under some of his tremendous sentences, to expand out into a giant. He rose on his feet, thrust up both arms, and screamed, as one may say, at the top of his voice, and his face, say those who saw it, was, if anything, more meaning than his words."

In the course of a few weeks after the dedication of the new church, my brother Henry received an invitation to become its pastor. In their letter the committee say: "We beg leave to express our deep conviction, that the prosperity of this church, and of the great cause to which it is devoted, is intimately connected with your acceptance of this invitation." Some intimations that a movement of this kind was intended, had already been made to him, and, in answer to them, he had, some time before, thus expressed himself to his brother already settled in New York: "I wish you would think and say nothing about my removal. It is absolutely out of the question. I have looked at it, turned it over, longed for it; if there is anything I should prefer in this world to anything else, it is this. But it is impossible, and I will not deceive myself or you by any false hopes. I shall always come and see you when I can, and be with you as much as I can; but to live near you is not to be granted me this side heaven." After so decided an expression of his feelings on this subject, the invitation came upon him unexpectedly. There is no doubt, as the above passage ini-

plies, that, on many accounts, he felt a strong inclination to accept it.

Not that he had any reason for dissatisfaction with his situation in Boston. It was everything which he desired. His attachment to his people and to the community was very strong. But having taken a peculiar interest in the formation and prosperity of the church at New York, and regarding that city as a great and most important field for the planting and growth of liberal principles, he had an earnest hope, that, with a coadjutor, with whom he was so closely connected, and with whom he warmly sympathized, he could do something to further this object. There were also some strong feelings of a personal nature, both on his own and his children's account, which would have been gratified by a residence there. The step was urged upon him very earnestly from many quarters, and he gave it a serious consideration. The motives presented had undoubtedly much weight; he took ample time for deliberation, and looked at the matter from every point of view. Still, although it was almost painful to him to resist the solicitations of so many friends, he came at last very decidedly to that conclusion, to which his natural impulse tended from the first. The following extracts from his letters exhibit the conflict of his feelings on this subject.

TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

“DECEMBER 21, 1826.

“I find to-day, that my advice to you, to get a minister at once, recoils on my own head. I have before me the communication of the committee, and a private letter from H. D. S——. I did not expect, after all the explicitness which I have used on the subject, that it would come to this. Do the

gentlemen consider it possible for me to accept their offer? I have given to them no encouragement, nor to you. I have been plain, unequivocal, decided, allowing always that the situation itself would not be unpleasant, but not wavering a hair's breadth from the determined assertion, that I could not take it. After this, their letter embarrasses me, and must embarrass them,—*them*, for it will not now be so easy to make another selection, or induce another to come,—*me*, because I must either answer them without consulting my people, and thus perhaps not seem to treat them with all the respectful consideration, which is due under such circumstances, or I must consult my people, and thereby give rise to suspicions, and hard thoughts, and probably harsh words among them,—at any rate, turn their attention from the religious state in which they are growing, to a matter which will not favor their religious growth. For it cannot be concealed from them, that the affair has been before me some time, that I have been consulted before the church was built;—and then how can I persuade them that I never have in any way sought or encouraged the application? I feel greatly embarrassed. I would have been spared this crisis, and how to get over it in the best way I know not. If it were possible to keep it secret, I should get on, but I suppose no precautions on my part would effect this.

“I cannot say to you on this subject what I have not said before. If I were free to live and work with you, to be, with my children, near you and Mary, to labor in one of the finest fields which God has opened in our country would be of all things most pleasant and desirable to me. I could not ask, I could not fancy, a place more to my liking. This I have said, and still say. But, unless my views of duty are changed, I cannot, you know I cannot, leave this place for that. I will not go over all the ground; but there is one reason now operating, more powerful than ever. The Orthodox interest is full of energy, and an assault is making on us, which it will not be easy to repel. Every voice and every arm is

needed here ; and I can say to you, what I could not say elsewhere, that there are needful measures to be taken of essential and vital importance, which I think will not be taken unless I am here. Now, unless this state of things changes, I cannot quit my post ; it would be treason."

TO THE SAME.

"DECEMBER 25, 1826.

"My last was written before reading your long letter, (of which I have to-day received the codicil or postscript.) I have perused it carefully, and have read it and talked about it to father and John. I acknowledge the power of some considerations ;—you have stated them, as father expressed it, so as to make an exceedingly strong case. Some of them I had not seen in the same light before. You may rely on my giving them all fair weight. I am in for it, and will not decide till I have canvassed the matter thoroughly. If I know my own heart, I have no desire but to learn what is right and do it ; not an easy matter, perhaps, and certain to be attended with unpleasant consequences, whichever way the balance may turn. Why then did you force me to it ? What you say of my parish being no obstacle surprises me ; the very circumstances you name render it a chief obstacle. I am bound to it in a peculiar way ; and their uncommon kindness to me, instead of rendering easy, renders difficult a separation. If my parish were out of the way, there would be comparatively small room for hesitation. For, as you say, whatever I can do for the church at large, I can do as well in New York (and perhaps more of it) as in Boston. I have a thousand daily interruptions here, which there would not annoy me.

"Your cause will not suffer for want of advocates, you may rest assured. I have been already compelled to hear counsel on your side several times, and able counsel too. One thing I rejoice in, that the circumstances are of such a character, as

will prevent, I think, all possible imputation of bad, and wrong, and selfish motives, whatever my decision may be; I may mistake, but I think it impossible. I am sure none such will govern me.

“ I write because I cannot help thinking about it, not because I have anything worth saying. That I am perplexed and embarrassed, you may easily suppose. May I only be led right! If it were merely a personal question, how easy!—but it is a question of great complication and very extensive bearings.

“ *Dec. 26.* I find, in reading this over, that I have probably given you the impression that everybody favors my removal. Not so. Some urge me as strongly against it, as others for it. I stated what I said, in order to convince you that I am determined to deliberate, and view the whole matter thoroughly on every side; and, although I am still persuaded that I cannot go, yet, for your sake, as well as from the importance and greatness of the question, I will look at it impartially. Depend upon it, you have a strong pleader in my heart; and, if there were no other voice, I should be at your side at once.”

TO THE SAME.

“ JANUARY 3, 1827.

“ After much anxiety and painful suspense, I have sent a negative answer to the call. I found it was impossible to do differently, though I did my best to persuade myself that I might. And now it is over, and I will say no more about it. If it had pleased Providence to throw us together, it would have been delightful indeed; but as it is, we must be content to labor and live apart.”

TO MRS. WILLIAM WARE.

“ JANUARY 6, 1827.

“ You will perceive that your two kind letters, with William's last, came after I had despatched my definitive. I can therefore give no heed to your arguments, which, indeed, seem

to me to be without force. I could do nothing for my health in New York by working less, for I think no one should take that post who will not work more ; and I certainly could not think myself justified in going into it, without spending far more labor than I undergo here. So that, so far as health is concerned, the Boston station would be the more favorable. You say, ' my *inclination* should have a *little* place.' I found at last, that it had a *great* place, and that without it the other reasons for removal would have weighed little indeed. If you and William had not been where you are, I doubt if I should have hesitated an hour."

His determination was made up at last very clearly and decidedly. It left no doubts or misgivings behind it, and at no subsequent period did he view it with regret. He was governed principally, as I think, by these considerations :

1. The general opinion which he had always maintained, that ministers should be slow to consent to a removal from one parish to another ; never for the sake merely of bettering their worldly condition, nor without a probability of greater usefulness in a new situation.

2. The opinion, notwithstanding his view of the importance of the spread of liberal principles in New York, that still the great battle for them was to be fought in Boston, and in the surrounding community. He believed that their dissemination abroad depended on their condition here, and that whoever was capable of doing great good at any point out of the centre, could do as much or more at the centre itself.

It was on the same grounds that he had more than once opposed the removal of some of the leading clergymen from Boston and its neighborhood, for the doubtful

purpose of building up new Societies even at important points.

In June, 1827, he was married to Miss Mary Lovell Pickard, daughter of Mark Pickard, Esq., formerly a merchant of Boston, and gathered his children again around his own hearth. Except occasional visits, he had now been separated from them about three years, during which they had been in the families of his sisters, Mrs. Allen, at Northborough, and Mrs. E. B. Hall, at Northampton. This, to one whose domestic affections were very strong, had been a great privation; and nothing but incessant occupation could have rendered the separation even tolerable. This re-union, under circumstances peculiarly favorable to his and their welfare, and also to the successful prosecution of his professional duties, was one of the happy events of his life; and the year which followed it, whilst it was one of the most active, was also to all human appearance one of the most successful of his ministry. He had, in the fullest manner, those testimonies to the efficiency of his labors, which were to be found in the increased attention paid to his preaching, the increasing fulness of his congregation, and multiplied proofs of the consideration in which he was held by the community.

His marriage was followed by a visit to the city of New York, where he preached three times on the 17th of June. From thence he took a short journey into the interior of that State, again visiting his friends at Trenton, and spending a Sunday with them. In the course of the year he made other excursions in various directions; but, agreeably to what he says in one of his letters, ("I make few journeys, and none for pleasure,") these were for some purpose, or were made to subserve

some purpose, connected with his great objects. In August, he passed a short time in the Old Colony, going there for the purpose of preaching the annual Academy Sermon at Sandwich, on Thursday, August 23d, and, on his way there, having also preached the day before at Plymouth. In September, he gave the sermon at the dedication of a church in Saxonville, Framingham, built by the proprietors of the manufacturing establishments in that place. In October, he visited the State of Maine, and delivered an address before the Kennebunk Unitarian Association on, "the Trinity," which was published afterwards as a tract. In November, he went to Dover, N. H., in order to assist in the gathering of a society in that place, and in the same week he preached before the Female Humane Society of Marblehead. During the preceding summer he had also been engaged in selecting, preparing, and carrying through the press, a volume of the sermons, and extracts from the sermons, of his deceased friend, John E. Abbot, a labor in which he took peculiar delight. He had, in addition to all these extra-parochial engagements, a Bible class once a week on Monday, and on every Tuesday evening his house was open to his parish, who met there in an unceremonious manner for religious intercourse and conversation.

In the course of this season a plan was suggested, in which he became interested, for establishing a new theological school, on liberal principles, somewhere in the State of New York. It was proposed that this should be effected by a union with the sect of "*Christians*," who were numerous in the interior of New York and the Western States, and whose views of Christian doctrine assimilated very closely with those of the Uni-

tarians of New England. This project seems to have been suggested by Mr. Clough, one of their prominent leaders, as appears from the following letters.

TO MR. ALLEN.

“JULY 23, 1827.

“We have had no little talk here within a few days, respecting a new theological school. Mr. Clough has proposed, that the Unitarians and ‘Christians’ should unite in one, on the Hudson River. Many of us think favorably of the plan, and are disposed to patronize it, if feasible, but are a little fearful that it is not. Others start strong objections to it *in toto*. Something must be done to gain us an increase of ministers. Has the matter ever been a subject at your Association? I wish it might be.”

TO THE REV. I. B. PIERCE.

“AUGUST 1, 1827.

“I am sorry to say to you, that Mr. Gannett will not be able to leave here and visit you this summer. He has however been appointed delegate to the ‘Christian’ Conference at West Bloomfield, in September, and I hope will then be able to give you a call. Meantime I presume that you have learned from him all that may be necessary respecting your labors for the Association, in which I pray you may be successful and happy. Labors of this sort are most needful to be done, and nothing is more desirable than that our preachers should be so multiplied, and our means of support so increased, as to enable us to send messengers throughout the land. But at present the most that we can do is little. You will be glad to know that the Theological School at Cambridge is flourishing, and that our recent Exhibition was the most promising we have ever had. If, instead of six we had twenty such young men, we could speak a loud word for the truth. A

plan has been proposed for instituting a new seminary in your State, near the River, in connexion with the 'Christian' denomination, for the purpose of multiplying preachers. Hardly any encouragement has been received yet; but perhaps, after agitating the subject a little longer, we may find the thing feasible. Doubtless many would be excited to such an institution, who are not within reach of Cambridge influence; and, by multiplying means, we should multiply men. Mr. Clough, an elder of the 'Christians,' a man of a good deal of talent and influence, has taken an interest in this subject, and, if he succeeds in effecting anything, will be a great blessing to his denomination."

This plan, it does not appear why, failed of its accomplishment. It is not likely, that two denominations whose members differed so entirely from each other in their education, habits and manners, social condition and associations, and in their modes of speaking and feeling on religious subjects, would ever have found it for their mutual interest to be so closely connected as this plan implied. However they sympathized in their doctrinal views of Christianity, there might have been found other differences between them, which would have proved a more serious obstacle to the success of the institution than even a diversity of creeds. My brother's earnest adoption of this plan, on its first proposal, grew out of his perception, expressed in the above extracts, of the great want of recruits in the ranks of the clergy. To this, indeed, he was constantly awake and frequently alludes. He had this further reason; the standard of education, the cast of manners, the modes of thinking and living, and consequently of preaching, of those educated in and around Cambridge, were such as, to a certain extent, to disqualify them for addressing certain

classes of hearers, in such a manner as to make an impression favorable to liberal views of Christianity. He hoped that, in an institution like this, ministers might be trained, who would be adapted to such hearers.

His interest in this plan probably induced him to devise one for supplying the pecuniary wants of the school at Cambridge, and increasing its means of usefulness, which he put in execution the next winter. In the preceding year he had delivered, in the course of his Vestry services, a few lectures on the Geography of Palestine, for the purpose of conveying to his own parishioners more distinct views of Scripture facts. These lectures had been received with interest, and they had well answered their end. He proposed now to revise and extend them, to illustrate them by maps and drawings, and to deliver them to a public audience, at a moderate price, with the view of appropriating the proceeds to the education of young men for the ministry at Cambridge. His hope was to raise in various ways two thousand dollars for this object, of which he intended that the proceeds of this course should form the nucleus.

These lectures were given in an apartment in a building which had been recently erected by the Boston Athenæum, for the purpose of furnishing convenient rooms for public lectures and for the exhibition of paintings. The attention excited by the announcement of this course was far greater than had been anticipated. The introductory lecture, which was given in the last week of January, 1828, was attended by a great concourse; and, the number of persons who had bought tickets being greater than the room could accommodate, it was judged expedient to repeat them, and they were

accordingly delivered to a second audience, the two courses going on at the same time. This unexpected success gave him very great pleasure, much more I think than if the object had been a personal one. He speaks of it thus in some of his letters to Mr. Allen and others.

“JANUARY 28.

“I do not yet know about the proceeds of my lectures. The Introductory was crowded and encouraging. I am told from every quarter, that I shall sell all my tickets, and, if so, I shall get about seven hundred dollars. But I have not expected, and do not expect, so much. If I can get encouragement to repeat them, I shall be rejoiced. I hope to go also to Salem; and, if I could do both, I should furnish my two thousand dollars this year.”

“FEBRUARY 1.

“I have been busy, obliged to preach at dedication, lecture, &c. I gave my first lecture last evening, and feel happy and thankful for my success. I sold all my tickets, and might have sold more. But the hall was full. I have just been counting over my gains, and find in my hands six hundred and seventy-three dollars, and about ten more to be received from Hilliard. My expenses will be not far from fifty; so that I shall give six hundred and more to the Institution,—a very good beginning. Gentlemen urge me to-day to repeat, and I rather think I shall do it. If, by so doing, I could fill the hall, I should be right glad.”

“My Palestine Lectures have succeeded to my astonishment. They yield eight hundred dollars for the permanent scholarship, and one hundred and fifty dollars for the present year, besides my expenses.”

“My second course is about half as full as the first. I think people are interested, and the lectures are pleasant to myself, partly written and partly extempore. I am only

cramped for time, as twenty lectures would not be half enough, and I give only five. I am going to Cambridge with them, and probably to Salem, and have been invited to Waltham. I shall thus get about twelve hundred dollars this year. How to scrape together eight hundred dollars more, I do not know, unless I should go to New York. How would that do?"

He was probably at no period of his life more busily engaged in every method of exertion, than during this season. He was literally crowded with occupation of every kind. Yet even in the midst of all this activity,—this unremitting devotion of himself to ordinary and extraordinary duty,—whilst he was actually accomplishing so much, and allowing himself so little time for relaxation or recreation as to excite the alarm, and call forth the remonstrances of his friends, he was frequently visited by a strong feeling of self-dissatisfaction. It often seemed to him, as if he did not accomplish all that he might,—as if he had within his reach means and opportunities of usefulness, of which he did not fully avail himself. One might almost hesitate in this case to give credit to the reality of such a state of mind, as that which dictated the following letter, did not the circumstances under which it was written afford the surest proof of its sincerity. It was dated on his birth-day, during a short visit to New York.

TO HIS WIFE.

"NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1828.

"This is my birth-day, and I was occupied yesterday, and last night, and this morning, in looking over my life, and into my character and heart. I would not dare to tell even you all that I have seen to mortify and shame me; and yet I have not been able to feel as I ought; and, what is worse, I fear that I am too inveterate to profit by my knowledge of myself, but must go on, one of that miserable multitude who 'see the

right, and yet the wrong pursue.' I never yet was satisfied with my mode of life for one year;—perhaps I may except one, the first year that I was in Exeter. But since that, I have been growing worse and worse. I did think soberly, that, when I was settled down with you, I should turn over a new leaf; and I began; but, by foolish degrees, I have got back to all my accustomed carelessness and waste of powers, and am doing nothing in proportion to what I ought to do. In my standing and position, I have a great responsibility. I know what people, many of them, think, and what is the view of the public. I know that I have bestowed on me power to do a great deal, and a singular facility in doing some things useful, which lay me under an obligation; and I know that I do nothing in proportion to this ability and facility. Yet other people tell me I do a great deal, and I am stupid enough to take their judgment instead of my own.

“These, dear Mary, are the morning reflections with which I open my thirty-fifth year. Will the year be any better for them? I hope so, but I fear not; for I do not *feel* the weight and solemnity of these considerations, as they ought to be felt. My heart is hardened, and my conscience seared; and I expect to live and die as I am, and find that my whole reward is in this world. Dear Mary, I ask pardon for this strain; but I could not help it. Would to God I could feel all the gratitude I should for my singular blessings, and not turn them into curses. But, when I see how I use them,—in a word, I am afraid that, in talking to others, and going over the words and sentiments of religion and virtue, I have lost the power to apply them.”

But it was the will of Providence, that he should be suddenly interrupted in the midst of these earnest and zealous exertions, by events which not only suspended his labors for a long period, but changed the aspect of his whole future life.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVERE ILLNESS IN THE VILLAGE OF WARE—REMOVAL TO WORCESTER AND GRADUAL RECOVERY—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PROFESSORSHIP OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE AT CAMBRIDGE—JOURNEY ON HORSEBACK THROUGH VERMONT, CANADA, AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1828. *ÆT.* 34.

IN the last week of the month of May, 1828, he had been, as usual, much interested in the various Anniversary meetings, to which it is devoted. On the last day of it, Saturday, May 31st, he left home in order to fulfil an engagement to preach the next day at Northampton. This journey was then a very different thing from what it has since become. It was performed wholly in the old-fashioned four-horse stage-coaches, which left the city at one o'clock in the morning, and did not reach their destination till late in the evening. It was a hard and wearisome day's ride, even for a strong man. The day on which my brother went proved rainy and cold. He was exposed, and became wet, and on his arrival found himself already quite ill from fatigue and exposure. He passed a very uncomfortable night, suffered much from oppression at the chest and in breathing, and had a good deal of cough. Notwithstanding the continuance of these symptoms, however, he went into the pulpit and preached all day. In the evening he was no better: he passed another bad night,

and in the morning was obviously very sick. Still he could not be persuaded, that he was so ill as to make it necessary that he should be confined at such a distance from home; and accordingly, after taking some medicine on Monday morning, without relief, he resolved to make an effort to reach home, and set out in the afternoon with this view.

He happened, most fortunately, to be accompanied by his friend, the late Mr. George Bond, who was on his return to Boston. They proceeded as far as the manufacturing village in the town of Ware, about twenty-five miles from Northampton, where they stopped for the night, intending to proceed in the morning. This, however, proved utterly impracticable. His powers of endurance had been taxed to their utmost, and he went to bed completely exhausted, and with every indication of an approaching fever. It was found, on Tuesday morning, that his disease was too firmly fixed to be kept at bay. He was compelled, though reluctantly, to yield to this conviction, and consented at length to have medical advice. The physician of the place, Dr. Goodrich, was called, who found him laboring under severe inflammation of the lungs. He was bled, and underwent other active treatment, which, with the rapid increase and severity of his disease, soon reduced him to a state of extreme prostration.

Mr. Bond left him on Tuesday morning, and in the evening brought the intelligence of his attack to his family in Boston. Starting in the next morning's coach, one of his friends reached him by Wednesday evening. The violence of his disease had not abated, but neither had it increased; and, upon the whole, his condition promised a favorable issue. He was as com-

fortably situated as it is possible for a sick man to be among strangers. He had large and airy apartments in an excellent hotel. Great interest was manifested in his case by the neighborhood, and offers of assistance in nursing and watching were made from many quarters. He had, indeed, all the alleviations of which such a sickness, under such circumstances, is capable; and, in addition to the attendance of his regular physician, had the advantage of the visits of his friend and class-mate, Dr. Homans, then a practitioner in the neighboring town of Brookfield.

His case continued without any material improvement for about ten days. During this period, he suffered chiefly from fever, restlessness, and a very hard and harassing cough. He had the bloody expectoration usual in his disease, but in addition to it, on the fifth or sixth day, a pretty copious hemorrhage from the lungs, more so than is usual in similar cases. This, however, did not continue, and did not recur. The reduction of strength was much greater than is common in such attacks in persons of ordinary health, and he was exceedingly emaciated. Indeed, the entire and long-continued prostration resulting from this illness, which was certainly not one of extraordinary violence or duration, can only be attributed to that gradual exhaustion of the powers of his system, which had been produced by his unsparing application to his various labors, and which had rendered him totally unable to cope with a disease of even common severity.

In the course of a fortnight from his attack, his wife, who had been detained at home by the state of her own health, was able to join him; and he began gradually to improve, though his cough still continued

to harass him. He was placed in a carriage and taken abroad, though still in a state of extreme tenuity and feebleness. As it was very clear that it would be a long time before he would be able to resume his duties, or even bear the fatigue of seeing his friends, it was judged inexpedient for him to return home ; and lodgings were procured for him at Worcester, whither he removed, as soon as he was able, by easy stages, and there fixed his residence, with the intention of remaining through the summer.

In the mean time he had received the most gratifying assurances of the affection of his people, and of their lively interest in his welfare. These were exhibited not only by the deep anxiety manifested during his illness, increased as it was by the circumstances under which it occurred, but by the kind and prompt provision which was immediately made for the supply of his pulpit, so as to relieve his mind at once and entirely from all uneasiness on that account. Indeed, this event in his life, accompanied, as it seemed to be at first, by so much to render it one of peculiar trial and suffering, served to bring out expressions and testimonials of regard and sympathy for him, both at home and abroad, in quarters where he had no particular reason to look for it, to an extent for which he was by no means prepared, and in a manner to affect him deeply.

He remained in Worcester for about six weeks, his strength gradually returning, and his pulmonary symptoms subsiding. He was not able, however, to use his pen till the middle of the month of July. Extracts from letters subsequently written, will exhibit in the best manner the progress of his recovery, and the state, during it, both of his body and mind. The following,

addressed to a young friend engaged in the study of divinity, who had written to him on the subject of a visit to Germany, was one of the first which he attempted.

TO MR. WILLIAM BARRY, JR.

“ WORCESTER, JULY 12, 1828.

“ It is such an effort to me to use the pen, that I shall be obliged to reply to your interesting letter very briefly. This I the less regret, as you appear, not only to be decided as to the course of expediency and duty, but also to have reflected so maturely and seriously on the only doubtful part of the question, as to render any warning on the subject unnecessary. I need, therefore, only say, that I view the advantages to be derived from a visit to Germany as so great and decided, as to make it a matter of congratulation that you are able to undertake it; not doubting that you will avail yourself of them to the utmost.

“ As to the perils, your being perfectly aware of them arms you against them; and I should never fear to trust a man of sober and habitual religious principle and devout affections to a contest with mysticism and skepticism. My best wishes for your health and improvement go with you. May a good Providence keep you from all evil to body and to soul; and may you come back to us, thoroughly furnished for every good work, and zealous to devote your acquired gifts to the service of the churches, and the cause of truth and righteousness. Do not fail to remember, that I desire to be remembered with your correspondents, and to hear from you from time to time.”

TO MRS. WILLIAM WARE.

“ WORCESTER, JULY 13, 1828.

“ I know that you will be anxious for the earliest intelligence, and therefore I write to you immediately, that Mary is

safely the mother of a fine boy. She is apparently doing very well. This is another in the train of our blessings, which have been so singularly dispensed, that we almost feared that there must be here an interruption. That very event of my being taken ill away from home, which seemed so untoward, has proved to be the most kind appointment; first to myself, for I have doubtless recovered much faster than I could have done in Boston; and then to Mary, who was thought to run some risk in coming to me, but has been gaining strength, health, and flesh, daily, and is now in a situation quite as propitious, to say the least, as if she were amongst the crowd of friends in Boston. She has been my driver, too, till now I am able to drive myself, and can do without her aid.

“When our hearts are softened by sickness, and quickened by deliverance, how visible is the hand of Providence. In few circumstances of my life have I traced it with so much admiration, as during the last six weeks. Who would have thought, that I should have had the comfort of being attended, first by two brothers, and then by my wife; when I had no reason to expect either, least of all, the last? And, if I were to tell you how I felt, and still feel, about the truly fraternal visits of John and William, you would think me foolish. But so it is. I find that severe and solitary sickness opens floods of feeling; and makes even the little, every-day kindnesses of those around appear great and important. It will teach me to value more, and more willingly make, my visits to the sick; for, if apparently worthless in my own eyes, I shall know that they are inestimable in the view of the patients.

“I still gain daily, and begin to believe that I may hope for a thorough restoration. I hope to take horseback exercise this week, and, as soon as both Mary and myself are well enough, shall start for the White Hills. My earliest prospect of returning home and preaching is October.”

“My feelings,” he says, July 14, “are those of

health, excepting weakness, which is great. Within a week my voice has greatly mended, and I feel but slight uneasiness at my chest. I ventured to meeting yesterday morning; and, as I rode going and returning, and did not stand at all, I suffered no fatigue. It was a great enjoyment." July 25.—"I returned yesterday from a little jaunt of three days to Andover. Brother Allen drove me; and, though it was much more than I had previously ridden, I feel much better for it. In reply to your queries, no one can perceive that I gain flesh, but everybody remarks on the improvement of my countenance. I have walked a quarter of a mile, and this is as much as I have yet been able to do at once; but I can do it several times, that is, I have done it twice in a day. But, having usually ridden during all the cool hours of the day, I have made less progress in the power of walking than I might have done. I still keep open the blister, but it contracts in size. Further, I am not sure whether the uneasiness which I sometimes feel in my chest is within, or belonging to the external sore. But I am sure that I bear very little use of my voice, and have not gained in this particular for a fortnight." "I have received a long letter from —, containing a solemn and pathetic argument and exhortation on the state of my case, urging England, and a year's relaxation, &c. I should be perfectly ashamed to go to England."

TO MR. GANNETT.

"The long letter, which I proposed writing, was chiefly to be a lecture on health, with personal application to the younger bishop of Federal Street. But I will give you two sentences instead of an epistle. I have long been concerned at your

mode of life, which appears to be a careless, reckless throwing away of a chance of longevity ; and, since I have been suddenly cut off in the midst of a similar career, I have thought of you much, and been anxious, like Dives, to send you a message, lest you also come into this place of torment. I refer not to work, but to imprudence ; for it is nonsense to suppose that either of us works too much, whatever friends may say. Other men there have been who have done more. But we work imprudently, and I think very much alike. Want of method, late and irregular hours, neglect of regular exercise of body to balance every day the fatigue of the mind, and sometimes violent exercise, as if to do up the thing by the job. No constitutions can stand such a life. I am ruined by it, and yet I feel sure, that, by a right course, I could have done more in my profession than I have done, and yet kept my health. For me, it is too late ; for you, it is not. And I am deeply anxious that you should act prudently from my experience, and not wait for your own. It is not health, only ; it is the power of usefulness ; and the sin, which weighs upon the mind and depresses it, takes away the consolations of a sick bed, embittering the heart with the thought, that we are suffering the just punishment of our folly and the neglect of duty.

“ And there is no little sting added to the mortification, if, meantime, friends are attributing the evil to undue earnestness in duty. I would not have you feel this as I have felt it. It is the only drawback which I have had, amidst the many comforts and abundant blessings of my illness. A singularly kind Providence, a multitude of good friends, and everything which earth or religion could furnish for consolation and satisfaction, have made these few weeks of trial, weeks of peculiar blessings, which nothing has occurred to mar, except the intrusion of thoughts of self-reproach, because I had brought the evil on myself by negligent imprudence, after previous warning. I beg you to think on this subject, and *act*. You are endowed with

powers of doing good, which not many possess, and which you ought not to trifle with. In these days they are needed."

The following is an answer to a letter from the same friend, proposing a missionary tour into the interior of the State of New York.

TO MR. GANNETT.

"WORCESTER, AUGUST 17, 1828.

"I received your letter yesterday, on my return from a ride to Ware, where I spent a night, revolving over in my mind the hours of my sickness. I drove myself in a chaise, which may show how far my strength has got. As to your plan, I see no objection to it; but, on the contrary, many things to recommend it. It will be of service to yourself; and I think it quite time, that the people of that region should have an opportunity of evincing the truth or falsehood of the assertion so often made, of their readiness to hear Unitarianism. I doubt whether you could accomplish it in a month, though in that time you could preach once in the principal towns. But might it not be more profitable to stay in some one place till, by repeated services, something like a permanent interest could be excited, and the embryo of a society possibly be formed? This may be worth considering. The present month is probably less favorable for such an experiment than the next,—especially than October; though, on second thought, the people in the large towns are not engaged in the wheat harvest, and it may therefore matter little. Mr. Pierce could inform you. Finally, I hope you will do it. On reaching one of the towns, you could in some way appoint one meeting, and at that it were better to name a second. At that time you could determine whether it were advisable to do more. Of course there are some hazards in preaching extemporaneously, but for such a purpose I am persuaded the advantages are such as to put all risk out of the question. It is a great matter to

be able to change the subject and mode of treatment, and adapt and modify, according as experience or occasion shall suggest. Your facility is such, that you would apprehend nothing, and would only have to guard against your tendency to too great impetuosity, which sometimes might hurry you into indistinctness both of language and utterance. If you will bear in mind this single caution, you may be assured, I think, that you will do better to speak extempore, than to take any of your written sermons.

“I see no reason why the Executive Committee should not make an appropriation toward this object. It would certainly greatly favor our operations, to make a little excitement all along that road.

“You are right in your allusion to the proofs of Divine Goodness which have attended me. I have felt as if they were singular, and have looked at them in the train and development of events, very much as Jacob must have done, when he saw the end of his trials. Some of the most apparently adverse circumstances have ripened into great blessings; and I pray that I may come back to my place better fitted, as I may be and ought to be, for some of its duties. I feel now as if I could go to sick chambers with some confidence that I can give comfort and do good, which I never have felt yet.”

During this summer a plan for establishing a professorship of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care, in the Divinity School at Cambridge, was carried into effect. The want of a teacher in this department had been long felt, but I am not aware that any serious movement had been previously made for supplying it. The general feeling of the friends of theological education had been directed to Mr. Ware, as a suitable person to fill this place whenever it should be created, both on account of his hearty devotion to the duties of the pastoral office in his own person, and his well-known and

deep interest in the education of young men for the ministry. His present sickness and its probable continued influence on his health, as well as the extent to which this had been previously impaired, rendered it desirable that he should be relieved from a situation in which he was constantly under temptation to continue a course of life which had already so much exhausted the powers of his constitution. The influence of this consideration on the minds of many of his friends doubtless hastened to maturity the plan for the establishment of a professorship at this time; and they took a strong interest in it from the belief, that it would be the means of removing him to a sphere of action, in which, while his duties would be less arduous, his usefulness would be at least not diminished.

Of this project he received early intimation, though no direct or official communication. It became necessarily, therefore, a subject of serious consideration with him; and he sought, in a confidential manner, the counsels and opinions of some of his friends, as to the course which it would be best for him to pursue, in case the proposal were directly made. He thus writes on this subject.

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

“ WORCESTER, AUGUST 14, 1828.

“ I got your letter to-night. I am surprised that the proposition is so old to you, for I had no idea that it had been heretofore hinted. The suggestion is almost new to me, except as I have sometimes fancied, in looking at the state and prospects of religion, that I had some notions which would do good at Cambridge. I think as you do, of the essential importance of that place. I have long seen what ought to be done; and, if it is said by those whose place it is to judge,

that I am the person to undertake it, I should feel that I ought not to decline the task. A great undertaking it would be, and I could not engage in it without anxiety and fear. But I must say, that the duties would be more to my taste than any that I can think of; and, feeling the immense consequence of them, and having seen, by experience, what is needed, I should carry to the work an engaged mind and an earnest desire to effect something; and I have always found this one of the most essential qualifications. I have heard of it only through Mr. Higginson, who communicated the doings of the Directors and their conference with the Corporation, and that their determination is to make the appointment this fall, if they can get the funds. Means are to be taken for this end at once, and he says they are confident of success. In truth, the Institution cannot go on till it has a reinforcement. But my feelings respecting a parish, which has come round me as ours has, and has always treated me with such exemplary candor and kindness, will render the struggle not an easy one.

“Of course nothing will be said of it till the appointment is made. I am very glad to have your so full expression on the subject;—it makes me more sure that I am not wrong.”

Towards the end of August, he had so far recovered his strength as to render it safe for him to undertake a journey alone on horseback, a remedy which he had before found so beneficial.

The following notices of the route, incidents, and other circumstances connected with this journey, are selected from letters, chiefly to his wife, written in the course of it.

“*Templeton, Monday, August 25, 1828.*—Dined in company with two —— ministers, one of whom complained that brandy was put on the table, and went on to gormandize meat, pudding, and pie, three cups of strong coffee, and two tumblers

of bottled cider. The other ate, as I did, of but one dish. The day was excessively hot, but a good breeze till about five, P. M., when the afternoon became still, close, and uncomfortable. I reached Winchendon, seven miles, about seven o'clock; miserable inn;—milk set on the table in an old broken white earthen washbowl, and a tea-cup to dip it out;—crackers, baked at least two years ago. I think my plan of two meals a day will answer very well. As yet, I feel finely. I shall seek to ride, as I did to-day, from six to nine or ten, A. M., dine at twelve, and take milk in the evening. Being nowhere at the breakfast hour, nobody is distressed at my going without a meal, and I ride far more comfortably.

“*Thursday.*—Rode thirteen miles to Walpole, and from here shall despatch this letter. My thoughts go to you, and fancy that you may be quite sick, and half suffocated in your hot room, while I am here enjoying myself in the wide and free world. But I will not doubt that you are doing well. What perverse creatures we should be, if, after all the past, we could not take quietly and with confidence, any course of events. . . .

“*Woodstock, Vt., Sat. Eve., Aug. 30.*—This hot weather has been really terrible. For myself I have not greatly suffered from the heat, except through the sufferings of my horse, who has so wilted under it as to retard me in my way. I was yesterday weighed, and have gained two pounds since I was at Ware, five weeks ago. This is a very pleasant, well-built village, about as large as Worcester, lying directly in the midst of very high hills, which crowd upon it on every side. It is very striking, after riding among the mountains for eight miles, with here and there a little, one-story house perched on the hill-side, to enter suddenly on a town like this, crowded with people and bustling with business. You wonder where they can have come from. Saturday is the day when the neighboring farmers throng in to buy and sell; when I arrived, the streets were literally full of men and wagons and horses,

as thick as I ever saw them on the Common at Commencement.* The country in this State strikes one finely ;—noble hills covered with cattle and orchards, here and there a beautiful valley, richly cultivated, and everywhere little mountain streams with their mills. I find, too, that Vermont gains in population faster than Massachusetts.

“ *Sunday Eve.*—One never knows who may be near him. Here I was glorying in my incognito, and fancying I might do any mischief and no matter, when, lo! a gentleman this morning calls me by name, and I find it to be Mr. Ward, of Worcester, just returning from Quebec, and he introduces me to Mr. Atkinson, who knows me well by sight. Then, on returning from church, the first sight is Miss Storror entering the tavern with other ladies, and she leads me up stairs to her uncle’s apartment, and introduces me to a host, and so I am at home at once. . . . I have heard the Calvinist and ‘*Christian*’ ministers to-day. Both pretty well ; the latter quite ingenious in a parallel between Joseph in Egypt and Jesus Christ.

“ *Monday, Sept. 1.*—Went fourteen miles over a most wild road, through a region resembling the Catskills, the road oftentimes formed on the side of just such precipices as we saw at the Catskill water-falls. Very few houses ; here and there a little interval between the mountains capable of cultivation. I am drawing nearer and nearer to the highest mountains. I stopped at noon at the only tavern, and found a very pretty family ;—two rather handsome daughters, who wait on travellers,—very modest, proper, and well-behaved. One might hatch up quite a romance here. I had intended going no further than this, as there is no decent stopping-place under fourteen miles ; but, as the day was cloudy and cool, and I in a hurry for my letters, I started and went right up hill for seven

* He refers to the days of his boyhood, when the spectacle exhibited by the town of Cambridge on the day of this anniversary was very different from that which is now witnessed.

miles. This is crossing the Green Mountains ; and, if you can fancy a road just twice as bad as that which we mistook in going to Trenton, you will have an image of what I passed. A shower overtook me at nine miles, and I stopped at a poor tavern for the night, very near Killington Peak, which used to be thought the highest of these mountains, but has been lately ascertained to be, I think, the third in altitude. It stands very majestically before this house, and is this afternoon wrapt in very thick and dignified clouds. The name of this place is Mendon ;—only *sixty families* in the town, and only one house in sight of this. The landlady is a genuine scold, the first I have heard for a long time ; and her poor husband looks so sad and drooping, and her four children are so cross and impudent.

“*Thursday Eve., Sept. 4.*—Conceive of my fidgets, impatient as I am to be at Burlington and hear from you, to be obliged to stay at Brandon all day yesterday, and only make out to-day to dodge between the drops seven miles to Salisbury. The land is all afloat.”

The time which he was thus obliged to consume on the road, was not wholly lost. His mind and pen, as we shall see hereafter, were now occupied during his moments of leisure in the preparation of a work which he had in contemplation ; and the following poetical epistle to his wife, written at the same time, shows by what kind of thoughts his idle hours were employed.

“ TO MARY.

“ Dear Mary, 't is the fourteenth day
 Since I was parted from your side ;
 And still upon my lengthening way
 In solitude I ride ;
 But not a word has come to tell
 If those I left at home are well.

- “ I am not of an anxious mind,
Nor prone to cherish useless fear ;
Yet oft methinks the very wind
Is whispering in my ear,
That many an evil may take place
Within a fortnight’s narrow space.
- “ ’T is true indeed ; disease and pain
May all this while have been your lot ;
And, when I reach my home again,
Death may have marked the spot.
I need but dwell on thoughts like these,
To be as wretched as I please.
- “ But no,— a happier thought is mine ;
The absent, like the present scene,
Is guided by a Friend Divine,
Who bids us wait serene
The issues of that gracious will,
Which mingles good with every ill.
- “ And who should feel this tranquil trust
In that Benignant One above,—
Who ne’er forgets that we are dust,
And rules with pitying love,—
Like us, who both have just been led
Back from the confines of the dead ?
- “ Like us, who, ’mid the various hours
That mark life’s changeful wilderness,
Have always found its suns and showers
Alike designed to bless ?
Led on and taught as we have been,
Distrust would be indeed a sin.
- “ Darkness, ’t is true, and death must come ;
But they should bring us no dismay ;
They are but guides to lead us home,
And then to pass away.
Oh, who will keep a troubled mind,
That knows this glory is designed ?

“ Then, dearest, present or apart,
An equal calmness let us wear ;
Let steadfast Faith control the heart,
And still its throbs of care.
We may not lean on things of dust ;
But Heaven is worthy all our trust.

“ *Salisbury and Vergennes, September 4th and 5th.*”

“ *Burlington, Sept. 6.*—I cannot tell you how I felt on getting your letters this afternoon, and learning how you had been all this time. You are a good creature to write so fully, and I am as happy as a prince. I never will be a fortnight again without hearing. I have tried it this time, and it is enough. . . . The rains have been tremendous,—torn away bridges and made gullies, so that many places are dangerous. You see on the other page how I employed myself yesterday and to-day. There is no great poetry in the thing, but a great deal of truth ; and, as it was a pleasant exercise to me to fashion it, I hope you will not find the reading of it otherwise. It is as sincere as if it were prose. . . . I expect to spend next Sunday (14th) in Montreal ; from Montreal to Quebec in the boat, and ride back ; then take the boats through Lake Champlain, and again at Albany, and so go down to New York, whence by land home. This seems to be the most feasible plan, and may bring me home by the first of October, when I trust I may find you in our palace in Sheafe Street, and a happy day it will be. I have no doubt from appearances, that I may preach then a little, and, by making head-quarters there, and driving round the country week days, get through the fall very well. In which said drivings I shall have sometimes your company, which I have often sighed for, and which would have made many of the sights and scenes I have been passing far more interesting. But all in good time. To-day I shall be much by myself, and hope to enjoy it. It is singular, that each of these three Sun-

days there should be very particular causes making it uncommonly desirable I should preach, especially at Princeton and here. At Woodstock the 'Christians' would have been glad to have me, and it was an opportunity to be much prized. I really feel this deprivation not a little. But yours is still greater in not being able to attend worship at all. May it be more than made up to you in private and in other blessings.

"*Monday Evening.*—Swanton, eight miles. This is the last town in the United States. The Canada line is about seven miles from this. A fine place for smugglers. Many fine mills and large water works for cutting and sawing marble. Training-day; a militia company abroad in all its glory,—some with bayonets, some without,—some shouldering ram-rods instead of muskets,—one with a stick of wood, of the sort called *cat-stick*,—and one marching majestically, with both hands in his breeches-pockets,—their whole deportment corresponding. It was all of a piece with the court which I saw this morning, where the lawyers were eating apples, and actually more than one continued eating while addressing the judges. Weather a little more moderate to-night. Only twenty miles to-day, when, if my horse had held out, I might have gone forty;—twenty is not enough, especially as I can much of the time only go on a walk or a jog but little faster. I need more exercise; I am sure, therefore, that I shall quit the horse. Miserable accommodations here. I am in a room twelve feet square, with a bed, a chair, and a wash-stand;—I am writing on the wash-stand. Having set the basin on the floor, I have taken out the drawer and laid it bottom up on the top, and lo! an elegant writing-desk. But I am as well and as happy, as if I were master of the palace of Versailles, and possessed the power and luxury of its owner. I hope you are so too;—would that I possessed the looking-glass of the fairy tale, by a peep into which I might see you as you are.

"*St. John's, Wednesday Evening.*—Leaving Swanton this

fine, beautiful, and cool day, I have urged my Rosinante vehemently till he has fairly brought me thirty-five miles, by which I gain more than a day. I am not sensibly tired;—the road has been level all the way. After about six miles I came to a spot where the lake had overflowed the road for nearly half a quarter of a mile, and I was obliged to ride through the waves two and three feet deep. Then a small river, from which the bridge had been washed away, over which I was ferried by a girl of blooming sixteen, without stockings,—who made a very interesting Charon, and wet her beautiful ankles in the cause. Soon after this, I crossed the Canada line, and fairly entered his Majesty's dominions. The frontiers on both sides are miserable;—thinly peopled by poor settlers in shabby log-houses. The first village was at Misisque Bay; after leaving which, the road winds round the head of the lake within twenty feet of the water for nearly two miles,—a deep sand mixed up in a rough style with stumps and boards, so as to make it almost impassable. The boards are brought into the lake from the various streams on which saw-mills are situated, and then are washed on the shore at this northern extremity. The recent freshet has deposited hundreds of cart-loads of timber, and boards, and sawdust. The road is therefore an unamalgamated mixture of those things. The next village is Henryville, twelve miles from St. John's; and here begins a wide road, straight as an arrow and level as a canal. You might see the whole distance, nay, to the north pole if it were not for the sphericity of the earth. I never saw anything like it. It tires one to look at it. It is now, after the rains, bad, but it is usually excellent, as I could see from certain passages. It is lined along the whole distance by rows of log-houses, or rather timber-houses, all of one size and shape, about twenty or thirty feet square, with one door and three windows; some very neatly whitewashed. The people seem poor and dirty. I could see into their houses as I passed; there

is but one room, and this often has two beds in it ; cooking seems to be done out of doors, and there the oven is sometimes built over the pigsty. The land is hardly cultivated at all. I find that the road runs along the River Richelieu, perhaps a mile from the bank, but the river is nowhere visible. I crossed it at this city over a fine wooden bridge nearly as long as West-Boston bridge. This is a shabby town, not very large.

“ *Montreal, Thursday, 11th.*—I left St. John’s at about nine o’clock for La Prairie, eighteen miles, a small town on the St. Lawrence, which derives its name from its situation and the neighborhood.

“ One vast plain as far as the eye can see, not fertile or much cultivated. Everything like a foreign land,—strange manners, dress, and language. Every boy I have seen had on John’s old, torn, straw hat, and almost every woman too. At half past one took steam-boat for this city, and came over in an hour, nine miles,—not right across, but down stream. I was disappointed at finding nothing at the post-office,—yet perhaps ought not to be. The first view of the city is better than I expected ;—streets narrow, but houses of substantial bluish stone, well built. The mountain gives the town a picturesque air, as it often may be caught in glimpses as you pass the streets. The handsomest thing I have seen was a Highland soldier, keeping guard at the Government House. I had no conception of so rich a dress upon the breechless fellows. The cathedral is truly grand,—nearly enough finished on the Gothic model to give you a good idea of the whole. I have been into one of the churches, but not to examine the pictures. It is pleasant to me, I confess, to see the church standing open, and people passing in and out to their devotions, and men, women, and priests all engaged there. There were not a few ; six priests variously employed, the oldest nearly eighty, and the youngest a handsome, happy-looking youngster of nineteen or twenty. The various styles of crossing with the holy

water amused me. I went and looked into the font; it ought to have a great deal of spiritual holiness, for it has a vast deal of carnal dirtiness. The buildings of various sorts belonging to the church are of immense extent, and give an idea of its wealth and influence, which I was not quite prepared for. One of the first things that strikes your eye here is the number of men dressed in religious habits, whom you meet in the street, and the number in military apparel,—the army and the Catholic church. I came in the stage-coach from St. John's, having left my horse to be cosseted. I shall save seven days of time by it at least, and probably a little in expense too. This, however, is not quite certain. I am now just where I long to have you with me; I shall omit seeing many things till you come. I wrote to William, and to the Parish Committee too, within two days past. I am more truly tired to-day than since I left home,—standing, waiting, and walking.

“ *Steamboat Richelieu, River St. Lawrence, September 13.*
 My last was written on Thursday, the evening of my arrival at Montreal, and contained my first impressions after a four hours' visit. I put up at the Mansion House, a fine place, where were none but regular boarders, to one of whom I had a letter, Mr. Handyside, whose wife is sister of Mr. Adams of Burlington. They dine together in great style at five o'clock, but meet at no other time, breakfasting and teeing as they please. Yesterday morning, I arose at six and walked abroad to the city, having a direction to the principal buildings. I breakfasted alone at half past eight, and then immediately took a saddle-horse and rode round the mountain; not a very mighty mountain, but high enough to afford a very extensive view of a very flat and peopled country. The air was unhappily thick. Having crossed over, I went a few miles into the country and returned by another road around the southern base, passing many fine gentlemen's seats and delightful situations;—vast quantities of

apples and crab-apples, but scarcely any other fruit. It was half past twelve when I returned ; so, having eaten my lunch, a necessary part of Montreal life, I sallied out again to see the town. I looked at the pictures in the old cathedral, which do not seem very extraordinary, though two sufficiently pleased me. I tried hard, but unsuccessfully, to get entrance to the English church and hear the famous organ, and passed an hour in a very entertaining way in court, where the French and English languages are used promiscuously. And never did I witness a more disorderly scene, not even excepting the shabby court at Providence. The lawyers talked two at a time, interrupted one another, interrupted the judge, rushed from their places, and acted the part of angry men, with most vehement noise, and all sorts of gesticulation ; meanwhile their clients often broke out aloud, contradicting their counsel, and the witnesses gave their testimony in long orations, emulating the tones, and shrugs, and eloquence of the lawyers themselves. Several causes were carried through while I was there, and all in this way,—all French ; and I did think his Majesty's judge and barristers might visit the States and get a lesson of decorum and dignity from brother Jonathan. Then I went to the post-office, but no letter. Home to dinner at five o'clock, to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Handyside at seven, and aboard the boat at eight, for I have seen all the outside of Montreal and have no means of seeing the inside. Ten,—I am glad to be off. The night was dark and rainy,—the day is the same, and I am shut up in the cabin. I keep my eyes turning to shore, but see nothing interesting yet in low and level banks. We expect to reach Quebec at five o'clock.

“ *Evening, Quebec.*—Conceive of me here, dear Mary, on this romantic spot, actually in a garrisoned town, where almost all you see and hear has to do with war and military affairs, and common conversation is just like what you read in books,—at least so it has been this evening. One of our boarders (we are

but four gentlemen and two ladies) is a colonel, who has seen service, and is still connected with the army. I have already had from him many anecdotes of the late war, in which he acted a part. The house is close by the barracks and parade-ground, where I hear music and other martial sounds constantly. We arrived at half past five in the midst of the rain, which compelled me to buy an umbrella as soon as we left the boat, and has prevented my walking round the town at all. The arrival is quite imposing. You see the hill on which the city stands, when approaching it two miles distant. The river-banks for that distance are very high and steep, very like the banks at Trenton Falls. When within a mile, you see a cluster of houses on the shore under the bank, and great quantities of lumber. This is Wolfe's Cove, where he landed and climbed the precipitous banks to the Plains of Abraham, directly above. Passing this, you come upon the Cape, (which is a continuation of those high banks,) at the spot where the river St. Charles joins the St. Lawrence. On this point is the town. You see a town below the bank on the very water's edge, but nothing above till you turn the corner;—then comes in sight the real city, hanging fearfully on the very verge of the precipice as if it would fall off. You land amidst buildings, and ascend by a narrow, crooked, and steep street, most compactly built, till you enter the huge gate near the top of the hill. Our house is near this, and further I have not seen. I find, however, that it is a much more crowded place than I had supposed, not less so than Boston, with nearly half as many inhabitants, and about a thousand fewer than Montreal. The latter is much more loosely built. There is great intercourse between the two places, ten steamboats running there daily, or nearly so, and the fare but two dollars,—one hundred and eighty miles.

“*Sunday Night.*—I went out for my walk before breakfast for an hour,—a bright cool morning,—and took the com-

pass of the town. I passed through three of the gates and saw the thickness of the walls, in one place fifty feet. I have, however, no distinct notion of the thing, and, if I had, would not try to describe it on paper. Immediately after breakfast, I again went forth, and in the Catholic cathedral heard the sermon to the troops and the English, by a young man ; and an uncommonly fine discourse, on the obligation to make our lives consistent with our profession,—an elevated piece of composition, lucid, forcible, and earnest. Thence I went to the English cathedral, and heard the service for troops there, (for that is the stated place to which they are marched in a body,) very poor and dull. Then went to the Romish cathedral, and heard the conclusion of a very animated French sermon, and witnessed high mass,—three bishops, and thirty or more other clergy, and the big building jammed with people. Thence to the regular service of the English cathedral, where I heard the bishop of Nova Scotia give an exceeding good preachment,—his manner simple and solemn, and, bating a bit, his discourse good. In the afternoon I heard a Scotch Presbyterian scream out a poor sermon to a thin audience. Rather a dissipated day, you will say ; but I have gratified a good deal of not irrational curiosity, and can truly say, that I entered into the spirit of much of the liturgy, and did not lose my time. But how glad I shall be of another quiet Sunday, in my own home and amongst my own people. The market was open and thronged till nine o'clock or later this morning ; and, at four this afternoon, the troops were paraded and reviewed, and half the city was out to see them. This is done every Sunday. The new governor I saw at church, and mean to attend, if possible, his first levee, held to-morrow.

“ *Monday Night.*—I sallied out to the drill of the troops before breakfast, and after breakfast passed out of the principal gate of the city, that of St. Louis, on an excursion to the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe's battle was fought, about a mile from the city, now a race-course. I saw the spot where

he fell, and passed on to the bank, up which he led his troops ; clambered down the steep ; and, coming to the water's edge, entered the lower city over the spot at which Montgomery fell. It seems to me that his was a most insane expedition. I do not see how it is possible for any troops to force a way into Quebec. I then took the ferry across the river to Point Levi, which affords the finest view of the city ; and, after staying half an hour returned, traversed the whole length of the lower town, and got home at half past two. Took a nap and went out again over some portions of the fortifications which I had not seen ; returned to dinner at five ; at seven attended for an hour the meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society ; took tea at half past eight, and am now in my room just fit to think of home and go to sleep, while the music from the barracks is just far enough off to soothe me. To-morrow I hope to visit the Falls of Montmorenci, the citadel, and the armory, and in the evening start for Montreal. I must tell you what affected me a great deal this evening. I went to the Wesleyan chapel at six, thinking it the time of meeting. The candles were lighted, the house was empty, and I saw in an obscure corner a soldier with his cap off, kneeling down at his devotions. I could not help contrasting it with the probable employment of a great majority of the garrison, who are so peculiarly exposed to temptation and dissipation.

“ *Wednesday Afternoon.*—On board steamboat *John Molson* ; none of them to be compared to ours ; less neat and orderly. Yesterday's visit to the Falls was a failure ; I missed my road and came away without seeing them. However, I had a pleasant ride ;—on the whole a very pleasant visit, though I have seen less of the inside than I might have done under other circumstances. The new fortifications of Quebec, which are very astonishing, I regret not being allowed to visit, and some of the religious houses I would like to have seen. But I shall never despair of coming again. Take it for all in all, the situation and vicinity are more charming than any

spot I have known. As to an army taking it, it seems to be impossible; and, as to a blockade, there are always kept on hand two years' provision for twenty thousand men, so that the place cannot be starved. But, if I see it again, you shall be with me.

"*Sandy Hill, Sunday, Sept. 21.*— Only consider that I am now three hundred and twenty-three miles on my return, and so much nearer home than on last Sunday. In about ten days I shall be with you, unless things change; and, in reasoning about the matter, I am really at a loss to know what would be best. I feel able to be doing something, and I know there is something to be done in the parish which I can do. I do not doubt that I might now preach half the time without danger. It is very desirable to be near enough to the people to attend to their affairs, and show them some sympathy, and seem to be caring for them. I really see no cause why I may not do it now; and I will promise to preach only one half the time and to be extremely prudent.

"The preaching in this village,—a pretty large and handsome one,—is by Methodists and Presbyterians alternately. To-day was the Methodists', and I have been quite gratified by two good sermons, in a very plain, energetic, affectionate manner; in the morning, on the value of the soul and the danger of neglecting it; in the afternoon, on the character and security of the disciples of Christ. It was a pleasant day, even to the nasal psalmody which vented itself in the ancient fuguing tunes of my boyhood. We have a talkative, inquisitive woman from Boston here, who thrust herself on me to wait upon her to church. She inquired of a boarder on her return, why he did not go. He replied, that he did not like to hear the Deity abused, and he heard him worse abused in the pulpit than by any mob on the Common;—they attributed to Him their malice, revenge, selfishness, and many gross vices. This led to further conversation; and it soon

appeared, that, though he had heard enough to justify him in this, yet he knew nothing as he should do, for he quoted some of the most offensive sayings of Calvinism as parts of the Bible. When I assured him they were not, he said he thought they were, and left the room. Yet he was setting up for a champion of the Divine Character ! I had quite a pleasant talk with a Methodist and his wife, on board the boat, who, finding I was a Unitarian, from Boston, were very anxious to learn the nature and quality of my faith. He appeared very kindly disposed, listened candidly, and, when I offered him some tracts, promised to read them carefully, which I doubt not he will do. This woman, whom I have just mentioned as boarding here, has done her prettiest to find out who I am. She asked where I did business, and at last, when she could hold out no longer, asked plainly my name. However, I chose to evade her ; but she is sure she has seen me somewhere. She is quite an original, and amuses me much. She has just offered to wait on me to the Falls, and it will require some generalship to get rid of her. After the bustle and hurry of the last ten days, I greatly enjoy this quiet retirement. I hope you enjoy the day too. Peace be with you.

“ *Stillwater, N. Y., Sept. 22. Monday Evening.*—Mary tells me that you have sent to me at Montreal ; which letter, as I shall not receive it, there is more need that I acknowledge. You will have learned, that I hurried on my way through Canada, and am hastening home, having gained daily, I think, in strength, and being not far from my usual state of health, excepting a considerable and not diminishing expectoration, and an aptness for hoarseness,—my voice, I think, not clear at any time. I have tried my strength in running over the Saratoga battle-ground,—with a good deal of interest, but not entire satisfaction. The truth is, that the ground is so extensive that it would require several long visits to acquaint one’s self with the several localities, and fairly understand the matter. And, besides, the old guide, a man of

eighty-four, who was in the battle, states things very confusedly, and does little to help you make out the very distinct account of Wilkinson ; sometimes he contradicts it. But even the general idea I have brought away, of the form of the ground and of the position of the armies, is something. We (namely, I, Mr. Cornelius, lately of Salem, and Dr. Parker, of the British army, who happened on the ground) all went first to the British lines, which, beginning at the River Hudson, may be traced through the meadows up the hill, and two miles into the interior. The American lines were just opposite, and may also be traced for the same distance. These we did not visit, as the battle occurred on the British line. We then went to the head-quarters of Burgoyne, a house of one story and only two rooms. There we saw where General Frazer died, the very spot ; and all the circumstances of that pathetic scene, as described by Madame Riedesel, were realized before us at once. This was near the edge of the river, two miles from the scene of conflict, (which was at the extreme British right,) but exposed to the fire of the American party, stationed on the other side of the river. In front of the house was a steep hill, and on the top of it a redoubt, in which Frazer requested to be buried, and where he was buried at about dark, during the heat of the engagement, and where the funeral procession was fired upon, as it went up the hill, and while the service was reading at the grave. The place is easily distinguished, and I went to it. A most beautiful prospect presents itself ; the river, the fertile meadows, the hill beyond, and the canal winding at your feet,—all these, joined to associations of the place, made it one of the most interesting spots I have ever stood upon. Indeed, I scarcely know any scene so touching, so pathetically and poetically striking, as that of Frazer's funeral,—and a rare subject for either the painter or the poet. And yet an artist must fall short of the effect produced by the simple, artless narrative of Madame Riedesel. I have been reminded to-day of what I have often thought, how excellent it would

have been, if Byron had travelled over these places and given us a Canto of Childe Harold. The whole route of the fashionable tour is full of poetical subjects. What would he not do with Niagara, Trenton, Quebec, the Plains of Abraham, West Point, Saratoga? and the funeral of Frazer would have given birth to one of the most beautiful productions of his pen,—a subject just suited to him. Anybody, who can write poetry, cannot do better.

“*Waterford, N. Y., Tuesday Evening, Sept. 23.*—My Monday’s ride was on the banks of the Hudson, and cheek by jowl with the Champlain Canal, but there is nothing interesting or beautiful in the scenery. Some places of antiquarian interest I passed, as Fort Edward, and the tree beneath which Miss McCrea was murdered. My object was to reach the Saratoga battle-ground, twenty-five miles, in time to traverse it; which, as you have learned by my letter to John, I effected; and you may judge a little of my strength by my being able to walk and ride, mostly walk, over rough ground for four hours after such a ride, and then spend the evening till after nine in writing. It is very singular, that I should have made this visit with Cornelius, and that we should not have detected each other till just before we parted. He tells me, that I bear a striking resemblance to Parsons, the missionary. Truly mine must be a most accommodating face. Last week I was taken for Hoffman, the Baltimore lawyer. I came near being hurt during this excursion. My horse, who sometimes stumbles, came upon his knees, while going rapidly; but, thanks to my excellent horsemanship, in which I seem to outdo the Duke of Wellington, I kept my seat and remained unhurt.

“This morning (23d) I went round, about eight miles, in order to see the great aqueduct by which the canal passes over the Mohawk, well worth seeing, and the Cohoes Falls, which are very beautiful; distinguished from all other Falls in this, that the water touches the rock during all its descent, and is

a brilliant, broken cataract of white foam, not rushing nor dashing, but quietly and majestically rolling down the steep. I believe the height is about eighty feet. There is very little water now, and there is a beauty quite unique in the thing.

"*Friday Afternoon, New York.*—Never take a man's word for it that he keeps a first-rate house, etc. I went to Waterford, Tuesday, in such a simplicity of faith, and very much because the fellow advertised a Reading-room, with papers from every part of the country, and I longed to see some from Boston. But, alas! his Reading-room was shut; the house big, full of pretension and discomfort; and I was put to bed with two companions, both of whom were so troublesome, that I killed them before morning. On Wednesday, I went to Albany, through Lansingburgh and Troy, and yesterday the boat put me in here.

"*New York, Sunday, September 27.*— I shall be at home Tuesday forenoon, and could jump for gladness at the very thought. It is quite time that I were there, if I may judge by my feelings; and I long to see for myself how you do, and just what progress you have made, and to show my acquisitions to you. I think you will be satisfied with them, and I do most earnestly hope and pray that I may not be forbidden to preach immediately. If I am, I cannot stay in Boston. I cannot live there, appearing well, as I certainly do, and yet do nothing. I must either go another journey or take a dismission.

"Dr. Flagg was at church this morning, and brought me later news from you than I have heard. He says I never looked better. I do not pretend to say how I long to be with you. Home, home, home! a blessed place! but there are no words to tell how precious. Heaven keep you well, and give us a happy meeting.

"*Tuesday, September 30.*— The storm detained me yesterday (at New York) and I have had thus, by compulsion, a charming long visit, and enjoyed it very

highly. To-day has been perfect, and I have ridden twenty-eight miles, to Sawpitts, a poor little village."

"*October 1.*—Twenty-eight miles to-day, to Fairfield, rather a large and pleasant village, which I reached, by my good star, just at five o'clock, and at the moment when a violent storm began. It threatens a long rain, whereat I shall be sadly impatient; and nothing else, I think, can prevent my being home next Wednesday. I found yesterday, at New Rochelle, in a charming house where I dined, and where the daughter's piano and album gave token of education, and the landlady's manners were lady-like and polite, the 'Life of John Urquhar' and his writings. I ran over them with great interest. He died at the age of eighteen, having already devoted himself to the missionary cause. A most extraordinary mind, and a most excellent character. He seems to have possessed the maturity of intellect and of goodness which belong to fifty years. To-day I met, at Norwalk, the 'Memoirs and Writings of Carlos Wilcox,' a Connecticut minister of just my age, who died a year ago; a poet, who lived for his imagination, and struggled with ill health and worse spirits for years. Perhaps you have seen his 'Age of Benevolence'—rather a mediocre poem, but the man's whole soul was given to it, and his character and letters are very interesting."

"OCTOBER 2,

[the birth-day of his wife.]

" 'THE dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day ;'
The roads are miry with continued showers,
And rain and mud deter me from my way ;
And yet to me it all looks fair and bright,
For on this day my Mary saw the light.

" Many returns to you of this sweet day,
And each return more happy than the last ;

Peace to your heart, as thoughtful you survey
The various fortunes of the chequered past ;
And bright and glorious be the visions given,
That clothe your coming years in hues of heaven."

END OF VOLUME I.

